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THE OLD PLAID SHAWL

From a photograph

It is from the lips of the aged peasantry that most of the folk tales, folk songs, ranns, etc., have been taken down by Dr. Douglas Hyde and others. This picture presents the characteristic costume of the older village folk in Ireland, and the spinning wheel denotes an industry which has not yet died out.

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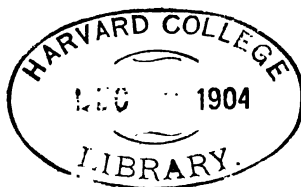


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THE IRISH DRAMA.

IN an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1901, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, the eminent critic, told the story of the Irish Literary Theater. We present here his account of the Irish National Dramatic Society, written in December, 1902. With regard to the first named he says:—

Its work may be summed up in a sentence: It produced in Ireland, with English actors, seven plays written in English on Irish subjects. These were: two by Mr. Yeats, 'The Countess Cathleen' and 'The Land of Heart's Desire'; two by Mr. Martyn, 'The Heather Field' and 'Maevæ'; one by Miss Milligan, 'The Last Feast of the Fianna'; one by Mr. Moore, 'The Bending of the Bough'; and one, 'Diarmuid and Grania,' by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Moore in collaboration. At the time when the last was produced by Mr. Benson, a troupe of amateurs played Dr. Hyde's 'Casadh an t-Sugáin,' and the advantage that Irish amateurs had, even over good English professionals, for the purpose in hand was obvious. I suppose that this occurred to Mr. Fay, for it was after this that he and some friends—all of them people earning their bread by daily labor—banded together to devote their leisure to the acting of Irish plays; and the new experiment was inaugurated last Easter, when this company of Irish actors played two Irish plays, "A. E.'s" 'Deirdre' and Mr. Yeats' 'Cathleen ní Hoolihan.' It was renewed on a much larger scale this Samhain-tide, when in the course of a week some plays (including one short farce in Gaelic) were given; the subjects ranging from poetic handling of the oldest mythology down to contemporary satire on the town corporation. The whole thing was absolutely and entirely uncommercial. Authors and actors alike gave their services for the benefit of Cumann na Gael, under whose auspices the plays were produced, calling themselves the Irish National Dramatic Company.

The more one thinks about it, the plainer one sees that for full enjoyment of drama the auditor must be one of a sympathetic crowd. For instance, a comedy of Mr. Shaw's

played before the Stage Society is infinitely more enjoyable than when it is played in Kennington or Notting Hill. But the Stage Society, which makes an ideal audience for wit, is perhaps too sophisticated for poetry; too much under the domination of modern comedy. In Dublin Mr. Yeats and the rest had a hall full of people not less intelligent but less over-educated, less subservient to the critical faculty; in a word, more natural. This audience had all the local knowledge necessary to give dramatic satire its point (and that is scarcely possible in a place so big as London), and had also a community of certain emotions arising out of distinctive ideas. And, above all, the people composing it came to the theater much as they might have gone to church or to a political meeting, ready to be moved by grave emotions or by serious ideas. Two of the plays could, I think, have held their own with any audience. But without that special audience 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan' and 'The Laying of Foundations' would have been by far less dramatic than they were.

It should be said at once that these plays were for the most part extremely modest in scope. Only one had so many as three acts or required a change of scene; and two or three were at best "curtain raisers." In this class must be put Mr. McGinley's 'Eilis agus an Bhean Déirce' ('Eilish and the Beggar Woman'), which I cannot criticise, as no text was procurable and my Gaelic was not equal to following the dialogue closely. I do not think that a higher rank can be claimed for Mr. Yeats' farce, 'A Pot of Broth,' which, however, afforded Mr. W. G. Fay the chance for a capital piece of broad comic acting. The story is one, common among Irish peasants, of a beggar, who comes to a churlish woman's house, and knowing well that asking will get him neither bite nor sup, plays on her credulity by displaying a wonderful stone which will make the best of broth. All he asks is the use of a pot and water in it, and while the miserly housewife listens to his praise of the saving to be effected by such a stone, he dilates upon its other qualities—its effect on a chicken if you put it in with it, or on a ham-bone or the like—till gradually one eatable after another slips into the pot, and the beggar in a fit of generosity presents the stone to the housewife, taking in return merely the broth and a few unconsidered trifles.

That was all, and it was little enough. But it was interesting to find Mr. Yeats as a purveyor of laughter—for the little piece was genuinely droll, and interesting too—to notice how, for his comedy as for his tragedy, he went to folk lore and the peasant's cottage.¹

I may dismiss at once Mr. Seumas O'Cuisin, author of two of the plays. His 'Racing Lug' was a little story of sea-faring folk, apparently so cut down as to be barely intelligible. This was in prose; his other production, 'The Sleep of the King,' was simply a poetic tableau, showing how Connla, son of Conn the Hundred-fighter, left a proffered throne to follow after a fairy woman.

"He follows on for ever, when all your chase is done,
He follows after shadows, the King of Ireland's son."

Mrs. Chesson has put the gist of it into the haunting little poem from which I quote these two lines, and put it much more effectively than Mr. O'Cuisin. Still, his little piece in verse—and very creditable verse—gave the troupe their one opportunity of showing how they spoke what was written in meter. They spoke verse not as actors generally do, but as poets speak it, in a kind of chant, which I confess seems to me the natural and proper manner.

It was just this quality—the absence of all stage mannerisms, the willingness to speak poetry simply as poetry, to speak it for its own sake, and not to show the actor's accomplishments—that rendered possible the production of 'Deirdre;' and it would have been a pity for work so good not to have been produced. Nevertheless I cannot regard 'Deirdre' as a good or successful piece of drama. The author, "A. E.," ranks high in my judgment as a lyrical poet, but even as a lyrical poet his appeal must necessarily be to the few. Mystic in the blood and bone, he stands habitually apart, and moves in ways of thought and emotion where it is difficult to follow him. And yet it was striking to observe how well the audience responded to his interpretation of the famous and beautiful story, and to the thoughts that he wove into its fabric. The first act tells how the sons of Usnach found Deirdre in the secret abode where the High King Conchobar had secluded her

¹ The story is told in Griffin's 'The Collegians,' see Volume IV.

fatal beauty, and how she fled with Naisi, obedient to the voice of a new wonder; and in this act I could see little or nothing to praise. But in the second, which shows Deirdre in the kingdom that Naisi and his brother had won on the shore of Loch Etive, there was work of a very different quality. In a passage of singular beauty the poet—for the play, though written in prose, is sheer poetry—shows Deirdre looking out on a glorious sunset. It is the sunset not of one but of many days, she says, and the stars that had lost each other in the mists and heat of the sun, know again their friends' faces across the firmament. And so, too, she and Naisi, awaking at last from the long swoon of sunshine, see at last into each other's hearts, and she sees in him a regret. It is the regret of pride that he has fled without confronting King Conchobar; the regret of chivalry that he has broken the rules of the Red Branch Order. It is, indeed, for comradeship in the Red Branch that he pines, not knowing it; and on the top of this discourse comes the shout of a man of Erin from his galley in the loch. And Deirdre, who has Cassandra's gift, foreknows the whole; so that when Fergus enters, the dearest of Naisi's friends, with pledge of forgiveness and of restoration to the Red Branch, she has no heart to greet him. She can only implore Naisi to stay, and her sorrow angers him, till her love and her knowledge yield to his pride.

I thought the whole of this act very well planned and full of beauty, and, even when the beauty was recondite, it conveyed itself surprisingly well. Deirdre in her lament says that the Gods have told her her love and happiness are ended, and are yet immortal, for they are destined to live forever as a memory in the minds of the Gael! and one felt that slight stir run through the silent audience which tells of a point gone home. And the spectacular beauty, even on that mean stage, was considerable; the figures moving behind a gauze veil in costumes designed by the author, who is artist as well as poet, and moving no more than was essential for the action. It was a great relief to see actors stand so still, and never to have attention distracted from the person on whom it naturally fell. But the whole thing was too literary, depended too much on the accidental beauties of thought or phrasing, and not enough on a strong central emotion. I do not think that "A. E.,"

achieved more than to demonstrate the possibility of a drama on an Irish heroic subject which should appeal to an Irish audience. But such a drama would have to be written by a most skillful dramatist.

The other two plays of which I have to speak had their way, as it seemed, made almost absurdly easy for them; so directly did they spring out of the mind of the audience. And yet these things are not quite so easy as they appear, and Mr. Ryan succeeded when Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn had failed. Mr. Moore's 'Bending of the Bough' was a dramatic satire on Irish politicians: so was Mr. Martyn's 'Tale of a Town.' But though Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn knew well how Ibsen had done that sort of thing, they were not familiar at first-hand with local politics; they did not show that perfect knowledge of local types which gave a value to 'The Laying of Foundations.'

The action of this comedy passes in the house of Mr. O'Loskin, town councilor (and patriot), immediately after a municipal election. To him come his friends, Alderman Farrelly and another, for a discussion of prospects. The alderman and his ally have their own little game to play; to secure for a building syndicate in which they are concerned the contract for erecting a new asylum. Mr. O'Loskin, on his part, desires the post of city architect for his son Michael. There is an obvious fitness in the arrangement by which Mr. O'Loskin will back the one job, while Mr. Farrelly completes the other; indeed, the only obstacle to this and all other good plans lies in one Nolan, the editor of a plaguy print, who has succeeded in capturing one of the wards, and will have a new means of annoyance—as if his *Free Nation*, with his rancorous comment on the private arrangements of public men, were not troublesome enough already. "And the worst of it is," says Alderman Farrelly, with pious indignation, "that I don't believe the fellow can be squared." Needless to say, the *Free Nation* has its counterparts in real life: the *United Irishman*, and another clever paper, *The Leader*, have been for some time back making things very unpleasant for patriot publicans and others. Nor was this all. Even the *obiter dicta* of prominent men found a new publicity given to them on the stage. "This fellow Nolan," says Alderman Farrelly, "is never done putting absurd no-

tions into poor people's heads. He says a working man ought to get twenty-four shillings a week. Twenty-four shillings!" (They all roar with laughter.) "Eighteen shillings is plenty for any laboring man. What would they do with more if they had it? Drink it!" And he slaps his thigh, leans back, and drains his tumbler of monstrously stiff whisky and water. This trait did not lose any of its pungency before an audience which remembered how a certain Lord Mayor had recently fixed eighteen shillings as the highest wage any working man should look for.

After the opening dialogue the action begins to develop. Michael, the future city architect, is an almost incredibly ingenuous youth. He only knows his father as the prominent patriot, the liberal subscriber to charities. And he is vastly overjoyed at the prospect, but he does not see how it is to be accomplished. How exactly is Alderman Farrelly going to secure favors from Alderman Sir John Bull, the leading Unionist? How is he, Michael, going to consent to receive them? Mr. O'Loskin has to explain that Sir John Bull is a large employer of labor, and, no matter what his politics, which is the better patriot, the man who gives the means of livelihood to hundreds, or one of your starveling fellows who goes about making trouble and stirring up ill-will? Michael yields easily, for Michael is engaged, and this will mean marriage; but the young lady, Miss Delia, is not so sanguine. She has been infected with the venom of Nolan, she distrusts Mr. O'Loskin, she warns Michael against a trap. Nevertheless, Michael accepts.

Two months later finds him installed, and coming gradually face to face with facts. Alderman Farrelly is righteously indignant because Michael has pedantically reported that the foundations of the new asylum are being laid with four feet of concrete instead of the stipulated eight. Worse still, Michael has condemned, root and branch, certain slum tenements—not knowing that they are the joint property of Alderman Farrelly and his own father. Here again one may observe that the audience bore in mind how a rickety tenement owned by a prominent and patriotic member of the Corporation had finally collapsed, killing some of the inmates. Michael's eyes are finally opened completely by an interview with Mr. Nolan, and,

Delia backing him, he takes his stand. In vain does Alderman Farrelly inclose a check for £500 as "a wedding present." In vain does Mr. O'Loskin tear his paternal hair. "Michael, I always thought you would take after me. See what comes of giving a boy a good education." (That, I will be bold to say, is a stroke of irony worthy of Swift himself.) Michael is obdurate, and the curtain falls on his righteous protestations.

Up to a certain point, as will be evident, the thing is purely analogous to Ibsen's work—but might have been written by one who had never read a line of that master. Only, if Ibsen had drawn Michael as Mr. Ryan drew him, and as Mr. Kelly represented him, there would certainly have been a third act, showing, in a bitter sequel, Michael's surrender. This is a defect in the art, for Michael is ill-drawn; and Miss Delia is rather a needlessly aggressive young lady. But whatever Mr. O'Loskin and Mr. Farrelly have to say and do is excellent, and the sentence which I have quoted is a fair illustration of the irony which pervades the whole. And a wholly subordinate character, Mrs. Macfadden, wife of the third town councilor, has an admirable scene in which she speaks her mind of Miss Delia and her extraordinary notions and goings on. Nothing could be better played than this was by Miss Honor Lavalley; she was the Dublin Catholic bourgeoisie to the life.

I do not say that the play was a masterpiece. I do say that it was live art; and that here was a new force let loose in Ireland: the clear sword of ridicule, deftly used from the point of greatest vantage, striking home again and again. Here there was no reference to the stranger; here was Ireland occupied with her own affairs, chastising her own corruption. I wish I could have been present on the Saturday night when the programme began with 'The Laying of Foundations' and ended with 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' That would have been to see drama pass from its cauterizing the ignoble to its fostering the noble in national life: from the comedy of municipal corruption to the tragedy, brief, indeed, but drawing centuries into its compass of Ireland's struggle for freedom.

It is necessary to explain for English readers that "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" was one of the names which poets in the eighteenth century used to cloak, in the disguise of love-

songs, their forbidden passion for Ireland; that the "Shan Van Vocht," or "Poor Old Woman," was another of these names; and that Killala, near which, in 1798, is laid the scene of Mr. Yeats' play, is the place where Humbert's ill-starred but glorious expedition made its landing. But there was no need to tell all this to the Dublin audience.

The stage shows a peasant's house, window at the back, door on the right, hearth on the left. Three persons are in the cottage, Peter Gillane, his wife Bridget, and their second son Patrick. Outside is heard a distant noise of cheering, and they are wondering what it is all about. Patrick goes to the window and sees nothing but an old woman coming toward the house; but she turns aside. Then on a sudden impulse he faces round and says, "Do you remember what Winnie of the Cross Roads was saying the other day about the strange woman that goes through the country the time there's war or trouble coming?" But the father and mother are too busy with other thoughts to attend to such fancies; for Bridget is spreading out her son Michael's wedding clothes, and Peter is expecting the boy back with the girl's fortune. A hundred pounds, no less. Things have prospered with the Gillanes; and when Michael, the fine young lad, comes in with the bag of guineas he is radiant with thinking of the girl, Delia Cahel, and Bridget is radiant with looking at him, and Peter with handling the gold and planning all that can be done with it. And through it all again and again breaks the sound of distant cheering. Patrick goes off to learn the cause, and Michael goes to the window in his turn. He, too, sees the old woman, but this time she is coming to the house, and her face is seen for a moment, pale like a banshee's, through the thick glass of the window. And Michael shivers a little. "I'd sooner a stranger not to come to the house the night before the wedding." But his mother bids him open the door, and in walks the old way-farer.

Miss Maud Gonne, as every one knows, is a woman of superb stature and beauty; she is said to be an orator, and she certainly has the gifts of voice and gesture. To the courage and sincerity of her acting I can pay no better tribute than to say that her entrance brought instantly to my mind a half-mad old-wife in Donegal whom I have

always known. She spoke in that sort of keening cadence so frequent with beggars and others in Ireland who lament their state. But for all that, tall and gaunt as she looked under her cloak, she did not look and she was not meant to look like a beggar; and as she took her seat by the fire, the boy watched her curiously from across the stage. The old people question her and she speaks of her travel on the road.

BRIDGET. It is a wonder you are not worn out with so much wandering.

OLD WOMAN. Sometimes my feet are tired and my hands are quiet, but there is no quiet in my heart. When the people see me quiet they think old age has come on me, and that all the stir has gone out of me.

BRIDGET. What was it put you astray?

OLD WOMAN. Too many strangers in the house.

BRIDGET. Indeed, you look as if you had had your share of trouble.

OLD WOMAN. I have had trouble indeed.

BRIDGET. What was it put the trouble on you?

OLD WOMAN. My land that was taken from me.

BRIDGET. Was it much land they took from you?

OLD WOMAN. My four beautiful green fields.

PETER (*aside to Bridget*). Do you think, could she be the Widow Casey that was put out of her holding at Kilglas a while ago?

BRIDGET. She is not. I saw the Widow Casey one time at the market in Ballina, a stout, fresh woman.

PETER (*to Old Woman*). Did you hear a noise of cheering and you coming up the hill?

OLD WOMAN. I thought I heard the noise I used to hear when my friends came to visit me. (*She begins singing half to herself.*)

"I will go cry with the woman,
For yellow-haired Donough is dead,
With a hempen rope for a neck-cloth,
And a white cloth on his head."

The sound of her strange chant draws the boy over to her as if by a fascination; and she tells him of the men that had died for love of her.

"There was a red man of the O'Donnells from the North, and a man of the O'Sullivans from the South, and there was one Brian that lost his life at Clontarf by the sea, and there were a great many in the West, some that died hundreds of years ago, and there are some that will die to-morrow."

The boy draws nearer to her, and plies her with questions, and the old people talk pityingly of the poor crea-

ture that has lost her wits. They offer her bread and milk, and Peter, under his wife's reproaches, offers her a shilling. But she refuses.

"If any man would give me help he must give me himself, he must give me all."

And Michael starts to go with her, to welcome the friends that are coming to help her. But his mother interposes sharply, with a note of terror, and she reminds him whom it is he has to welcome. Then turning to the stranger—

Maybe you don't know, ma'am, that my son is going to be married to-morrow.

OLD WOMAN. It is not a man going to his marriage that I look to for help.

PETER (*to Bridget*). Who is she, do you think, at all?

BRIDGET. You did not tell us your name yet, ma'am.

OLD WOMAN. Some call me the Poor Old Woman, and there are some that call me Cathleen ni Hoolihan.

It sounds flat and cold when you write it down; it did not sound cold when it was spoken. And the audience felt, too, in a flash, all that lay in Peter's comment, "I think I knew some one of that name once. It must have been some one I knew when I was a boy."

The stranger goes out then, chanting an uncanny chant, after she has told them what the service means that she asks of men. "They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake; and for all that they will think they are well paid." And she leaves the boy in a kind of trance, from which his mother tries to waken him with talk of his wedding clothes. But as Bridget speaks the door is thrown open, Patrick bursts in with the neighbors: "There are ships in the bay; the French are landing at Killala!"

Delia Cahel may come with him, may cling about Michael; but the chant is heard outside and the bridegroom flings away the bride and rushes out, leaving them all silent. Then old Peter crosses to Patrick and asks, "Did you see an old woman going down the path?" And the lad answers, "I did not; but I saw a young gir! and she had the walk of a queen."

The actors played the piece as it was written; that is, they lessened instead of heightening the dialect and the brogue; they left the points unemphasized. But they had

the house thrilling. I have never known altogether what drama might be before. Take a concrete instance. Few things in modern literature seem to me so fine as the third act in 'Herod'; few pieces of acting have pleased me better than Mr. Tree's in that scene. But I have never felt in reading it over that I missed anything by lacking the stage presentment, and I felt obscurely glad to be spared the sense of an audience only half in sympathy. 'Herod' came to the audience from outside; Mr. Yeats put before them in a symbol the thought of their own hearts. He had such a response as is only found in England by the singers of patriotic ditties in the music halls. "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" is the Irish equivalent for the "Absent-minded Beggar" or the "Handy Man." It is superfluous to do more than suggest the parallel.

I do not for a moment mean to imply that these Irish plays are worthy the attention of English managers. There is no money in them. They will be played, no doubt, a few times in Dublin, where Mr. Fay and his fellows have taken a small house for occasional performances. They will be played up and down through the country to people paying sixpences and pennies for admission. Some of them will, I hope, be produced by the Irish Literary Society in London for an Irish audience. But wherever they are played they will represent a wholly different order of dramatic art from that which prevails in the English theater; and the difference will lie chiefly in their intention, first, in the fact that they are not designed to make money.

Wherever they are played I hope they may find performers so good as Mr. W. G. or Mr. F. J. Fay, or Mr. Digges—an actor of extraordinary range, who played the parts of Naisi, of Michael Gillane, and of Alderman Farrelly, with equal success. The ladies of the company were hardly equal to the men, but Miss M. Quinn and Miss M. nic Shiubhlaigh both acted with fine intelligence. And the whole company, by their absence of stage tricks, showed the influence of Mr. Yeats, who is President of the company.

Part of the propaganda was an address delivered by him on the scheme which he has so much at heart for establishing a fixed manner by means of notation for speaking verse.

I was unable to be present, but have heard his views before, and have heard Miss Farr speak or chant verse on his method, accompanying herself on a queer stringed instrument.

The important thing is the deliberate attempt to re-establish what has never died out among Irish speakers—a tradition of poetry with a traditional manner of speaking it. Put briefly, it comes to this: Mr. Yeats and many others wanted to write for Ireland, not for England, if only because they believed that any sound art must address itself to an audience which is coherent enough to yield a response. The trouble was that Ireland had lost altogether the desire to read, the desire for any art at all, except, perhaps, that of eloquent speech—and even in that her taste was rapidly degenerating. What the Gaelic League has done is to infuse into Ireland the zeal for a study which, as Dr. Starkie says, “is at heart disinterested.” What Mr. Yeats and his friends have done is to kindle in Ireland the desire for an art which is an art of ideas. No matter in how small a part of Ireland the desire is kindled, nothing spreads so quick as fire.

It is noticeable that Mr. Fay's company has more and more limited its efforts to two types of play—the prose idyll, tragic or comic, of peasant life, and the poetic drama of remote and legendary subjects. In the former kind a new dramatist has revealed himself, Mr. J. M. Synge, whose little masterpiece, ‘Rivers to the Sea,’ was the most successful of five plays produced by the company at the Royalty Theater in London in the spring of 1904. Mr. Synge had not been heard of before, but his work in prose is no less accomplished and complete than that of Mr. Yeats in poetry, in the days of poetic plays. “A. E.’s” ‘Deirdre’ has been succeeded by Mr. Yeats’ Morality ‘The Hornglass,’ written like it in cadenced prose, and this by ‘The King’s Threshold’ and ‘The Shadowy Waters.’ In both of these plays we have heard Frank Fay and Maire nic Shiubhaigh speak beautiful and dramatic verse as it is seldom spoken, and in ‘The Shadowy Waters,’ especially, what the piece lacked in dramatic quality was made up by the mounting, which showed how much solemn beauty could be achieved with little cost from common materials handled by an artist.

It is satisfactory to add that a theater has been arranged in Dublin where these players will in future have the advantages of a proper stage, however modest its dimensions.

John D.
Stephen Gwynn

In September, 1903, we learn from an article by Mr. W. B. Yeats in *Samhain* that the movement, the beginnings of which Mr. Stephen Gwynn has chronicled in the foregoing, has grown to such an extent that the year's doings could not be described in detail.

Father Dineen, Father O'Leary, P. Colum, and Dr. Hyde produced new plays which, with those by "A. E.," Mr. Cousins, Mr. Ryan, W. B. Yeats, Dr. Hyde, Lady Gregory, etc., were witnessed not only by thousands throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, but by large and appreciative audiences in London as well. The Irish Literary Society of New York also has been active in presenting several of these plays, and the effect of the new-born Irish drama is being strongly felt in this country also.

Let Lady Gregory say the last word on this subject:

"There has always, on the part of the Irish people, been a great taste for dramatic dialogue. The 'Arguments of Oisín and Patrick' are repeated by peasants for hours together with the keenest delight and appreciation. Other dramatic 'arguments' appeal to them—the 'Argument of Raftery with Death,' the 'Argument of Raftery with Whisky,' or the argument between a Connaught herd and a Munster herd as to the qualities of the two provinces. These old pieces are recited and followed with excitement, showing how naturally the dramatic sense appeals to the Celtic nature. It is curious, therefore, that only now should Irish drama be finding its full expression, and not at all curious that it has taken such a hold upon the country. The dramatic movement has made really an enduring impression upon the life and intellectual activity of the people."—[C. W.]

FOLK TALES, FOLK SONGS, RANNS,
sean-sgeuluisgeacht, sean-abrdán, rann,

HISTORICAL SKETCH,
bláire as stair na h-Éireann;

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS,
sgeolta, dánra, agus drama;

BY MODERN IRISH AUTHORS.

le h-údair na h-Éireann

AN NUAD-LITRÍÓEACT I NGAETHILIS.

Cloífmí n-írean imleabair veiríó reo, romplaíde ar Sháe-
 Gaethilis na n-aoine, mar do bí sí aca in fan dá céad bliadan
 ro do éiríó tarrainn, agus mar dá sí aca anois. Níl áct nuad-
 Gaethilis le fáil ann ro, 7 caiteir an leigheoir a bheiteamhar
 féin déanam ar an t-rean-Gaethilis le congnam na n-aipeamhar
 béarla do túsamair inna h-imleabair eile. Ní túsamair an
 t-rean-Gaethilis ann ro, oir ír n-ó deacair a cuigint do don duine
 nac n-dear na fuidearact ppeirialta innti:

Tá ríaltá, adrain, 7 ráirte na n-aoine féin, le fáil inna
 leabair ro, 7 tá cuirí mór vior ro ríriobta rior le ríoláirí ó
 déal na rean-aoine i n-éirínn nár cuig a tceangla féin do
 ríriobta ná do leigheoir. Áct tá cuirí eile dé, agus ír obair na
 ríriobtoirí ír clíre i obair na ríriobtoirí atá as déanam litrí-
 eacta nuair do muinntir na h-Éireann iníó, mar atá an t-áir
 reardar O Laois, Seumas O Súgáil, Conán Maol (Mac uí
 Seagáda), Pádraic O Laois, Tomás O h-Áda, an t-áir
 O Duinnín, Ána ní feargáil, "Tóma" 7 aoine eile:

Ír an-deacair an fuir é béarla ceart blar do cur ar Gaeth-
 eilis, oir ír é mo bairmair nac bfuil don dá tceangla ar talam na
 Cíorcuigeacta ír mó vior eactóir féin 'ná iad. Agus cuirí go
 bfuil a com fáda rin 'na rearm ar an don oileán, taob le
 taob, ír ríor-deas an lóis v'fag ceann aca ar an tceann eile,
 agus ír ríor-deasán v'fógluim na aoine labair iad ó n-a céile.

Tá ríolte na h-Éireann, farrar! Fá ríriubta aoine v'a
 tuis an Ríaltáir Sacranac an ríriubta oir, agus bí na
 aoine reo i gcóinníre i n-áir na nGaethil agus i n-áir
 tceangla na tíre. Níl eolair as duine ar bí aca uirí áct oir
 le aral no le bulóis. Tá ceatrar de na aoine reo 'na mbheiteam-
 nair ó cúirteannair an vliže, nac bfuil ploc eolair aca ar
 oirdear, áct ó'r sháe-obair leó aoine cionntáca do d-áir,
 d-áirinn ríad muinntir na h-Éireann, 'sá gcur fá bheiteamhar
 áineolair, fá a mbeacta, i tceann na neite daineir leó féin 7
 le na veir: Tá fear eile aca 'na uactarín ar Coláirte na
 Cíorcuige—ír fuat na nGaethil an áir rin—agus tá cuirí mór

THE MODERN LITERATURE OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

WE shall see in this last volume specimens of the ordinary Irish language of the people, as they have had it for the last couple of hundred years, and as they have it now. There is nothing but modern Irish to be found in this volume, and hence the reader must form his own opinion of the old Irish literature by the help of the English translations that have been given in the other volumes. We give here no old Irish, because it is too difficult to understand for any person who has not made a special study of it.

There are stories, songs and sayings of the people themselves to be found in this book, and a great many of these have been written down by scholars from the mouths of old people in Ireland who did not know how to read and write their own language. But there is another portion of the book which is the work of the cleverest writers, the work of writers who are making a modern literature for the people of Ireland to-day, such as Father Peter O'Leary, James Doyle, Conan Maol (O'Shea), Patrick O'Leary, Thomas Hayes, Father Dinneen, Miss O'Farrelly, Tadhg O'Donoghue, and others.

It is a very difficult thing to put correct tasteful English upon Irish, for it is my opinion that there are no two languages in the lands of Christendom which differ more between themselves than they do. And although they have been so long standing side by side upon one island, very little is the trace that either of them has left upon the other, and it is very little that the people who speak them have learned from one another either.

The schools of Ireland also, are, alas, under the dominance of people to whom the English Government has given the control over them, and these people have always been against the Irish, and against the language of the country. Not one

eile aca na nuaimeib-uairle faróire san aon eólaí rrethalta aca ar rsoilicib ná ar rsoilicseact; agus do comhears ruid Saebailg do múnad muna rsoilicib, no do lárta leir na rsoilicib, go dtí tpi no ceatar de bliadantaib ó fom. Tá aipugad ann anoir, 7 go, ucugad Dia óinn go mbéid ré buan! Ni meiriam go raib aon tpi eile ar talam na Crioturiseacta riam, a raib a leicéto rin de rannan le feicint innti agus do bi i n-éirinn—máiricirde 7 máiricirde rsoile nac raib focal Saebailg aca, as “múnad”! páiricde nac raib focal déarla aca! Ni n-iongnad gur vóirde amac rriopad na Licrbeacta ar na nuaimeib, agus gur ruidgead arca sac oirde, gliocad, crionact, agus rruam do táinig annar cuca ó n-a rinnrearaib pompa. Act anoir,—mar feall ar Connrad na Saebailg—tá an Saebailg, as teact cinci féin arir; agus ir rsoilic é anoir, do’n doman ar raib, má tá éire le deit ’na náirín ar leir, no le deit ’na ruo ar bit act ’na comdae gnánna Sacrairg, (agus i as déanam arir go raon fann ruar an nóraib na Sacrairg) go rcaicir si iompóid ar a teangad féin arir - Licrbeact nuab ceap:ó innti.

Agus tá éire as corugad ar rin do déanam ceana féin, agus tá romplarde ar a bfuil si v’a déanam mpan leadar ro. Ni l ionnta ro go léir (obair na nveic mbliadan ro cuaró tarrainn) act céad-bláta an eapraig. Tá an Samrad le teact fóir le congnam Dé.

RIG AN FÁSAIG ÓUIÓI

Láirar O ftoinn, ó Deul-át-na-muice (Swinford i mbeirle) o’innir an rgeal ro do rriónirar O Concúair i mb’l’actluam, ó a bfuair mipe é.

Nuair bi O Concúair ’na rig ar éirinn bi ré ’na cómnuidé i Rát-éruacáin Connact. Bi aon mac amáin aise, act nuair v’fár ré ruar, bi ré ríadán, agus níor feur an rig rmaet do éur aip mar berdead a toil féin aise inr sac uile nób.

of them knows anything about it, more than so many asses or bullocks. Four of these men are judges from the courts of law, who have no particle of knowledge about education; but since their ordinary work is to condemn the guilty, they condemn the people of Ireland, sentencing them to life-long ignorance about the things that concern themselves and their country. Another of them is the Provost of Trinity College, that place that is Fuath na nGaedheal, and a great number more of them are wealthy country gentlemen, without any special knowledge of schools or scholarship; and these men practically forbade the Irish language to be taught in the schools or to be spoken to the scholars until three or four years ago. A change has come now. God grant that it may be a lasting one!

I do not think that there was ever any other country in the lands of Christendom in which such a scandal was to be witnessed as in Ireland—masters and mistresses of schools who did not know a word of Irish, “teaching” (!) children who did not know a word of English! It is no wonder that the spirit of literature was banished out of the people, and that all instruction, intelligence, wisdom and natural ability, that had come down to them from their ancestors before them, were driven out of them. But now—thanks to the Gaelic League—the Irish language is coming to itself again, and it is evident at last to the whole world that if Ireland is to be a nation apart, or anything at all except an ugly English county, (imitating, in a manner lifeless, feeble, and cold, the manners of the English), she *must* turn to her own language again, and create herself a new literature in it.

And Ireland is beginning to do this, even already, and there are specimens of what she is doing in this book. These—the works of the last ten years—are yet nothing but the first spring blossoms. The summer is to come with the help of God.

THE KING OF THE BLACK DESERT.

This story was told by one Laurence O'Flynn, from near Swinford, in the County Mayo, to my friend, the late F. O'Connor, of Athlone, from whom I got it in Irish. It is the eleventh story in the “Sgeuluidhe Gaodhalach.”—Douglas Hyde.

When O'Connor was king over Ireland, he was living in Rathcroghan of Connacht. He had one son, but he, when he grew up, was wild, and the king could not control him, because he would have his own will in everything.

Don mardín amáin cuairt ré amac,

A cú le na coir
A feadac ar a boir
A' r a capall bpeáís uab u'a iomcar,

asur o'imicis ré ar aghar, as gabáil painn adpáin do péin go
uáinís ré com fad le rgeatác mói do bí as fág ar bpuac
gleanna. Bí sean-uine liat 'na furde as bun na rgeicé, asur
uudair ré: "A mic an nís, má tís leat imirc com maic a' r
tís leat adpán do gabáil, buó maic liom cluice o'imirc leat."
Saoil mac an nís sur sean-uine mi-céilliré do bí ann, asur
cuirpings ré, caic rrian tar geus, asur fuir rior le caoib an
crean-uine liat. Cairpains reiréan paca cárdair amac asur
o' fiarpais: "An ucis leat iad ro o'imirc?"

"Tís liom," ar ran mac-nís.

"Créat imeóramaoiré air?" ar ran sean-uine liat.

"Níó ar bit ir mian leat," ar ran mac-nís.

"Maic go leóir, má gnócaisim-re caicfró curá nio ar bit a
iarpfár mé deunam uam, asur má gnócaiseann curá, caicfró
mire nio ar bit iarpfár curá oim deunam uicre," ar ran sean-
uine liat.

"Tá mé fárcá," ar ran mac-nís.

O'imir riad an cluice asur buail an mac nís an sean uine
liat. Ann rin uudair ré, "créat do buó mian leat mire do
deunam uic, a mic an nís?"

"Ní iarpfáiré mé oir nio ar bit do deunam uam," ar ran
mac-nís, "raoilim nac bfuil tú ionnánm mópán do deunam."

"Ná bac leir rin," ar ran sean uine, "caicfró tó iarpáiré
oim fuo éigin do deunam, níon cáill mé geall ariam náir feuo
mé a loc."

Máir uudairé mé, raoil an mac nís sur sean uine micéilliré
do bí ann, asur le na fárfuáiré uudairé ré leir.

"Dain an ceann de mo learmácair asur cuir ceann gabair
uiri ar fead reactháine."

"Deunfao rin uic," ar ran sean uine liat:

Cuairé an mac nís as marcuiseact ar a capall;

A cú le na coir
A feadac ar a boir,

asur eus ré a aghar ar áit eile, asur níon cumhínís ré níor mó
ar an sean uine liat, go uáinís ré a-baile:

Fuaré ré gáir asur bpuon mói in ran gcairleán: O'innir na
rearbófógancairé uó go uáinís o'raoideaoóir arteaó 'ran reompa
'n áit a raib an uainríogan asur sur cuir ré ceann gabair uiri
i n-áit a cinn péin:

One morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
And his hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he went forward, singing a verse of a song to himself, until he came as far as a big bush that was growing on the brink of a glen. There was a gray old man sitting at the foot of the bush, and he said, "King's son, if you are able to play as well as you are able to sing songs, I should like to play a game with you." The King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and he alighted, threw bridle over branch, and sat down by the side of the gray old man.

The old man drew out a pack of cards and asked, "Can you play these?"

"I can," said the King's son.

"What shall we play for?" said the gray old man.

"Anything you wish," says the King's son.

"All right; if I win, you must do for me anything I shall ask of you, and if you win I must do for you anything you ask of me," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," says the King's son.

They played the game, and the King's son beat the gray old man. Then he said, "What would you like me to do for you, King's son?"

"I won't ask you to do anything for me," says the King's son, "I think that you are not able to do much."

"Don't mind that," said the old man. "You must ask me to do something. I never lost a bet yet that I wasn't able to pay it."

As I said, the King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and to satisfy him he said to him—"Take the head of my stepmother and put a goat's head on her for a week."

"I'll do that for you," said the gray old man.

The King's son went a-riding on his horse

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand—

and he faced for another place, and never thought more about the gray old man until he came home.

He found a cry and great grief before him in the castle. The servants told him that an enchanter had come into the room where the Queen was, and had put a goat's head on her in place of her own head.

“Ua5 mo láim, í5 ion5anta5 an ní5 é rin,” ar ran mac n55,
 “óá mberóinn ’ran mbaile do bairinn an ceann óé le mo clai5-
 eam.” Ói b5ón mó5 ar an n55 a5ur éuir ré fíor ar cómairleóir
 críona a5ur o’fiarpuib5 ré óé an raib fíor aise cia an éaoi éarla
 an ní5 reo do’n bairnío5ain. “5o veimín ní éib5 liom rin inn-
 readt uuit,” ar reirean, “í5 obair o’raoibéa5ta é.”

Níor leib5 an mac n55 air féin 5o raib eólar ar bit aise ar an
 5cúir, áct ar maibin amárac o’iméib5 ré amac,

Δ cú le na éoir
 Δ feadac ar Δ éoir
 ’S Δ capall bpeá5 uib ó’á ioméar,

a5ur níor éarpuib5 ré rrian 5o o’éainib5 ré com fáda leir an
 r5eic móir ar bpuac an 5leanna. Ói an rean uine liat ’na fuibé
 ann rin fáoi an r5eic a5ur uubairt ré : “Δ míc an n55, mbéir
 cluibe a5ad anóib5 ?” Cuipling an mac n55 a5ur uubairt :
 “Óéir.” leir rin, éait ré an rrian éar 5eub5, a5ur fuir fíor le
 éaoib5 an érean uine. Éarpuib5 reirean na éairóib5 amac, a5ur
 o’fiarpuib5 óe’n mac n55 an bpuair ré an ní5 do 5nóéib5 ré anóé.
 “Éá rin éeairt 5o leóir,” ar ran mac n55.

“Imeóramaoib5 ar an n5eall éeubna anóib5,” ar ran rean
 uine liat.

“Éá mé pártá,” ar ran mac n55.

O’imí5 riab, a5ur 5nóéib5 an mac n55. “Créab do bu5 mían
 leat míre do veunam uuit an é-am ío ?” ar ran rean uine
 liat. Smuáin an mac n55 a5ur uubairt leir féin, “éuipéir mé
 obair épuair óó an é-am ío.” Ánn rin uubairt ré : “Éá páiré
 readt n-ácpa ar éúl éairleáin m’ácpa, bíob í5 líonta ar maibin.
 amárac le bat (buaib) 5an don éeirt áca do beir ar don óat, ar
 don áiríoe, no ar don éoir amáin.”

“Óéir rin veunta,” ar ran rean uine liat.

Cuair5 an mac n55 a5 marcuibéa5t ar Δ capall,

Δ cú le na éoir
 Δ feadac ar Δ éoir,

a5ur éub5 a5air5 á-baile. Ói an n55 5o b5ónac í óéaoib5 na bair-
 nío5na. Ói oóéáiríob ar n-uile áit í n-éirunn, áct níor féub
 riab don máit do veunam ói.

Ar maibin, lá ar na márac, cuair5 maor an n55 amac 5o moc,
 a5ur éonnaire ré an páiré ar éúl an éairleáin líonta le bat
 (buaib) a5ur 5an don éeirt áca óe ’n óat éeubna no óe’n éoir
 réubna, no óe’n áiríoe éeubna. O’iméib5 ré árteac, a5ur o’innir
 éé an r5eul ion5anta5 do’n n55. “Éeipuib5 a5ur éiomáin íab
 amac,” ar ran n55. Fuair an maor íir, a5ur cuair5 ré leó a5

"By my hand, but that's a wonderful thing," says the King's son. "If I had been at home I'd have whipped the head off him with my sword."

There was great grief on the King, and he sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know how the thing happened to the Queen.

"Indeed, I cannot tell you that," said he, "it's a work of enchantment."

The King's son did not let on that he had any knowledge of the matter, but on the morrow morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein until he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was sitting there under the bush and said, "King's son, will you have a game to-day?" The King's son got down and said, "I will." With that he threw bridle over branch and sat down by the side of the old man. He drew out the cards and asked the King's son did he get the thing he had won yesterday.

"That's all right," says the King's son.

"We'll play for the same bet to-day," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," said the King's son.

They played—the King's son won. "What would you like me to do for you this time?" says the gray old man. The King's son thought and said to himself, "I'll give him a hard job this time." Then he said, "there's a field of seven acres at the back of my father's castle, let it be filled to-morrow morning with cows, and no two of them to be of one colour or one height or one age."

"That shall be done," says the gray old man.

The King's son went riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and faced for home. The King was sorrowful about the Queen; there were doctors out of every place in Ireland, but they could not do her any good.

On the morning of the next day the King's herd went out early, and he saw the field at the back of the castle filled with cows, and no two of them of the same color, the same age, or the same height. He went in and told the King the wonderful news. "Go and drive them out," says the King. The herd got men, and went with them driving out the cows,

tiomáint na mbó amac, áct ní luaite cuirfeadh ré amac ar don taoibh iad 'nád tiucfaidh ríad arcead ar an taoibh eile. Cuaird an maor do'n ríis arís, agus vudairc leir nac dfeutfaidh an méad feara bí i n-Éirinn na bat rín do bí ran bpaire do cur amac. "Ír bat vpaorídeacta iad," ar ran ríis.

Nuair connairc an mac-ríis na bat, vudairc ré leir féin: "Déir cluice eile agam leir an fean uine liac anuá." O'imctis ré amac an maroin rín,

A cú le na cor
A feadac ar a boir
A' a capall bpeáig vub o'a iomcar,

agus níor cappaing ré rrian go vctáinis ré com fada leir an rgeic móir ar bpuac an gleanna. Bí an fean uine liac ann rín noime agus o'iar rí ar an mberídeadh cluice cárhoar aise.

"Déir," ar ran mac ríis; "áct cá fíor agao go maic go vctis liom cá bualaí ag imiric cárhoa."

"Déir cluice eile agaimn," ar ran fean uine liac. "Ar imir cá liacróir ariam?"

"O'impear go veimín," ar rín mac ríis; "áct faoilim go vfuil tura ró fean le liacróir o'imiric, agus cor leir rín ní'l don áit agaimn ann go le n'imiric."

"Má cá tura ámal le n-imiric, geobair míre áit," ar ran fean uine liac.

"Cáim ámal," ar ran mac ríis.

"Lean míre," ar ran fean uine liac.

Lean an mac ríis é trío an ngleann, go vctáingadair go cnoc bpeáig glar. Ann rín, cappaing ré amac rlaicín vpaorídeacta, agus vudairc foela náir tuis mac an ríis, agus faoi ceann móimí, o'orfaíl an cnoc agus cuaird an veiric arcead, agus cuaird ríad trío a lán ve nállaib bpeága go vctáingadair amac i nglaróin. Bí sac uile níó níor bpeága 'nád céile in ran nglaróin rín, agus ag bun an glaróin bí áit le liacróir o'imiric.

Cait ríad píora airgíru ruar le feicrinc cia aca mberídeadh lám-arctis aise, 7 fuair an fean uine liac rín.

Corais ríad ann rín, agus níor ríad ar fean uine sup gnócais ré an cluice. Ní raib fíor ag an mac ríis cread do veunfaidh ré. Faoi deoir o'fíarfuis ré ve'n crean-uine cread do buí maic leir é do veunam bó.

"Ír míre Ríis ar an bFárac Dub, agus caicrío tura mé féin agus m'áit-cóimíre o'fágaíl amac faoi ceann lá agus bliadain; nó geobair míre tura amac agus caillrío tú do ceann."

Ann rín tuis ré an mac ríis amac an bealac ceutona a vpeacair ré arcead. O'ruir an cnoc glar 'na vtaís agus o'imctis an fean uine liac ar ámarc:

but no sooner would he put them out on one side than they would come in on the other. The herd went to the King again, and told him that all the men that were in Ireland would not be able to put out these cows that were in the field. "They're enchanted cows," said the King.

When the King's son saw the cows he said to himself, "I'll have another game with the gray man to-day!" That morning he went out,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein till he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was there before him, and asked him would he have a game of cards.

"I will," says the King's son, "but you know well that I can beat you playing cards."

"We'll have another game, then," says the gray old man. "Did you ever play ball?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "but I think that you are too old to play ball, and, besides that, we have no place here to play it."

"If you're contented to play, I'll find a place," says the gray old man.

"I'm contented," says the King's son.

"Follow me," says the gray old man.

The King's son followed him through the glen until he came to a fine green hill. There he drew out a little enchanted rod, spoke some words which the King's son did not understand, and after a moment the hill opened and the two went in, and they passed through a number of splendid halls until they came out into a garden. There was everything finer than another in that garden, and at the bottom of the garden there was a place for playing ball. They threw up a piece of silver to see who would have hand-in, and the gray old man got it.

They began then, and the gray old man never stopped until he won out the game. The King's son did not know what he would do. At last he asked the old man what would he desire him to do for him.

"I am King over the Black Desert, and you must find out myself and my dwelling-place within a year and a day, or I shall find you out and you shall lose your head."

Then he brought the King's son out the same way by which he went in. The green hill closed behind them, and the gray old man disappeared out of sight.

Cuair an mac nís aς marcuiseaēt ar a cāpall;

Δ εὐ le na cōir,
Δ fēadac ar a bōir,

aςur é bñónac so leōir.

An tñácnóna rin, 'oo bñeaēnuis an nís so naid bñón aςur buairñeao mōr ar an mac óς, aςur nuair cuair ré 'na cōulaō, cūalaio an nís aςur sac uile 'uine 'oo bi in fan ścairleān tñom-ōrñaoil aςur nāmalaio uairō. 'Bi an nís faoi bñón ceann śadair 'oo beic ar an mbainñiośain, aēt buō mēara é reaēt n-uairē nuair 'o'innir an mac 'oo an rśeul, mar cārla ó cūr so veñeao.

Cuir ré fñor ar cōmairleōir cñiona, aςur 'o'fiarñuis ré 'oe an naid fñor aise cia an aic a naid an Riś ar an bÁraς Úuib 'na cōmñuioe.

"Ní'l, so veimñin," ar feirean; "aēt cōm cinnce a'r cā nuball (eairball) ar an ścat muna bÁśaiō an t-oirñe óς an 'uñaoiō-eaōoir rin amac, caillefñó ré a ceann."

'Bi bñón mōr i ścairleān an nís an lā rin. 'Bi ceann śadair ar an mbainñiośain, aςur an mac-nís 'oul aς cōrñuiseaēt 'uñaoiō-eaōōra, śan fñor an 'oñuēfaō ré ar air so 'oeō.

Tar éir reaētmāine [oo] baineaō an ceann śadair 'oe'n bainñiośain, aςur cuñeao a ceann fēin uirñi. Nuair cūalaio rí an cāoi ar cuñeao an ceann śadair uirñi, cāinis fuac mōr uirñi anaśaiō an mñic nís, aςur buñairē rí: "Nāri cāśaiō ré ar air beō nā marō."

Ar maroin, 'Dia lūain, 'o'fāς ré a beannaēt aς a aēair aςur aς a śaol, 'bi a māla-rñūbail ceangailce ar a 'uñuim, aςur 'o'imñis ré,

Δ εὐ le na cōir
Δ fēadac ar a bōir
Δ'r a cāpall bñeāś 'uōb 'o'á iomēari.

Śiūbail ré an lā rin so naid an śñian imñisēce faoi rśāile na śenoc, aςur so naid 'oñcāoar na n-oirōce aς teaēt, śan fñor aise cia'n aic a bñuiseaēao ré lōirēin. 'Bñeaēnuis ré coill mōr ar cāoiō a lāime clē, aςur cārlainis ré uirñi cōm tapa aςur 'o'feuo ré, le rñil an oirōce 'oo caiteam faoi fārgaō na ścann. Śuio ré fñor faoi bun cñainn mōir 'oñraς, 'o'forśail ré a māla-rñūbail le biaō 7 'oeōc 'oo caiteam, nuair cōnnairē ré iolair mōr aς teaēt cūise:

"Nā bñōb fāicēior oñt nōmām-ra, a mñic nís. Aicñisim cū, ir cū mac 'bi cōncubair nís ēñeann: 1r cāraio mē, aςur mā cūśann cū 'oo cāpall 'oām-ra le cāñairē le n'ice 'oo cēitñe ēanlāic oñraςa

The King's son went home, riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and he sorrowful enough.

That evening the King observed that there was grief and great trouble on his young son, and when he went to sleep the King and every person that was in the castle heard heavy sighing and ravings from him. The King was in grief—a goat's head to be on the Queen; but he was seven times worse when they told him the (whole) story how it happened from beginning to end.

He sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know where the King of the Black Desert was living.

"I do not, indeed," said he, "but as sure as there's a tail on a cat, unless the young heir finds out that enchanter he will lose his head."

There was great grief that day in the castle of the King. There was a goat's head on the Queen, and the King's son was going searching for an enchanter, without knowing whether he would ever come back.

After a week the goat's head was taken off the Queen, and her own head was put upon her. When she heard of how the goat's head was put upon her, a great hate came upon her against the King's son, and she said, "That he may never come back alive or dead!"

Of a Monday morning he left his blessing with his father and his kindred, his traveling bag was bound upon his shoulder, and he went,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him.

He walked that day until the sun was gone beneath the shadow of the hills and till the darkness of the night was coming, without knowing where he could get lodgings. He noticed a large wood on his left-hand side, and he drew towards it as quickly as he could, hoping to spend the night under the shelter of the trees. He sat down at the foot of a large oak tree, and opened his traveling bag to take some food and drink, when he saw a great eagle coming towards him.

"Do not be afraid of me, King's son; I know you, you are the son of O'Connor, King of Ireland. I am a friend, and if you grant me your horse to give to eat to four hungry birds

atá aśam, b'éapfaiò mipe nìor fuid'e 'nà do b'éapfaiò do capall t'ú, aśur b'éioir go s'cuirfinn t'ú ar l'orś an t'é atá t'ú 't'óruig-eaet."

"Tis leat an capall 'do beit aśao aśur fáilte," ar ran mac níś, "c'ò sup b'ónac mé aś r'garafaint leir."

"Tá go maít, b'éio mipe ann ro ar maíoin amárac le h-éirge na śnéine." Ann rin o'f'orśail rí a śob móir, ruś śneim ar an ścapall, buail a 'd'á t'aoib anafaiò a céile, leatnuig a r'giatán, aśur o'imt'is ar amárc.

O'it aśur o'ól an mac níś a fáit, cuir an mála-ríubail faoi na céann, aśur nìor b'faoa go raib ré 'na coolaò, aśur nìor oúir'is ré go t'áin'is an t-íolar aśur sup o'ubairt: "Tá ré i n-am oúinn beit 'ś imteaet, tá airt'ear faoa r'óthainn, beir śneim ar do mála aśur léim ruar ar mo o'ruim."

"Áet, mo b'ón!" ar reirean, "cait'fio mé r'garafaint le mo c'ú aśur le mo f'eabac."

"Ná bíoò b'ón ort," ar ríre; "b'éio raio ann ro r'óthao nuair t'ucfar t'ú ar aír."

Ann rin léim ré ruar ar a o'ruim, ślac ríre r'giatán, aśur ar go b'at léite 'ran aér. T'us rí é t'ar c'nocaid aśur śleanncaid, t'ar m'uir móir aśur t'ar coill'ic, sup faoil ré go raib ré aś o'iepaò an o'othain. Nuair bí an śrian aś o'ul faoi r'śáile na śnoc, t'áin'is rí go t'alám i lár f'araíś móir, aśur o'ubairt leir: "lean an capán ar t'aoib do l'áime o'eire, aśur b'éapfaiò ré t'ú go teaet capao. Cait'fio mipe f'illeaò ar aír le r'olácar do m'éanlaet."

lean reirean an capán, aśur nìor b'faoa go t'áin'is ré go o'í an teaet, aśur cuair ré arteaet. O'í fean-o'vine liat 'na fuid'e 'ran ścoirneull; o'éir'is ré 7 o'ubairt, "Ceuo m'ile fáilte r'óthao, a m'ic Ríś ar Rát-C'ruacáan Connact."

"Ní'l eólar aśam-ra ort," ar ran mac níś:

"O'í aítne aśam-ra ar do fean-atáir," ar ran fean o'vine liat; "ruio r'íor; ír o'óis go b'fuil t'art aśur o'cur ort."

"Ní'l mé faoi uata," ar ran mac níś. Buail an fean o'vine a 'd'á o'oir anafaiò a céile, aśur t'áin'is beirt f'eirb'ieaet, aśur leaś-aòar bo'ro le maírc-f'eóil, caoir-f'eóil, muic-f'eóil aśur le neart aráin i l'ácar an m'ic níś, aśur o'ubairt an fean o'vine leir: "Ít aśur ól do fáit, b'éioir go mbuo faoa go b'fuir'fio t'ú a leic'ero arír." O'it aśur o'ól ré o'ieao aśur buò m'ian leir, aśur t'us buíoeaetar ar a fon:

Ann rin o'ubairt an fean o'vine, "tá t'ú o'ul aś t'óruigeaet Ríś an f'araíś Úuib; t'eir'is aś coolaò anoir, aśur raicaiò mipe t're mo leab'raib le f'eucaint an o'is liom áit-c'ómnurde an níś

that I have, I shall bear you farther than your horse would bear you, and, perhaps, I would put you on the track of him you are looking for."

"You can have the horse, and welcome," says the King's son, "although I am sorrowful at parting from him."

"All right, I shall be here to-morrow at sunrise." With that she opened her great gob, caught hold of the horse, struck in his two sides against one another, took wing, and disappeared out of sight.

The King's son ate and drank his enough, put his traveling bag under his head, and it was not long till he was asleep, and he never woke until the eagle came and said, "It is time for us to be going, there is a long journey before us; take hold of your bag and leap up upon my back."

"But my grief!" says he, "I must part from my hound and my hawk."

"Do not be grieved," says she, "they will be here before you when you come back."

Then he leaped up on her back; she took wing, and off and away with her through the air. She brought him across hills and hollows, over a great sea, and over woods, till he thought that he was at the end of the world. When the sun was going under the shadow of the hills she came to earth in the midst of a great desert, and said to him, "Follow the path on your right-hand side, and it will bring you to the house of a friend. I must return again to provide for my birds."

He followed the path, and it was not long till he came to the house, he went in. There was a gray old man sitting in the corner. He rose and said, "A hundred thousand welcomes to you, King's son, from Rathcroghan of Connacht."

"I have no knowledge of you," said the King's son.

"I was acquainted with your grandfather," said the gray old man. "Sit down; no doubt there is hunger and thirst on you."

"I am not free from them," said the King's son.

The old man then smote his two palms against one another, and two servants came and laid a board with beef, mutton, pork, and plenty of bread before the King's son, and the old man said to him, "Eat and drink your enough. Perhaps it may be a long time before you get the like again."

He ate and drank as much as he desired, and thanked him for it.

Then the old man said, "You are going seeking for the King of the Black Desert; go to sleep now, and I will go

rin o'f'gail amac." Ann rin, buail r      ora ;   inis reibireac,  sur  ubairt r   leir "  abair an mac riġ  o   i    eomra."  us r    o  eomra bried    ,  sur nior  f  a  ur  uit r   'na       :  r mai  in, l    r na m  rac,   inis  n  ean  uine  sur  ubairt: "  irri ,     ir  ar      ri    .  air  r              mile   unam ri   me        ."

"                    unam,"  r  an mac riġ:
" M  r m  rac m  t   ,       r m  r  apall  uit      r     n   ir  ar."

"        m  r      r  ur ,"  r  an mac riġ.

 us  n  ean  uine neart le n'ite  sur le n'     ,  sur nuair  i r       ,  us re       n bea  b  n   ,  sur  ubairt: "  abair          n   'n       n,  sur nuair      r r  ,      ur  ' an   r  sur   ir  r      i                le  ne   .  r i o rin   i ing  na Riġ an f'Arjaġ Ōuib.    r n  ric  n  lar i m   l         , rin i  n ing  n  r  i  ,  sur n   ne   be  o'      r            r  o  i  Riġ an f'Arjaġ Ōuib     i. Nuair      r  n       n,    r    i n  r       ;       r na   i         o       r       n      rin,  sur       r     r m    (ban)            n,  sur      r      r    ' an              sur        .               l  r  n n  ric  n  lar  sur nuair      r    na m        ' an    ,        sur      n n  ric  n  sur n      r leir.       i          i        sur nuair       r na m            ,        r     r                          sur im      r     ' an   r.  nn rin,       r  n ing  n  r  i  , "       r m   n    r       'n         r m   n  ric  n  am."   r i l    r  nn rin,  sur     r  n n  ric  n  i,      r n       l n    r              l u  t,             r  o  i     -   r,  sur inn r  i  ur mac riġ     r   r          ."

Rinne  n mac riġ     n   m  r  ubairt  n  ean  uine leir,  sur nuair  us r    n n  ric  n o'ing  n Riġ an f'Arjaġ Ōuib,  ubairt r  : "  r m  r mac  i       r, Riġ       .  abair m    o   i o'    r:      m   o'           ."

" N  r      r  uit m   n    i  n          unam  uit ? "  r   r.

" N  l    n n               l u  m,"  r      n.

" M            m  n      uit n   m    r          ? "  r   r:

"       ,"  r      n.

"  noir,"  r   r, "  r o'    m n    -inn r    m'     r  ur m  r     us        i  -   n   ,  sur    r m  r m        r m  t  uit;  sur leir        n,"  r   r, "  o     l m  r-      r               ."

"        m  r    r   ,"  r      n.

through my books to see if I can find out the dwelling-place of that King." Then he smote his palms (together), and a servant came, and he told him, "Take the King's son to his chamber." He took him to a fine chamber, and it was not long till he fell asleep.

On the morning of the next day the old man came and said, "Rise up, there is a long journey before you. You must do five hundred miles before midday."

"I could not do it," said the King's son.

"If you are a good rider I will give you a horse that will bring you over the journey."

"I will do as you say," said the King's son.

The old man gave him plenty to eat and to drink and, when he was satisfied, he gave him a little white garran and said, "Give the garran his head, and when he stops look up into the air, and you will see three swans as white as snow. Those are the three daughters of the King of the Black Desert. There will be a green napkin in the mouth of one of them, that is the youngest daughter, and there is not anyone alive except her who could bring you to the house of the King of the Black Desert. When the garran stops you will be near a lake, the three swans will come to land on the brink of that lake, and they will make three young women of themselves, and they will go into the lake swimming and dancing. Keep your eye on the green napkin, and when you get the young women in the lake go and get the napkin, and do not part with it. Go into hiding under a tree, and when the young women will come out two of them will make swans of themselves, and will go away in the air. Then the youngest daughter will say, 'I will do anything for him who will give me my napkin.' Come forward then and give her the napkin, and say that there is nothing you want but to bring you to her father's house, and tell her that you are a king's son from a powerful country."

The King's son did everything as the old man desired him, and when he gave the napkin to the daughter of the King of the Black Desert he said, "I am the son of O'Connor, King of Connacht. Bring me to your father. Long am I seeking him."

"Would not it be better for me to do something else for you?" said she.

"I do not want anything else," said he.

"If I show you the house will you not be satisfied?" said she.

Ann rin rinne rí eala dí féin agus tuidairt: "Léim ruar ar mo mhúin, agus cuir do lámha faoi mo mhúinéal, agus congbais gneim cruaidh."

Rinne ré amháid, agus éirí rí a ríatána, 7 ar go bhráic léite ear cnocaidh a' r ear gleanncaid, ear mhuir agus ear fléibhídh, go dtáinig rí go talamh mar do bí an ghrian as dul faoi. Ann rin tuidairt rí leir: "An bfeiceann tú an teac mór rin tall? Sin teac m'atáir. Slán leat. Am ar bit bérdear baogal ort, bídh míre le do táoidh." Ann rin o'imhídh rí uair.

Cuair an mac nís cum an tige, cuair arcead, agus cia o'feicfeadh ré ann rin 'na fuirde i gcaitídh oir, áit an rean uirne liat o'imhídh na cáitídh agus an liatídh leir.

"Feicim, a mhic nís," ar reiréan, "go bfuair tú mé amac nioim lá agus bliadhain: Cá fáid ó o'fás tú an baile?"

"Ar maidin anuá, nuair bí mé as éiríge ar mo leabuid, connair mé tuas-ceatá, rinne mé léim, ríar mé mo dá coir air, agus fleairnais mé com fáda leir reo."

"Dáir mo lámh, ir mór an gairgídeáit do rinne tú," ar ran rean nís.

"O'feudairinn ruo nioir iongancaise 'na rin do deunam, dá n-óghóidain," ar ran mac nís.

"Tá trí neite asam uir le deunam," ar ran rean nís, "7 m'ar féidir leat iad do deunam, bídh nioir mo tuiúir ingean asad mar mhaoi, agus muna dtig leat iad do deunam, caillídh tú do ceann mar caill cuir mair de dáoinídh óga nioim."

Ann rin tuidairt ré, "Ní bíonn ite ná ól in mo tíg-re, áit don uair amháin 'ran tpeadairm, agus bí ré asairn ar maidin anuá."

"Ir cuma liom-ra," ar ran mac nís; "tíg liom tioras do deunam ar feadh míora dá mbeirdear cruaidh oim."

"Ir doig go dtig leat dul san cóitídh mar an gceudna?" ar ran rean nís.

"Tíg liom san amhar," ar ran mac nís.

"Bídh leabuid cruaidh asad anocht mar rin," ar ran rean nís; "tar liom go dtairbéanfaid mé uir é." Tús ré amac ann rin é, 7 tairbéan ré do crann mór agus gablóis air, 7 tuidairt: "Teirís ruar ann rin agus coitil in ran ngablóis, agus bí réir le n-éiríge na gneime."

Cuair ré ruar in ran ngablóis, áit com luat agus bí an rean nís 'na cóitídh, táinig an ingean ós agus tús arcead go reomra briedh é, agus congbais rí ann rin é go maid an rean nís ar tí éiríge: Ann rin cuir rí é amac air 7 ngablóis an éirinn.

Le n-éiríge na gneime, táinig an rean nís cuige agus tuidairt,

"I will be satisfied," said he.

"Now," said she, "upon your life do not tell my father that it was I who brought you to his house, and I shall be a good friend to you, but let on," said she, "that you have great powers of enchantment."

"I will do as you say," says he.

Then she made a swan of herself and said, "Leap up on my back and put your hands under my neck, and keep a hard hold."

He did so, and she shook her wings, and off and away with her over hills and over glens, over sea and over mountains, until she came to earth as the sun was going under. Then she said to him, "Do you see that great house yonder? That is my father's house. Farewell. Any time you are in danger I shall be at your side." Then she went from him.

The King's son came to the house and went in, and whom should he see sitting in a golden chair but the gray old man who had played the cards and the ball with him.

"King's son," said he, "I see that you found me out before the day and the year. How long since you left home?"

"This morning when I was rising out of my bed I saw a rainbow; I gave a leap, spread my two legs on it and slid as far as this."

"By my hand, it was a great feat you performed," said the old King.

"I could do a more wonderful thing than that if I chose," said the King's son.

"I have three things for you to do," says the old King, "and if you are able to do them you shall have the choice of my three daughters for wife, and unless you are able to do them you shall lose your head, as a good many other young men have lost it before you."

Then he said, "there be's neither eating nor drinking in my house except once in the week, and we had it this morning."

"It's all one to me," said the King's son, "I could fast for a month if I were on a pinch."

"No doubt you can go without sleep also," says the old King.

"I can, without doubt," said the King's son.

"You shall have a hard bed to-night, then," says the old King. "Come with me till I show it to you." He brought him out then and showed him a great tree with a fork in it, and said, "Get up there and sleep in the fork, and be ready with the rise of the sun."

“Táir anuair anoir, 7 táir liom-rá go dtáirbéanfaid mé duit an níos atá agao le deunamh anois.”

Tug ré an mac nús go bhuac loca 7 táirbéar ré dó rean-áir-leán, agus túbairt leir, “Cait gac uile clóc ‘ran gcairleán rin amac ‘ran loc, 7 bíod ré deunta agao real má dtéideann an grian faoi, tráchnóna.” D’imctis ré uair ann rin.

Tórais an mac nús ag obair, áct bí na cloca greamuigste d’á céile comh cruaidh rin, náir feud ré don clóc aca do dtógháil, agus dá mbeidead ré ag obair go dtí an lá ro, ní beidead clóc ar an gcairleán. Suid ré ríor ann rin ag rnuainead créad do buó cóir dó deunamh, agus níor bfaod go dtáinig ingean an t-reann-nús cuise, 7 túbairt, “Cao é fáct do bhrón?” D’innir ré bí an obair do bí aise le deunamh. “Na cuirlead rin bhrón ort; deunfaid mire é,” ar ríre. Ann rin tug rí arán, mairefeoil 7 fion dó, táirnaing amac rlaicín tóraideadta, buail buille ar an t-rean-áirleán, agus faoi ceann móimio bí gac uile clóc d’é ar bun an loca. “Anoir,” ar ríre, “ná h-innir do m’áir grian mire do rinne an obair duit.”

Nuair bí an grian ag dul faoi, tráchnóna, táinig an rean nús agus túbairt: “Feicim go bfuil d’obair laé deunta agao.”

“Tá,” ar ran mac nús, “cís liom obair ar bit do deunamh.”

Saoil an rean nús anoir go raib cúmáct mór tóraideadta ag an mac nús, agus túbairt leir, “Sé d’obair laé amárac na cloca do dtógháil ar an loc, agus an cairleán do cur ar bun mar bí rí ceana.”

Tug ré an mac nús a-baile agus túbairt leir, “Teirís do coola d’ran áit a raib tú an oíche aréir.”

Nuair cuaid an rean-nús ‘na coola táinig an ingean ós agus tug arcead é cum a reompa féin, agus congbais ann rin é go raib an rean nús ar tí éirge ar maidin; ann rin cuir rí amac arís é i nsgablóis an chlainn.

Le h-éirge na gneine, táinig an rean nús 7 túbairt: “Tá ré i n-am duit dul gciann d’oidre.”

“Ní’l deirir ar bit orm,” ar ran mac nús, “mar tá ríor agam go dtí liom m obair laé deunamh go réir.”

Cuaid ré go bhuac an loca ann rin, áct n’or feud ré clóc d’feiceáil, bí an t-uirge comh buó rin. Suid ré ríor ar táirnaing; agus níor bfaod go dtáinig fionnguala, buó h-é rin ainm ingine an t-rean nús, cuise, agus túbairt: “Cao tá agao le deunamh anois?” D’innir ré bí, agus túbairt rí: “Ná bíod bhrón ort; cís liom-rá an obair rin deunamh duit.” Ann rin tug rí d’ó arán, mairefeoil, agus caoirfeoil agus fion. Ann rin táirnaing rí amac an trlaicín tóraideadta, buail uirge an loca léite, agus

He went up into the fork, but as soon as the old King was asleep the young daughter came and brought him into a fine room and kept him there until the old King was about to rise. Then she put him out again into the fork of the tree.

With the rise of the sun the old King came to him and said, "Come down now, and come with me until I show you the thing that you have to do to-day."

He brought the King's son to the brink of a lake and showed him an old castle, and said to him, "Throw every stone in that castle out into the loch, and let you have it done before the sun goes down in the evening." He went away from him then.

The King's son began working, but the stones were stuck to one another so fast that he was not able to raise one of them, and if he were to be working until this day, there would not be one stone out of the castle. He sat down then, thinking what he ought to do, and it was not long until the daughter of the old King came to him and said, "What is the cause of your grief?" He told her the work which he had to do. "Let that put no grief on you, I will do it," said she. Then she gave him bread, meat, and wine, pulled out a little enchanted rod, struck a blow on the old castle, and in a moment every stone of it was at the bottom of the lake. "Now," said she, "do not tell my father that it was I who did the work for you."

When the sun was going down in the evening, the old King came and said, "I see that you have your day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son; "I can do any work at all."

The old King thought now that the King's son had great powers of enchantment, and he said to him, "Your day's work for to-morrow is to lift the stones out of the loch, and to set up the castle again as it was before."

He brought the King's son home and said to him, "Go to sleep in the place where you were last night."

When the old King went to sleep the young daughter came and brought him into her own chamber and kept him there till the old King was about to rise in the morning. Then she put him out again in the fork of the tree.

At sunrise the old King came and said, "It's time for you to get to work."

"There's no hurry on me at all," says the King's son, "because I know I can readily do my day's work."

He went then to the brink of the lake, but he was not able to see a stone, the water was that black. He sat down on a rock, and it was not long until Finnualla—that was the name

faoi ceann móimio bí an sean-éirpleán ar bun mara bí ré an lá roimhe. Ann rin udbairt rí leir: “Ar v’anam, ná h-innir vo m’ácair 5o n’dearphaid mife an obair seo dúit, nó 5o bfuil eólar ar bit a5ao orim.”

Trádnóna an laé rin, éainis an sean ri5 a5ur udbairt, “Feicim 5o bfuil obair an laé deunta a5ao.”

“Cá,” ar ran mac ri5, “obair fói-deunta i rin!”

Ann rin faoil an sean ri5 5o riab níor mó éirleáct o’raoib-eácta a5 an mac ri5 ‘ná vo bí aise féin, a5ur udbairt ré: “Ní’l áct aon ruo eile a5ao le veunam.” Tús ré a-baile ann rin é, 7 cuir ré é le coiblaó i n5ablaóis an érainn, áct éainis fionnguala 7 cuir rí in a reomra féin é, a5ur ar maroin, cuir rí amac arir ar an 5crann é. Le h-éirge na 5néine, éainis an sean ri5 cuise a5ur udbairt leir: “Tar liom 5o o’cairbéanfaó mé dúit v’obair laé.”

Tús ré an mac ri5 5o 5leann mór, a5ur éairbéan vó tobair, 7 udbairt: “Caill mo mácair-mór fáinne in ran tobair rin, a5ur fás dam é real má o’éiró an 5ruan faoi, trádnóna.”

Anoir bí an tobair ro ceo t’rois ar vóimne a5ur fice t’rois cimeóill, a5ur bí ré lionta le h-uirge, a5ur bí arim ar ifrionn a5 fairne an fáinne.

Nuair v’iméis an sean ri5, éainis fionnguala a5ur v’fiarhuis, “Cao cá a5ao le veunam anoir?” V’innir ré vó, a5ur udbairt rí, “Ir deacaí an obair i rin, áct veunfaó mé mo vitéóill le vo deata vo fábaíl.” An rin tús rí vó maírtfeóil, arán, a5ur pion. Rinne rí riueac * vó féin a5ur cuair ríor ‘ran tobair. Níor b’rao 5o b’raoíó ré deatac a5ur cinnteac a5 teac amac ar an tobair, a5ur topan ann mara coirneac áro, a5ur dúine ar bit vo beirdeac a5 éirteac leir an topan rin faoilfeac ré 5o riab arim ifrionn a5 t’roio.

Faoi ceann tamail, v’iméis an deatac, coir5 an cinnteac a5ur an coirneac, a5ur éainis fionnguala anoir leir an b’áinne. Seacair rí an fáinne vo mác an ri5, a5ur udbairt rí: “5nócais mé an cat, 7 cá vo deata fábaíla, áct feuc, cá lairóicín mo láimhe veire b’uirte. Áct b’éirí 5ur ádamaíl an níó 5ur b’uirteac é. Nuair éirfe ar m’ácair, ná tabair an fáinne vó, áct ba5air é 5o cruair. Déarfaó ré cá ann rin le vo bean vo to5ao, a5ur reó an éaoi veunfar cá vo ro5a. Béir mife a5ur mo beirb’fíraca i reomra, béir poll ar an voirar, 7 cuirfímo uile ar lámha amac mara éruimírgín. Cuirfíó tura vo lámh t’rio an b’poll, a5ur an lámh cóngbócar cá 5néim uirri nuair for5ólar

* Riueac nó riueac = “C’roac marb,” róir éin uirge.

of the old King's daughter—came to him and said, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "Let there be no grief on you. I can do that work for you." Then she gave him bread, beef, mutton, and wine. After that she drew out the little enchanted rod, smote the water of the lake with it, and in a moment the old castle was set up as it had been the day before. Then she said to him—"On your life, don't tell my father that I did this work for you, or that you have any knowledge of me at all."

On the evening of that day the old King came and said, "I see that you have the day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son, "that was an easy-done job."

Then the old King thought that the King's son had more power of enchantment than he had himself, and he said, "You have only one other thing to do." He brought him home then, and put him to sleep in the fork of the tree, but Finnualla came and put him in her own chamber, and in the morning she sent him out again into the tree. At sunrise the old King came to him and said: "Come with me till I show you your day's work."

He brought the King's son to a great glen, and showed him a well, and said, "My grandmother lost a ring in that well, and do you get it for me before the sun goes under this morning."

Now, this well was one hundred feet deep and twenty feet round about, and it was filled with water, and there was an army out of hell watching the ring.

When the old King went away Finnualla came and asked, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "That is a difficult task, but I shall do my best to save your life." Then she gave him beef, bread, and wine. Then she made a sea-bird of herself, and went down into the well. It was not long till he saw smoke and lightning coming up out of the well, and (he heard) a sound like loud thunder, and anyone who would be listening to that noise he would think that the army of hell was fighting.

At the end of a while the smoke went away, the lightning and thunder ceased, and Finnualla came up with the ring. She handed the ring to the King's son, and said, "I won the battle, and your life is saved. But, look, the little finger of my right hand is broken; but perhaps it is a lucky thing that it was broken. When my father comes do not give him the ring, but threaten him stoutly. He will bring you then to choose your wife, and this is how you shall make your choice. I and my sisters will be in a room, there will be a

m'atáir an voraí, ir i rin lámh an té beirdear agho mar-mhaidi;
Tis leat mire d'aicne ar mo lairdeicín bhirte."

"Tis liom, agus shábh mo chroíde tú, a fionnghuala," ar ran mac ruis:

Trádnóna an lae rin, táinig an fear-ruis agus o'fhiafhuir: "An bfuair tú fáinne mo mháir mórne?"

"Fuardear go deimhin," ar ran mac ruis; "bí aram 'sá cúmhac ar íspionn, áct buail mire iad, agus buailfinn a feacht n-oiriad; nac bfuil fíor agho sup Connactac mé?"

"Tabair dam an fáinne," ar ran fear ruis.

"Go deimhin, ní tiubrao," ar reirdean; "croíde mé go cruaid ar a fion; áct tabair dam-ra mo bean. Teartaig' uaim beic ag imteacht."

Tus an fear ruis ardeac é, agus dubairt, "Tá mo triúr ingean 'ran feomra rin io' látair. Tá lámh shac doin aca rinte amac, agus an té congbócar tú shéim uirri go bforzólaíre mire an voraí, rin i do bean."

Cuir an mac ruis a lámh trió an bpoll do bí ar an voraí, agus fuair ré shéim ar lámh an lairdeicín bhirte, agus congbóis shéim cruaid air, sup forghail an fear ruis voraí an treomra:

"S i feo mo bean," ar ran mac ruis; "tabair dam anoir rpre o'ingine."

"Ní'l de rpre aici le fágail áct caoil-eac donn le ríbh do tabairt abaille, agus náir eagraí ríbh ar air, beo ná marbh, go beo!"

Cuair an mac ruis 7 fionnghuala ar marcuisgeacht ar an scaoil-eac donn; agus níor bfaoa go vóághaodan go vóí an coill 'n ar fás an mac ruis a cú agus a feabac. Bí ríad ann rin poime, mar aon le na capall bneás vub. Cuir ré an t-eac caol donn ar air ann rin. Cuir ré fionnghuala ag marcuisgeacht ar a capall, agus léim ruar, é féin,

A cú le n-a coir
A feabac ar a boir,

agus níor ríad ré go vóáinig ré go Rát Cruacáin:

Bí fáilte móir poime ann rin, agus níor bfaoa sup pórad é féin agus fionnghuala. Cail ríad beata faoa feunthar,—áct ir beas má tá loígh an trean-cairleáin le fágail anvóí i Rát-Cruacáin Connact:

hole in the door, and we shall all put our hands out in a cluster. You will put your hand through the hole, and the hand that you will keep hold of when my father will open the door that is the hand of her you shall have for wife. You can know me by my broken little finger."

"I can; and the love of my heart you are, Finnuala," says the King's son.

On the evening of the day the old King came and asked, "Did you get my grandmother's ring?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "there was an army out of hell guarding it, but I beat them; and I would beat seven times as many. Don't you know I'm a Connachtman?"

"Give me the ring," says the old King.

"Indeed I won't give it," says he; "I fought hard for it; but do you give me my wife, I want to be going."

The old King brought him in and said, "My three daughters are in that room before you. The hand of each of them is stretched out, and she on whom you will keep your hold until I open the door, that one is your wife."

The King's son thrust his hand through the hole that was in the door, and caught hold of the hand with the broken little finger, and kept a tight hold of it until the old King opened the door of the room.

"This is my wife," said the King's son. "Give me now your daughter's fortune."

"She has no fortune to get, but the brown slender steed to bring you home, and that ye may never come back, alive or dead!"

The King's son and Finnuala went riding on the brown slender steed, and it was not long till they came to the wood where the King's son left his hound and his hawk. They were there before him, together with his fine black horse. He sent the brown slender steed back then. He set Finnuala riding on his horse, and leaped up himself.

His hound at his heel,
His hawk on his hand,

and he never stopped till he came to Rathcroghan.

There was great welcome before him there, and it was not long till himself and Finnuala were married. They spent a long prosperous life; but it is scarcely that (even) the track of this old castle is to be found to-day in Rathcroghan of Connacht.

CP100.

A GÁNAIS AN CHIL CEANGAILTE:

A gánaig an chíl ceangailte
 Le a fuaib mé real i n-éinfeacht;
 Cuaid tu 'néir, an bealaí ro,
 'S ní táinig tu do m'feuchaint;
 Saoil mé nac ndéunfaide dochar duit
 'Dá dtuicfá, a'r mé o' iarrfaid,
 'S sur b'i do phóigín tabairfead rólár
 'Dá mberdinn i lár an fiadhair;

'Dá mberdead maoin aSam-ra
 Agus airgead ann mo póca
 'Déunfaínn dóicín aic-giorrac
 So dochar tige mo ródóirín;
 Mar fúil le Dia go s-cluinnfinn-ro
 Torann binn a bhróige,
 'S ir fao an lá ó corail mé
 Aet as fúil le blar do phóige;

A'r faoil me a ródóirín
 So mbuó sealaí agus srian tu;
 A'r faoil mé 'nna diais rín
 So mbuó rneacta ar an tirlaí tu;
 A'r faoil mé 'nn a diais rín
 So mbuó lócrann o Dia tu,
 No sur ab tu an feult-eólaí
 As dul pómmam a'r mo diais tu;

Seall tu ríoda 'r raicín dam
 Callaíde 'r bhróga ároa,
 A'r seall tu tap éir rín
 So leanfa ríto an tprádh mé:
 Ní mar rín atá mé
 Aet mo rgead i mbeul bearnas;
 Sác nóin a'r sác maidin
 As feuchaint tige m' ataru

RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

Ringleted youth of my love,
 With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,
 You passed by the road above,
 But you never came in to find me ;
 Where were the harm for you
 If you came for a little to see me ;
 Your kiss is a wakening dew
 Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

If I had golden store
 I would make a nice little boreen
 To lead straight up to his door,
 The door of the house of my storeen ;
 Hoping to God not to miss
 The sound of his footfall in it,
 I have waited so long for his kiss
 That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love ! you were so—
 As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
 And I thought after that you were snow,
 The cold snow on top of the mountain ;
 And I thought after that you were more
 Like God's lamp shining to find me,
 Or the bright star of knowledge before,
 And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,
 And satin and silk, my storeen,
 And to follow me, never to lose,
 Though the ocean were round us roaring ;
 Like a bush in a gap in a wall
 I am now left lonely without thee,
 And this house, I grow dead of, is all
 That I see around or about me.

COIRNÍN NA h-AICINNE.*

A b'fao ó roin, in ran t-Sean-aimeir, bí baincneabac d'arbh' ainm b'páigíó ní g'rádaig, 'na cómnuiúe i gConrad na Gaillimhe. Bí don mac amháin aici d'ar b'ainm Tadhg. Rugadh é mí ear éir b'air a d'ear i lár coille bige aicinne do bí ag fáir ar t'aoib énuic i n'gar do'n t'ig. Ar an d'obair rin, gáir na daoine Coirnin na h-Aicinne mar leat-ainm air. Táinig cinnear obann ar an mnaoi boict nuair bí rí ag reólaó na mbó ruar ar t'aoib an énuic.

Nuair rugadh Tadhg bí ré 'na naoiúeandán b'eadg, agus méadadg ré go maic go raib ré ceirne bliadna d'aoir, áct ó'n am rin amac níor fáir ré orolac go raib ré trí bliadna deus, no níor cuir ré cor faoi le coirceim do fíúdal, áct d'f'euoradh ré imteact go tapa go leór ar a d'á láim agus ar a t'aoib fíar, agus d'á gcluinfeadh ré don duine ag teact cum an t'ig, do buailfeadh ré a d'á láim faoi, agus do f'acadh ré d'áon léim amháin ó'n teine go t'á an d'orair; agus do cuirfeadh ceo míle fáilte roim an té táinig. Bí sean móir ag aoir óis an baile air, mar do f'eideadh ríad g'ean mór ar, gac uile oíde. Ó'n am bí ré feact mbliadna d'aoir, bí ré dearlámac agus úráideac d'á m'áir, agus d'á m'áir-móir do bí 'na cómnuiúe i n-aon t'ig leir. In ran b'fóghair, céideadh ré ar a láim d'aoir ar a t'aoib-fíar ruar ar t'aoib an énuic, 7 bíod ag ite blac na h-aicinne mar g'adair. Bí d'ann deas ann, roir an teac agus an cnoc, agus do f'acadh ré de léim ear an d'ann com h-áreac le g'eirfíad:

Duó sean-gogair an m'áir-móir. Bí rí bodair agus deas-nac baib, agus d'iomda t'roir do bíod aici féin agus ag Tadhg.

Don lá amháin, d'ubair an m'áir le Tadhg, "Cairtíó mé, a t'aoisín, tóin leatáir cuir ar do b'p'ití; cá mé r'giorca ag ceannac d'p'ití, agus nuair d'eidear ré deunta agam cairtíó tú d'ol go cáillíir le ceir d'f'ogluim."

"D'ar m'focal," ar r' Tadhg, "ní h-é rin an ceir d'eidear agam. Ní'l in ran cáillíir áct an naomh cuir d'f'ear. Má t'ugann tú ceir ar bí d'á, deun p'obair d'iom—cá r'p'ir móir agam in ran g'ceól."

"Bíod mar rin," ar ran m'áir.

An lá 'na d'adg rin, cuair rí cum an baile móir leir an leatáir d'f'ágail, agus nuair fuair buacáillíó deas an baile go raib an m'áir imt'ighe, f'adair poc g'adair do bí ag p'áirín d'acac O Cealláig, agus cuir ríad Coirnin ag marcuiseact air. Ar go

* Ó p'róiríar O Connéidair do fuair mé an r'géal ro.

COIRNIN OF THE FURZE

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

LONG ago, in the olden time, there was a widow, whose name was Bridget O'Grady, living in the County Galway. She had an only son, whose name was Teig. He was born a month after his father's death in a little wood of furze that was growing on the side of a hill near the house. For that reason the people called him "Coirnin* of the Furze" as a nickname. The poor woman was suddenly taken ill as she was driving the cows up the side of the hill.

When Teig was born he was a fine infant, and grew well till he was four years of age, but from that time on he did not grow an inch until he was thirteen, nor did he put a foot under him to walk a step, but he was able to go quickly enough on his two hands and his back, and if he would hear anyone coming to the house he would strike his two hands under him, and would go of a single leap from the fire to the door, and he would put a hundred thousand welcomes before whoever came. The youth of the village liked him greatly, for they used to get great amusement out of him every night. From the time he was seven years of age he was handy and useful to his mother, and to his grandmother who was living in the one house with him. In the harvest time he used to go on his hands and his back up the side of the hill, and he used to be eating the furze blossoms like a goat. There was a little river on it there, between the house and the hill, and he used to go over the river of a leap, as airy as a hare.

The grandmother was a silly old woman; she was deaf and almost dumb, and many was the fight herself and Teig used to have.

One day the mother said to Teig, "Teigeen, I must put a leather seat on your breeches; I'm destroyed buying frieze, and as soon as I have it done, you must go to a tailor to learn a trade."

"By my word," says Teig, "that is not the trade I'll have. A tailor is only the ninth part of a man. If you give me a trade at all, make a piper of me. I've a great liking for the music."

"Let it be so," says the mother. The day after that she went to the town to get the leather, and when the little lads of

* Pronounced "Curneen."

bhrácl leir an bpoc, a5 meigilt com h-áru asur v'feuo ré, 7 Coirínín ar a muin a5 r5reaoail mar uime ar a céil, le faicéior 50 vcuirfeao ré, asur buacailiú an baile 'na diais. Cus an poc t5aio ar boán páirín, asur nuair connaire páirín an poc 7 a marcaó a5 teact, faoil ré sur b'é an rean-buacaili vo bi a5 aeact 'na coinne. Níor fiúbaíl páirín coirceim le react mbliab-anaib roime rin, aet, nuair connaire ré an poc a5 teact arteaó ar an vopar, cuairé ré v'aon léim amac ar an vfuinneois, asur 5áir ré ar na cómarpannaib é vo fábaíl o'n vabail vo bi 'na diais.

Bi na buacailiú a5 5áiríoe 7 a5 5reaoab bor sur cuir riav an poc ar mipe, asur amac ariú leir ar an teact. Nuair connaire páirín é a5 teact an vapa uair, ar 50 bhrácl leir, asur an poc asur Coirínín ar a muin 'na diais. Bi avapca faoa ar an bpoc, asur bi 5reim an fip báirte a5 Coirínín oppa. Cus páirín a5aio ar 5aillim, asur an poc v'a leanamaint. O'éirig an 5áir asur táinig vaoine na mbailte ar 5ac taoib ve'n bótar amac, asur a leitéio ve 5áircaoil ní raib ariam i 5convaé na 5aillime. Níor rtao páirín 50 vveacáio ré arteaó i 5catair na 5aillime asur an poc 7 a marcaó le na fálaib. Vuó lá mar5aio é asur bi na rriáveanna lionta le vaoimib. Cópais páirín a5 5laooac asur a5 5áircaoil ar na vaoimib é vo fábaíl asur bi riav-ran a5 veunam ma5aio faoi. Cuairé ré ruar rriáio asur anuar rriáio eile asur bi a5 imteact 50 raib an 5rian a5 vail faoi 'ran tráctóna.

Connaire Coirínín úbla brea5a ar élar, asur rean-bean anaise leó, asur táinig vail móir, air, cuio ve na n-úblaib vo veit aise. 55aoil ré a 5reim ar avapcaibán puic asur cuairé ré ve léim ar élar na n-úball. Ar 50 bhrácl leir an t-rean-bean asur v'fás ri na n-úbla 'na diais, óir bi ri leat-maró leir an r5annrao.

Níor v'faoa bi Coirínín a5 ite na n-úball nuair táinig a mácair i lácair, asur nuair connaire ri Coirínín, 5earri ri lois na croipe uiriu féin, 7 vubairc, "i n-ainm Dé, a Coirínín, cao vo cus ann ro tá?"

"fiapruis rin ve páirín O Ceallaig asur v'a poc 5abair; tá an t-av oic, a mácair, nac vfuil mo muineul bupce."

Cuir ri Coirínín arteaó in a rriáirge asur cus a5aio ar an mbailte.

Aet ip arteaó an níó tárla vo páirín O Ceallaig. Nuair r5ar Coirínín leir an bpoc, lean ré páirín amac ar an mbótar móir, táinig ruar leir, cuir a v'a avaire faoi, caic ar a vruim é, asur níor fear 50 v'táinig ré a-baile. Cuirpings páirín a5 an vopar, asur cuic an poc maró ar an cairrig. Cuairé páirín 'na cooiaó, óir bi ré leat-maró asur bi ré mall 'ran oioce, asur

the village found that the mother was gone, they got a buck goat that belonged to lame Paddy Kelly, and they put Coirnin riding on it. Off and away with the buck, bleating as loud as he could, and Coirnin on his back screeching like a person out of his senses, with fear lest he should fall, and the boys of the village after him. The buck faced for Paddy's cottage; and when Paddy saw the buck and his rider coming he thought that it was the old boy that was coming for him. Paddy had not walked a step for seven years before that, but when he saw the buck coming in at the door he went of a single leap out through the window, and called on the neighbors to save him from the devil that was after him.

The boys were laughing and clapping their hands till they set the buck mad, and off again with him, out of the house. When Paddy saw him coming the second time, off and away with him, and the buck with Coirnin on his back after him. There were long horns on the buck, and Coirnin had the "drowning man's grip" on them. Paddy faced for Galway, with the buck following him. The cry rose, and the people of the villages on each side of the road came out, and such shouting there never was before in the County Galway. Paddy never stopped till he came into the City of Galway, and the buck and his rider at his heels. It was a market day, and the streets were filled with people. Paddy began crying and yelling on the people to save him, and they were making a mock of him. He went up one street and down another street, and he was going until the sun was setting in the evening.

Coirnin saw fine apples on a board, and an old woman near them, and there came a great wish on him to have a share of the apples. He loosed his grasp on the buck's horns, and went with a leap on the board of apples. Away for ever with the old woman, and she left the apples behind her, for she was half dead with the fright.

It was not long that Coirnin was eating the apples, when his mother came by, and when she saw Coirnin she cut the sign of the Cross on herself, and she said—"In the name of God, Coirnin, what brought you here?"

"Ask that of Paddy Kelly and his buck goat; there's luck on you, mother, that my neck is not broken."

She put Coirnin into her apron and faced for home.

But it's curious the thing that happened to Paddy Kelly. When Coirnin parted with the buck, the animal followed Paddy out on the high road, came up with him, put his two horns under him, threw Paddy upon his own back, and never stood still

nuaire 'éiríis ré ar maidin, ní raib an poc le fásail beo ná marb ; agus tuidairt na daoine uile go mbuó poc tuisceadacha do bí ann. Ar éaoi ar bit eus ré coiríthead do fáoin O Ceallais, puo nac raib aise le reat mbliadnaib roime rin.

Cuair an rseul tuis an tuis, go scuallaid gac uile fear, bean, 7 páirde i gconrad na Saillimé é, agus ip iomda cur-pior do bí air, roim taidnóna an lae rin. Tuidairt cuir gur poc tuisceadacha do bí i bpoc fáoin, 7 go raib ré pannaíthead leir ; tuidairt cuir eile go mbuó fear ríde Coirínín, agus go mbuó cóir a dógaid.

An oirde rin, o'innir Coirínín h-uile nio i tuis na éaoi do eus an poc go Saillim é, 7 táinís na buacailib go teac b'pírio ní fíadais, agus bí gneann móir aca as éirthead le Coirínín as innirint i tuis na marcuigeadacha do bí aise go Saillim ar muin puic fáoin Uí Ceallais, agus gac nio tárla leir ar fear an lae.

An oirde rin, nuair cuair Coirínín ar a leabuir, táinís b'pion éisin air, agus i n-aic covalta tuis ré as reiríil. O'fíarpuis a máthair d'cread do bí air. Tuidairt reiréan nac raib fíor aise: "Ní' l oir aet fearóir," ar ríre ; "r'cop do cuir reiríil, 7 leir d'inn covala." Aet níor r'cop ré go maidin.

Ar maidin níor feur ré gneim o'ite, agus tuidairt ré le na máthair, "Racad amac, go b'pírio mé an n'neunfard an t-aer maí d'am." "D'éiríis go n'neunfard," ar ríre.

Leir rin, buail ré a d'áilí fíaoi, agus cuair o'áon leim amáin go t'áil an tuis, agus amac leir. Eus ré ádair ar na h-aicéan-naib, 7 níor r'ad go n'neadair ré arthead 'na mearg. Sin ré é féin tuis d'áilí agus níor b'fada go raib ré 'na covala. Bí b'pionglóir aise go raib an poc le n-a tuis, as iarrair caint do cur air. O'píris ré, aet i n-aic an puic bí fear b'píris g'píris adair leir, 7 tuidairt ré, "A Coirínín, ná bíod eagla oir r'omamra. Ip capair mé, 7 tá mé ann ro le cómairle do leara do taidairt duit, má glacann tú uaim i. Tá tú do éilínead ó puigad tú, 7 do cuir-magair as buacailib an baile. Ip mire an poc g'adair do eus go Saillim tú, aet tá mé a'píris anoir go t'áil an puic in a b'píreann tú mé. Ní feurpínn an t-a'píris o'fásail go tuispínn an marcuigead rin duit, agus anoir tá cúmact móir asam. O'feurpínn do learpigad ar bail, aet d'earfard na cómairpínn go raib tú panna-íthead leir na ríde, agus ní feurpí an b'pínnail rin daint d'íod. Tá tú do fíode anoir go d'píre in fan áic an puigad tú, 7 tá pota óir i b'píris aet t'píris d'áilí fíaoi, aet ní' l tú le daint leir go fíil, mar ní feurpí áilí maí do d'neunfard. Tíris a-d'áilí anoir agus ar maidin amárac, adair le do máthair go raib b'pionglóir b'píris

till he came home. Paddy came off at the door, and the buck fell dead at the threshold. Paddy went to sleep, for he was half dead and it was late in the night, and when he arose in the morning the buck was not to be got alive or dead; and all the people said that it was an enchanted buck that was in it. Anyway it gave power to walk to Paddy Kelly, a thing he had not had for seven years before that.

The story went through the country till every man, woman, and child in the County of Galway heard it, and many was the version that was on it before the evening of that day. Some said it was an enchanted buck that Paddy had, and that he was in league with it; others said that Coirnin was a fairy man, and that it would be right to burn him.

That night Coirnin told everything about the way the buck took him to Galway, and the boys came to Bridget O'Grady's house, and they had great fun listening to Coirnin telling about the ride that he had to Galway on the back of Paddy Kelly's buck, and everything that happened him throughout the day.

That night when Coirnin went to bed some sorrow came over him, and instead of sleeping he began sighing. His mother asked him what was on him. He said that he did not know.

"There's nothing on you but nonsense," says she. "Stop that sighing and let us sleep." But he did not stop till morning.

In the morning he was not able to eat a morsel, and he said to his mother—

"I'll go out till I see if the air will do me good."

"Maybe it would," says she.

With that he struck his hands under him and went of one leap to the door, and out with him. He faced for the furze, and he did not stop till he came in amongst it. He stretched himself between two bushes, and it was not long till he was asleep. He had a dream that the buck was beside him trying to make him talk. He awoke, but instead of the buck there was a fine wizard man beside him, and he said, "Coirnin, don't be afraid of me; I'm a friend, and I'm here to give you profitable counsel if you will take it from me. You are a cripple since you were born, and a laughing-stock to the boys of the village; I am the buck goat that took you to Galway, but I am changed now to the form in which you see me. I was not able to get the change till I should have given you that ride, and now I have great power. I would have cured you on the spot, but the neighbors would have said that you were in

AGAV ZO PAIB LUIB AG FÁR LE COIR NA H-AIBNE DO DÉIRFAD FIÚBAL AGUR LÚT DUIT; ABADIR AN RUO CEUTONA LÉI TRÍ MAIRIIN ANOIAIS A CÉILE, AGUR CRIOTIÓR RÍ ZO DFIUL RÉ FÍOR. NUAIR PACAR CÚ AG TÓRUIGEADT NA LUIBE ZEODAIR CÚ I AG FÁR TAOD-FÍOR DE'N CLOIC MÓIR NISÉACÁIN ACÁ AG DRIUAC NA H-AIBNE; TABADIR LEAT I AGUR DRIUIT Í, AGUR ÓI AN RÚS, AGUR DÉIR CÚ IONNÁN PÁRA DO RIT ANAGAIR DUAICAILL AR BIT IN RAN DPARRÁIRTE. DÉIR IONGANTAR AR NA DAOIMIB I OTOPAC, ACÉ NÍ MAIRIÓR RIN A-DPADO. DÉIR CÚ TRÍ DLIAONA DÉAS AN LÁ RIN. TAR 'RAN OIÓCE CUM NA H-AITE REO; DÉIR AN POTÁ OIR CÓGTA AGAM-PA, ACÉ AR DO DEATA CONGDARIS 'INNCTINN AGAV FÉIN, AGUR NÁ H-INNIÓR DO DUINE AR BIT ZO DPACAIR CÚ MIRE. IMCIS ANOIR: SLÁN LEAT."

SEALL COIRÍNÍN ZO DDEUNFAD RÉ SAC NÍO DUBAIR AN DRIUAGAC DEAS LEIR, 7 CÁINIS RÉ A-DAILE, LÚTÁIRIAC ZO LEOR. DREACTNAR AN MÁTAR NAC PAIB RÉ COM DRIUAMAC AGUR DÍ RÉ RUL MÁ DUEACAIR RÉ AMAC, AGUR DUBAIR RÍ, "SAOILIM, A MÍC, ZO DDEARNAIR AN T-ÁIR MAIT DUIT."

"Rinne ZO DEIMIN," AR REIREAN, "AGUR TABADIR RUO LE N'ITE DAM ANOIR."

AN OIÓCE RIN, I N-AIT DO DEIT AG REITRIL, COTAIL RÉ ZO DREAS, AGUR AR MAIRIIN DUBAIR RÉ LE N-A MÁTAR, "DÍ DPIONGLÓIO DREAS AGAM ARÉIR, A MÁTAR."

"NÁ TABADIR AON AIR DO DPIONGLÓIO," AR RAN MÁTAR; "ÍR CONCPÁLTA TUITEANN PÍAD AMAC."

CÁIT COIRÍNÍN AN LÁ AG RDUÁINEAD AR AN ZCÓMPAD DO DÍ AISE LEIR AN DRIUAGAC DEAS, 7 AR AN PAIDÓREAR MÓR DO DÍ LE FÁSAIL AISE: AR MAIRIIN, LÁ AR NA MÁRAC, DUBAIR RÉ LE N-A MÁTAR, "DÍ AN DPIONGLÓIO DREAS RIN AGAM ARÉIR AIR."

"ZO MÉADAIRÍO DÍ AN MAIT, 7 ZO LAGDAIRÍO SÉ AN T-OLC," AR RAN MÁTAR; "CUALAIR MÉ ZO MINIC DÁ MBEIDEAD AN DPIONGLÓIO CÉATONA AG DUINE TRÍ OIÓCE ANOIAIS A CÉILE, ZO MBEIDEAD RÍ FÍOR."

AN CRÍOMAD MAIRIIN, D'ÉIRIS COIRÍNÍN ZO MOC AGUR DUBAIR RÉ LE N-A MÁTAR, "DÍ AN DPIONGLÓIO DREAS RIN AGAM ARÉIR AIR, AGUR, Ó CÁPLA ZO DÁINIS RÉ CUGAM TRÍ OIÓCE ANOIAIS A CÉILE, PACAIR MÉ LE FEUCÁINT DFIUL AON FÍRINN INNCTI. CONNARIC MÉ LUIB IN MO DPIONGLÓIO DO DÉIRFAD MO FIÚBAL AGUR MO LÚT DAM."

"AN DPACAIR CÚ IN RAN MDPIONGLÓIO CÁ PAIB AN LUIB AG FÁR?" AR RAN MÁTAR.

"CONNARICAR ZO DEIMIN," AR REIREAN; "CÁ RÍ AG FÁR TAOD LEIR AN ZCLOIC MÓIR NISÉACÁIN ACÁ AR DRIUAC NA H-AIBNE."

"ZO DEIMIN, NÍ'L AON LUIB AG FÁR ANAICE LEIR AN ZCLOIC NISÉACÁIN," AR RAN MÁTAR; "DÍ MÉ 'RAN AIT RIN ZO MINIC, AGUR NÍ FEUDFAD RÍ DEIT ANN A-ZAN-FÍOR DAM."

league with the fairies, and you would not have been able to take that opinion from them. You are seated now in exactly the same spot you were born in, and there is a pot of gold within a foot of your back, but you are not to touch it yet, because you would not be able to make a good use of it. Go home now, and to-morrow morning tell your mother that you had a fine dream, that there was a herb growing beside the river that would bring walk and activity to you. Tell the same thing to her three mornings after each other, and she will believe that it is true. When you go seeking the herb, you will find it growing down from the big washing stone that is on the edge of the river. Take it with you, and boil it, and drink the juice, and you will be able to run a race against any boy in the parish. There will be wonder on the people at first, but that won't last long. You will be thirteen years old that day. Come in the night to this place. I will have the pot of gold lifted, but for your life keep your intentions to yourself, and don't tell any person at all that you saw me. Go now; farewell."

Coirnin promised that he would do everything the little wizard man told him, and he came home joyous enough. The mother observed that he was not so gloomy as he was before he went out, and she said—

"I think, son, the air did you good."

"It did, indeed," says he, "and give me something to eat now."

That night, instead of being sighing, he slept finely, and in the morning he said to his mother—"I had a fine dream last night, mother."

"Don't give any importance to a dream," says the mother, "it's contrary they fall out."

"Coirnin spent the day thinking on the discourse he had with the little wizard man and of the great riches he was to get. In the morning the next day he said to his mother—"I had that fine dream again last night."

"May God increase the good and may He decrease the bad," says his mother. "I often heard that if a person had the same dream three nights after other, it would be true."

The third morning Coirnin got up early and said to his mother, "I had that fine dream again last night, and since it chanced that it came to me three nights after other I'll go to see if there is any truth in it. I saw an herb in my dream that would give my walk and my activity to me."

"D'éiríonn siar fár ri ann ó foín," arís Coirínín, "agus rúcaíonn mairé uá tóirígead." "

Buail ré a uá lárín faoi, agus cuairt u'áon léim amáin go uá an uoir, agus amac leir. Níor b'fada go raib ré as an gcloic nígeadán, agus fuair ré an luid. Cúg ré léimeanna mar fíad a mberdeat sádar 'sá leanamaint, as teact a-baile le ceann-lútsáine:

"A mácair," ar reirean, "b'fíor uam mo bhionglóir. Fuair mé an luid. Cuir fíor uam an pota agus bhuit uam é."

Cuir an mácair an luid 'ran b'pota, agus timcioll cáirca uirge leir, agus nuair bí sí bhuitte agus an rúg fuair, u'ól Coirínín é. Ní raib ré móimio in a uolc nuair fear ré fuar ar a coraib agus tóiríge ré as ní fuar agus anuair. Bí iongantár mór ar a mácair. Tóiríge sí as tabairt míle glóir agus alcuasá uó uia; ann rin sáir sí ar na cómarpannaib agus u'innir uóir bhionglóir Coirínín, agus an éad a b'fuair ré úráio a cor. Bí lútsáine mór orra uile, mar bí b'póir Ní s'rádaib 'na cómarpan mair agus bí mear aca uile uirí.

An oíche rin, cuinnig buacailir an baile arcead le lútsáine uó uenam le Coirínín agus le n-a mácair. Nuair bíodár uile as cóirpáid cia fíuáirpáid arcead aet páirín O Ceallais. Bí raio uile as caint faoi an s'caoi a b'fuair Coirínín a fíuáir agus lúts a éad.

"Go uemín ir uam-ra buó cóir uó uait buídeac; 'ré an crataó uó cúg mo poc-sádaib-re uó uó rinne an obair, agus tá fíor as h-uile uaine go uéug an maircuigeact uó rinne ré, úráio mó cor ar air uam féin. Oé, mo bhóir! go b'fuair mo poc b'eads b'ar!"

"Cúg uá h-éideac," ar Coirínín, "'rí an luid uó léirgearíge mé: Rinne mé bhionglóir trí oíche anuair a céile go léirgeadán an luid mé, agus cúg le mo mácair a érocuasá go raib mé mo élaríneac tar éir mo teact' ó s'ailíu, siar ól mé rúg na luid."

"U'feurpáin mo mionna tabairt go b'fuil mo mac as innirín na fírinne glaine," ar ran mácair:

Ann rin tóiríge cáe as uenam mairé faoi páirín, siar imcís ré amac:

Cuairt sáe uile níu go mair le Coirínín agus le n-a mácair 'na uiaib ré. Áon oíche amáin nuair cuairt an mácair agus na cómarpanna 'na gcóirpáid, cuairt Coirínín cum na h-aicínne: Bí a éarad, an s'ruasac beas, ann rin íomhe, agus bí an pota óir réir uó:

"Seó uuit anoir an pota óir; cuir i uáirge é i n-áir ar uáir ir coir leat: Tá an oíchead ann agus uenfar uuit fad uó uéat."

"Did you see in your dream where the herb was growing?" says the mother.

"I did, indeed," says he; "it's growing beside the big washing stone that's at the edge of the river."

"Indeed there's no herb growing near the washing stone," says his mother. "I was in that place often, and it could not be in it unbeknownst to me."

"Maybe it grew in it since," says Coirnin, "and I'll go to look for it."

He struck his two hands under him, and went at one leap to the door, and out with him. It was not long till he was at the washing stone, and he found the herb. He gave leaps like a deer that a hound would be following, coming home with excessive joy.

"Mother," says he, "my dream was true for me. I got the herb. Put down the pot for me, and boil it for me."

The mother put the herb in the pot and about a quart of water with it, and when it was boiled and the juice cold, Coirnin drank it. It was not a moment inside him when he stood upon his feet and began running up and down. There was great astonishment on his mother. She began giving a thousand glories and praises to God. Then she called the neighbors and told them Coirnin's dream and how he got the use of his feet. There was great joy on them all, for Bridget O'Grady was a good neighbor, and they all had a regard for her.

That night the boys of the village gathered in to make rejoicing with Coirnin and his mother. When they were all discoursing who should walk in but Paddy Kelly! They were all talking of how Coirnin got his walk, and the activity of his bones.

"Indeed, it's to myself he has a right to be thankful; it's the jolting my buck goat gave him that did the work, and everyone knows that the ride he took gave me back the use of my feet again. Och! my grief that my fine buck died!"

"You lie!" says Coirnin; "it's the herb that cured me. I had a dream three nights after other that the herb would cure me, and my mother can prove it that I was a cripple after coming from Galway till I drank the juice of the herb."

"I'd take my oath that my son is telling the clean truth," says his mother. Then each of the people began mocking Paddy, till he went out.

Everything went well with Coirnin and his mother after that. One night, when his mother and the neighbors went

“Saoilim go bfaisead mé é in ran bpoll a faid ré ann,” arís ra Coirinnín “áit bfaisead mé roinn de a-baile liom.”

“Ná tabair leat fóir é, áit bíodh bpianglóir eile aghaid mara bí aghaid ceana, aghaid, na diais rin, tús leat roinn de do tabairt leat. Ceannais an talamh ro aghaid cuir teac ar bun in ran mbail ar iugad tú, aghaid ní feicfidh tú féin ná don duine i n-aon tús leat, lá boct fao do beata. Slán leat anoir—ní feicfidh tú mé níor mó.”

Cuir Coirinnín an pota ríor in ran bpoll, aghaid cneasós or a cionn, aghaid éinís ré a-baile.

Arís maraon, tudairet ré le n-a mair: “Bí bpianglóir eile aghaid aghaid arís,” 7 an tneas mairon, tudairet ré léi, “Tá mo bpianglóir fíor anoir san aghaid, bí sí aghaid aghaid go bfaisead mara bí sí aghaid an dá uair eile; rin tús uair an-diaid a céile, aghaid tús liom é reo innreacat tús na bfeicfidh tú lá boct fao do beata; áit ní tús liom don iugad eile do iugad leat o’á tair.”

An oirde rin, cuaidh ré cum an pota dí, 7 tús lán rporáin de a-baile leir, aghaid ar maraon tús ré do’n mair. “Tá níor mó,” aghaid ré, “in ran áit a tairínis rin ar, aghaid geobaidh mé tús é nuair bfaisead ré aghaid tairéál uair, áit ná cuir don ceirt orá o’á tair.”

Níor bfaid na diais reo, gur ceannais bpianglóir ní bfaisead do bairne 7 cuir ar feirac í. Cuaidh sí féin aghaid Coirinnín ar aghaid go mara, aghaid nuair bí ré fice bliadán o’air, ceannais ré bfaid áit ar móir talamh tairéál na h-aicinne, aghaid cuir teac bfaid ar bun ar an mbail ar iugad é. Seal bfaid na diais rin fóir ré bea. Bí mairín móir aise, aghaid nuair fuair re bair le rean-air, o’ágh ré or aghaid aghaid aghaid a cionn, aghaid ní fcaid don duine do cionnais in ran tús rin lá boct aghaid.

to sleep, Coirnin went to the furze. His friend the little wizard was there before him, and the pot of gold was ready for him. "Here now is the pot of gold for you, stow it away in any place you like; there's as much in it as will do you throughout your life."

"I think I'll leave it in the hole where it was," says Coirnin, "but I'll bring a share of it home with me."

"Don't take it with you yet, but have another dream like the one you had already, and after that you can take a share with you. Buy this ground and set up a house on the spot where you were born, and neither you yourself nor anyone in the same house with you will ever see a day's poverty during your life. Farewell to you now; you shall see me no more."

Coirnin put the pot down in the hole and clay on the top of it, and came home.

In the morning he said to his mother—"I had another dream last night, but I won't tell it to you till I see if I will have it again three nights after other."

"The second morning he said—"I had the dream again last night;" and the third morning he said to her—"My dream is true now without doubt. I had it last night just as I had it the two other times, that's three times after one another, and I can tell you this—that you won't see a poor day during your life, but I cannot tell you anything else about it."

That night he went to the pot of gold, and brought the full of a purse of it home with him, and in the morning he gave it to his mother. "I have more," says he, "in the place where that came from, and I'll get it for you when you'll be wanting it, but ask no question of me about it."

It was not long after this till Bridget O'Grady bought a milch cow and put her on grass. She herself and Coirnin went on well, and when he was twenty years of age he bought a large holding of land round the furze, and set up a fine house on the spot where he was born. A short time after that he married a wife. He had a large family, and when he died of old age he left gold and silver to his children, and not a person who lived in that house saw a poor day ever.

bean an fíor Ruair:

Tá ríao o'á ráo
 Sur tu ráilin rocair i mbrois,
 Tá ríao o'á ráo
 Sur tu béilin tana na bpós:
 Tá ríao o'á ráo
 A míle gráó go ucus tu dam cúl,
 Cio go bfuil fear le págail
 'S leir an cáiliúir Bean an fíor Ruair:

Do eugar naoi mí
 I bphiorán, ceangailte cruair,
 Volcair ar mo caolaib
 Agus míle glar ar ráo ruar,
 Cadarfainn-re ríde
 Mar cadarfaó eala coir cuain;
 Le fonn do beir rínte
 Sior le Bean an fíor Ruair.

Saoil míre a ceud-fearc
 Go mbeir' don tigeir ioir mé 'r tu
 Saoil mé 'nna déis-rin
 Go mbreugra mo leand ar do glúine
 Maillact Rís Neime
 Ar an té rin bain díom-ra mo clá,
 Sin, agus uile go léir
 Luic breise cuir ioir mé 'r tu.

Tá crann ann ran ngláirín
 Air a bfarann ouilleadair a'r bíat duirde,
 An uair leasaim mo lám air
 Ir láirín nac mbirpeann mo éiríde;
 'S é rólár go bár
 A'r é o'págail o flaitear anuar
 Don póisin amáin,
 A'r é o'págail o Bean an fíor Ruair:

Ác go ucis lá an traoagail
 'Nna reubfar cnuic agus cuain,
 Tiocfaid ríuic ar an ngréin
 'S beir na neulita com ouib leir an nglá,
 Beir an fairge tirm
 A'r tiocfaid na brónta 'r na truasí'
 'S beir an cáiliúir as ríneadac
 An lá rin faoi Bean an fíor Ruair.

THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

'Tis what they say,
 Thy little heel fits in a shoe,
 'Tis what they say,
 Thy little mouth kisses well, too.
 'Tis what they say,
 Thousand loves that you leave me to rue;
 That the tailor went the way
 That the wife of the Red man knew.
 Nine months did I spend
 In a prison closed tightly and bound;
 Bolts on my smalls*
 And a thousand locks frowning around;
 But o'er the tide
 I would leap with the leap of a swan,
 Could I once set my side
 By the bride of the Red-haired man.
 I thought, O my life,
 That one house between us love would be;
 And I thought I would find
 You once coaxing my child on your knee;
 But now the curse of the High One
 On him let it be,
 And on all of the band of the liars
 Who put silence between you and me.
 There grows a tree in the garden
 With blossoms that tremble and shake,
 I lay my hand on its bark
 And I feel that my heart must break.
 On one wish alone
 My soul through the long months ran,
 One little kiss
 From the wife of the Red-haired man.
 But the day of doom shall come,
 And hills and harbors be rent;
 A mist shall fall on the sun
 From the dark clouds heavily sent;
 The sea shall be dry,
 And earth under mourning and ban;
 Then loud shall he cry
 For the wife of the Red-haired man.

*There are three "smalls," the wrists, elbows, and ankles. In Irish romantic literature we often meet mention of men being bound "with the binding of the three smalls."

RÍOIRE NA SCLEAS*

Bí feilméar [no duine-uair] ann ran cís asey ní raib aise aet don mac aithin. Táinig ré seo [Ríoire na sclear] cuise arcead trachóna oíche, asey uíair ré lóirín uó féin asey uó'n uá-'n-eus uó bí i n-éinfeadé leir.

“Suairac liom mar cá ré aham le t'asair,” ar ran feilméar, “aet ciúbriaró mé uuit é asey uó u' uá-'n-eus.” Fhíe fuiréar réir uóirí com maic a'í bí ré aise, asey nuair bí an fuiréar caicte, uíair an Ríoire ar an uá-'n-eus ro éirise ruar asey píora sairgídeacá uó deunam uó'n fear ro, as cairbeáit na ngníomairca bí aca.

U'éirise an uá-'n-eus asey rinneadar sairgídeacá uó, asey ní fáca an duine seo ariam píora sairgídeacá mar iao rin, “mairead,” asey an duine-uair, fear an tise, “nóir bfeair liom an oiréad ro [de sairbheir] 'ná uá mberdead mo mac ionnán rin [uó] deunam.”

“Leis liom-ra é,” ar Ríoire na sclear, “so ceann lá asey bliadain, asey beir ré com maic le ceacáir de na buacailib seo acá aham.”

“Leisfead,” ar ran duine-uair, “aet so uciúbriaró tu ar air eusam é i gceann na bliadna.”

“O ciúbriaró,” ar Ríoire na sclear, “ar air eusad é.”

Fhíe bfeacáir ar maoin, lá ar na márac, uóir, nuair díodar as uol as imcead, asey leis an duine-uair an mac leo, asey u'fan riad amuis lá asey bliadain.

I gceann a' lá asey bliadain táinig riad ariar a-daile cuise, asey a mac féin i n-éinfeadé leo. Bí ré [as] fairse oíra, asey bí fáilte rompa aise, asey bí oíche maic aca. Nuair díodar caréir a fuiréir, uadairt Ríoire na sclear leir an uá-'n-eus éirise ruar ariar asey sairgídead uó deunam uó'n duine-uair uó bí cadairt an tfuiréir uóir. Anoir bí a mac féin ann, freirín, asey bí ré i ngar uó beic com maic le ceacáir aca: “Ní'í ré 'na sairgídeac fóir com maic le mo cuir-re fear, aet leis liom-ra é,” ar Ríoire na sclear, “ar fead lá asey bliadain eile.”

“Leisfead,” ar reiréan, “aet so uciúbriaró tu ar air eusam é i gceann an lá asey bliadain.” Uadairt ré so uciúbriaró.

U'imicis riad leo, an lá ar na márac 'reir bí na maíone, asey u-fanadar amuis lá asey bliadain eile: asey i gceann an lá asey bliadain connairc an duine-uair an comliadar as ceadé

* Tá an rseul ro focal ar focal so uíneac mar uó fuairéar asey mar uó rseirídar ríor é ó deul márcain Ruaró uí Siollairnát (fóiríe i mbeirle), i gcomaoe na Saillíne.

THE KNIGHT OF THE TRICKS.

Written down word for word by me from the dictation of Martin Rua O Gillarna, or "Forde," near Monivea, Co. Galway (a small farmer, about 50 years old, Irish-speaking only).—DOUGLAS HYDE.

THERE was a farmer [*read* gentleman] in the country, and he had only one son. And this man [the Knight of the Tricks] came in to see him, on the evening of a night, and asked lodgings for himself and the twelve who were along with him.

"I think it miserable how I have it for you," said the gentleman, "but I'll give it to you and to your twelve." Supper was got ready for them, as good as he had it, and when the supper was eaten, the knight asked these twelve to rise up and perform a piece of exercise for this man, showing the deeds [accomplishments] they had.

The twelve rose up and performed feats for him, and this man had never seen any feat like them. "Musha," says the gentleman, the man of the house, "I wouldn't sooner [own] all this much riches, than that my son should be able to do that."

"Leave him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "till the end of a year and a day, and he will be as good as any of these boys that I have."

"I will," says the gentleman, "but [on condition] that you must bring him back to me at the end of the year."

"Oh, I will bring him back to you," said the Knight of the Tricks.

Breakfast was got for them in the morning, of the next day when they were going a-departing, and the gentleman let the son with them, and they remained away a day and a year.

At the end of the day and the year, they came home again to him, and his own son along with them. He was watching for them, and had a welcome for them, and they had a good night. When they were after their supper, the Knight of the Tricks told the twelve to rise up and perform feats for the gentleman who was giving them the supper. Now his own son was there also, and he was near to being as good as any of them.

"He is not yet a champion as good as my men are, but let him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "for another day and a year."

"I will," said he, "but that you will bring him back to me at the end of the day and a year." He said he would bring him.

cúige ariú. Cúis ré fáilte agus ruipeáir uóid, le lútsáirpe iad do beic ar ariú agus a mac leó.

Caiteadair an ruipeáir, agus nuair bíodair 'riúir a ruipeáir, tuidairt ré le n-a cúir fear éiríge ruar agus píora gairgídeacta do deunam do'n duine-uair do bí taidairt na gnóimhíleact (?) uóid. 'O'iríge ruar ruar, trí fíir deus, agus ba é a mac an fear do b'fearr de'n méad rín. Ní raib fear ar bíc ionnánann ceairt do daint dé act Ríoripe na gcleaí féin.

'Deir an duine-uair, "ní'l fear ar bíc aca ionnánann gairgídeacta do deunam le mo mac féin."

"Ní'l, go deimhin," ar Ríoripe na gcleaí "aon fear ionnánann a deunam act míre; agus má leigean tu d'ám-ra é lá agus bliadain eile, bíod ré 'na gairgídeacta com maic liom féin."

"Maíread, leigfead," ar ran duine-uair, "leigfíod mé leat é," a'Veir ré.

Amíor, níor iariú ré ariú, an t-am ío, a taidairt ar ariú ariú, mar rinne ré na h-amannata eile, agus níor cúir fé ann a gairgídeacta é:

1 gceann an lá agus bliadain, bí an duine-uair as fanamaint agus as rúil le n-a mac, act ní taidairt an mac ná Ríoripe na gcleaí. Bí an t-aidair, ann rín, faoi imníde míoí na b'raib an mac as ceact a-baile cúige, agus tuidairt ré: "ré b'é aic de'n uóimán a b'raib ré, caicfíod mé a fáigail amac."

'O'imíge ré ann rín agus bí ré as imídeacta gur aic ré trí oíde agus trí lá as rúidal. Taidairt ann rín arceact i n-aic a raib ariú b'raib, agus amúis anaíad an uóimí míoí bí trí fíir deus as bualaó d'áirpe ann; agus fear ré as feudaint ar na trí fearraib deus o'd bualaó, agus bí aon fear amáin o'd bualaó le o'd-rí-eus aca. Taidairt ré 'ran aic a raibadair arceact ann a mearfis ann rín, agus 'ré a mac féin bí as bualaó an d'áirpe leir an o'd-rí-eus eile.

Cúir ré fáilte ríomh an aidair ann rín: "O! a aidair," a'Veir ré, "ní'l aon fáigail asad oíom. Ní rinne tuíra," a'Veir ré, "do gnaeta (gnóid) ceairt; nuair bí tu [as] deunam maraíad leiréan níor iariú tu ariú; míre [do] taidairt ar ariú eusad."

"Ír fíor rín," a'Veir an t-aidair

"Anoir," a'Veir an mac, "ní b'raibfíod tu feudaint oíom anocht, act deunfáir trí colaim deus oíinn agus caicfídeair gnaeta coirce ar an uilár agus deunfáir Ríoripe na gcleaí má aicnígeann tu do mac oíom rín [= ann a mearfis-ran] go b'raibfíod tá é. Ní bíod míre as íte aon gnaeta agus bíod na cinn eile as íte. Bíod míre,oul anonn 'r anall 'r as bualaó ríomca ann ranígeair eile

They went away with themselves the next day, after their morning's meal, and they remained away for another day and a year. And at the end of the day and a year the gentleman saw the company coming to him again. He gave them a welcome and a supper, for joy them to be back again and his son with them.

They ate their supper, and when they were after their supper he said to the men to rise up and perform some feats for the gentleman who was showing them this kindness. They rose up, thirteen men, and his son was the best man of all the lot. There was no man at all able to take the right from him [overcome him] but the Knight of the Tricks himself.

Says the gentleman then, "There's not a man of them able to perform feats with my own son."

"There is not indeed one man," says the Knight of the Tricks, "able to do it but me, and if you leave him to me for another day and a year he will be a champion as good as myself."

"Musha, then I will," says the gentleman, "I'll let him with you," says he.

Now this time he did not ask him to take him back, as he had done the other times, and he did not put it in his conditions.

At the end of the day and the year the gentleman was waiting and hoping for his son, but neither the son nor the Knight of the Tricks came. The father was then in great anxiety lest his son was not coming home at all to him, and he said, "what-ever place in the world he is in, I must find him out."

He departed then, and he was going until he spent three days and three nights traveling. He then came into a place where there was a fine dwelling, and outside of it, over against the great door, there were thirteen men playing hurley, and he stood looking at the thirteen men playing, and there was a single man hurling against twelve of them. He came in amongst them then, to the place where they were, and it was his own son that was playing against the other twelve.

He welcomed his father then. "Oh, father," says he, "you have no getting of me, you did not do," says he, "your business right: when you were making your bargain with him you did not ask him to bring me back to you."

"That is true," says the father.

"Now," said the son, "you won't get a sight of me to-night, but thirteen pigeons will be made of us, and grains of oats thrown on the floor, and the Knight of the Tricks will say that

de na colamaib. Zeobair tu do roshan agus déarfair tu leir sur b'é mé cósfar tu. Sin é an comartha deirim uuit, i piocó go n-aicneócair tu mife amearg na scolam eile, agus ma cósann tu go ceart, déir mé agho an uair rin."

D'fás an mac é ann rin, agus éainis ré arcead ann ran tead, agus cuir Ríoirie na gclearf fáilte roime. Dubairt an duine-uafal go dtáinigis ré agh iarrair a mic nuair nac dtug an Ríoirie ar air leir é i gceann na bliadna. "Níor cuir tu rin ann ran maraó," ar ran Ríoirie, "ácc ó éainis tu com fáda rin o'a iarrair, caicfir ré deir agho, má 'r féidir leat a cósad amac." Rug ré arcead ann rin é go reomra a paid trí colaim deus ann, agus dubairt ré leir, a roga colaim do cósad amac, agus dá mbuó h-é a mac féin do cósad ré go dtuicfáir leir a congdaíl. Bí na colaim uile agh piocad na ngrána comce de'n uirlár, ácc don ceann amáin do bí gadaíl éart agus agh bualaó ppioca ann ran gcuio eile aca. Do cós an duine-uafal an ceann rin. "Cá do mac gnoctaisge agho," ar ran Ríoirie.

Caré riad an oróce rin buil (?) a céile, agus o'imctis an duine-uafal agus a mac an lá ar na márac agus o'fághadair Ríoirie na gclearf. Nuair bí riad agh uil a-daile ann rin, éainis riad go baile-mór, agus bí donad ann, agus nuair díodair uil arcead ann ran donad o'iarr an mac ar a ácair rreang do ceannad agus do deunam ádaircáir oó. "Deunfáir mife rtail díom féin," adeir ré, "agus díolfair tu mé ar an donad ro. Tuicfáir Ríoirie na gclearf cúsad ar an donad—cá ré do o' leanamaint anoir—agus ceannócair ré mife uait. Nuair déirdear tu 's am' díol, ná cabair an t-ádaircáir uait ácc congdais cúsad féin é, agus [ir] féidir liom-ra teacc ar air cúsad—ácc an t-ádaircáir do congdaíl."

Rinne an mac rtail oé féin ann rin, agus fuair an t-ácair ádaircáir agus cuir ré air é. Carrainis ré fuar ann rin ar an donad é. agus ir gearr do bí ré 'na fearam ann rin, nuair éainis Ríoirie na gclearf cúise agus o'iarr ré cia méad do deirdear ar in rtail aise. "Trí ceud púnta" deir an duine-uafal. "Cú-bháir mife rin uuit," deir Ríoirie na gclearf—cúdbair ré ruo an bit oó agh fúil go dfuigfead ré an mac ar air. mar bí fíor aise go maic sur b'é do bí ann ran rtail. "Cúdbair mife uuit é ar an aighioo rin," ar ran duine-uafal, "ácc ní cúdbair mé an t-ádaircáir." "Duó ceart an t-ádaircáir do cabairc," ar ran Ríoirie.

O'imctis an Ríoirie ann rin agus an rtail leir, agus o'imctis an duine-uafal ar a dealad féin agh uil a-daile. Ácc ní paid ré ácc amuis ar an donad 'ran am a dtáinig an mac fuar leir aghir

if you recognise your son amongst those, you shall get him. I will not be eating my grain, but the others will be eating. I will be going back and forwards and picking at the rest of the pigeons. You shall get your choice, and you will tell him that it is I you will take. That is the sign I give you now, so that you may know me amongst the other pigeons, and if you choose right you will have me then."

The son left him after that, and he came into the house, and the Knight of the Tricks bade him welcome. The gentleman said that he was come looking for his son, since the Knight did not bring him back with him at the end of the year. "You did not put that in the bargain," said the Knight, "but since you are come so far to look for him you must have him if you can choose him out." He brought him in then to the room where the thirteen pigeons were, and told him to choose out his choice pigeon, and if it was his own son he should choose that he might keep him. The other pigeons were picking grains of oats off the floor, all but one, who was going round and picking at the others. The gentleman chose that one. "You have your son gained," said the Knight.

They spent that night together, and the gentleman and his son departed next day and left the Knight of the Tricks. When they were going home then, they came to a town, and there was a fair in it, and when they were going into the fair the son asked the father to buy a rope and make a halter for him. "I'll make a stallion of myself," said he, "and you will sell me at this fair. The Knight of the Tricks will come up to you on the fair—he is following you now—and he will buy me from you. When you will be selling me don't give away the halter, but keep it for yourself, and I can come back to you—only you to keep the halter."

The son made a stallion of himself then, and the father got the halter and put it on him. He drew him up after that on the fair, and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him, and asked him how much would he be wanting for the stallion. "Three hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," said the Knight of Tricks—he would give him anything at all hoping that he might get the son back, for he knew well that it was he that was in the stallion. "I'll give him to you at that money," said the gentleman, "but I won't give the halter." "It were right to give the halter," said the Knight.

The Knight went away then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman departed on his own road going home, but he

“A dtair,” a veir ré, “cá mé ar fágail anois agad, ácc cá donac ann a leiceirí reo o’ait amárac agus iadamaoio arceac ann.”

An lá ar na márac, nuair bíodair ag dul arceac ann ran donac eile, tuidair an mac: “Deunfair mé rtail díom féin agus tiucfair Ríoríe na gcleap airí dom’ ceannac. Tiúbrair ré airígio ar bit oim a iarrfar tu, ácc cuir ann ran marcad nac otiúbrair tura an t-adartar do.” Tarraingeadair ruar ar an donac ann rin, agus rinne ré rtail de féin agus cuir an t-adair adartar air agus í gearr do bí ré ann, na fearar, nuair táinig Ríoríe na gcleap cuise agus o’fiarruig ré de cia méad do beitead ar an rtail aise. “Sé ceo púnta,” ar ran duine-uair. “Tiúbrair míre rin uirt,” a veir ré. “Ácc ní tiúbrair mé an t-adartar uirt.” “Duó ceart an t-adartar tabairt arceac ran marcad,” ar an Ríoríe, ácc ní bfuair ré é.

O’imic Ríoríe na gcleap ann rin agus an rtail leir, agus o’imic an duine-uair ar a bealac ag dul a-baile, ácc ní raib ré i mbeanna a’ corcuim ag dul amac ar an donac am [nuair] a dtáinig an mac airí ruar leir.

“Cá go maic, dtair,” a veir ré, “cá an uair reo gnócaigce agaim, ácc ní’l fíor agam ceo deunfar an lá-amárac linn: cá donac ann a leiceirí reo o’ait amárac agus tarroingamaoio ann.”

Cuadair mar rin ar an donac an lá ar n-a márac, agus rinne an mac rtail de féin, agus cuir an-t-adair adartar air, agus í gearr do bí ré na fearar ar an donac i n-am táinig Ríoríe na gcleap airí cuise: O’fiarruig an Ríoríe cia méad do beitead ré ag iarrair ar an rtail bneag rin do bí aise ann ran adartar: “Naol gceo púnta cá míre ag iarrair air,” ar ran duine-uair: Níor faoil ré go otiúbrair ré rin do. Ácc ní congobóad airígio ar bit an rtail o’n Ríoríe: “Tiúbrair mé rin uirt,” a veir ré. Cuir ré a lámh ann a póca agus tug ré an naol gceo púnta do, agus iug ré ar an rtail leir an lámh eile, agus o’imic ré leir com luac rin gur dearmad an duine-uair é do cur ann ran marcad an t-adartar tabairt ar air do:

O’fan ré ag rúil go bfillfead an mac, ácc níor fill ré: Tug ré ruar é ann rin agus tuidair ré nac raib don maic do tpuón (?) [beir ag rúil] go bnat leir, ná le n-a teac ar air airí go bnat:

Tug Ríoríe na gcleap ann rin an mac leir, agus bí ré tabairt e uile fóirt pionnúir agus oíoc-uíre do, agus ní leigfead ré é ar bop le don duine ag íce a beata, ácc bí ré ann rin ceangailte, agus an lá leigfead ré na gairgíois eile amac, ní leigfead

was only just out of the fair when the son came up to him again. "Father," says he, "you have got me to-day, but there is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we'll go to it."

The next day when they were going into the other fair, the son said, "I will make a stallion of myself, and the Knight of the Tricks will come again to buy me. He'll give you any money that you may ask for me, but put it in the bargain that you will not give him the halter." They drew up on the fair then, and he made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him; and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came to him and asked him how much he'd be wanting for the stallion. "Six hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," says he; "but I won't give you the halter," said the gentleman. "It were only right to give the halter into the bargain," said the Knight, but he did not get it.

The Knight of the Tricks departed then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman went on his way, going home; but he was not as far as the custom-gap, going out of the fair, when the son came up with him again.

"It is well, father," says he, "we have gained this time, but I don't know what will to-morrow do with us. There is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we will go down to it."

They went to the fair accordingly next day, and the son made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him, and it was short he was standing on the fair when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him again. The Knight asked how much he would be wanting for that fine stallion that he had there by the halter. "Nine hundred pounds I'm asking for him," says the gentleman. He never thought he would give him that. But no money would keep the stallion from the Knight. "I'll give you that," says he. He put his hand in his pocket and gave him the nine hundred pounds, and with the other hand he seized the stallion and went off with him so quick that the gentleman forgot to put it into his bargain that he should give him back the halter.

He waited, hoping the son would return, but he did not. He gave him up then, and said that there was no good for him to be expecting him for ever, or expecting him to ever come back again.

The Knight of the Tricks then took away the son with him, and was giving him all sorts of punishment and bad usage, and would not let him [sit down] at table with anyone to eat

ré eiréan leó: Bí ré real fáda mar rin, agus Ríompe na gCleap as cur thóc-mear air agus as tabairt uile fóirt pionnair dó:

Tuit ré amac sup imtís Ríompe na gCleap an lá ro ar baile; agus o'fásbair ré eiréan ann ran bfuinneóis ir díre 'ran teac, 'n áit nac raib ruo ar bit le pásail aise; agus é ceangailte ann rin, ruar i n-díre. Agus nuair bí 'c uile duine imtísce ann rin, agus san ar an t-ríadú áct é féin agus an cailín, o'iar ré deó uirge i n-ainm Dé, ar an gCailín. Dubairt an cailín go mbeiréad faictíor uirri dá b'fásad a máisircti amac í, go mar-bócad ré í.

"Ní cloirfid duine ar bit go deó é," aoiré ré, "ná bíod faictíor ar bit oir, ní mire innreócar [= innéorar] dó é." Tug sí ruar an deó uirge cuige ann rin, agus nuair cuir ré a clois-ionn ann ran uirge, as ól an uirge, sinne ré earcon de féin agus cuair ré ríor ann ran roiteac. Bí ríotán beas uirge taob amuis de 'n doirur bí [as] rit go n'beacáir ré arteac ann ran abainn, agus áit sí amac ann ran ríotán sac a raib o'fuisleac 'ran roiteac aici. Bí reiréan as imteact ann rin agus é 'na earcuin ann ran abainn, as carraingc a-baile.

Nuair éinis Ríompe na gCleap a-baile, cuair ré ruar go bfeicreac ré an fear o'fás ré ceangailte, agus ní bfuair ré é roime ann. O'fíarruis ré de 'n cailín ar airis sí é as imteact. Dubairt an cailín náir airis, áct go uirge sí féin b'raon uirge ruar cuige.

"Agus cá 'r cuir tu an fuigleac do bí asad?" aoiré ré:

"Áit mé 'ran ríotán amac é," ar ríre.

"Tá ré imtísce 'na earcuin ann ran abainn," aoiré ré, "gleur-aisir ruar," aoiré ré, leir an dá-r'eus sairsióeac, "go leanfamaoir é."

Rinneadar dá m'adair deus uirge bíod féin agus leanadar ann ran abainn é; agus nuair bíodar as teact ruar leir ann ran abainn o'éirís ré 'na eun ar an abainn ann ran aer.

Nuair fuair ríad rin amac sup imtís ré ar an abainn, rinneadar dá feabac deus bíod féin agus o'imtígeadar anois an éin—uiréas do sinne ré de féin—agus bíodar as teact ruar leir.

Nuair fuair ré iad as teannad leir, agus nac raib ré ionnán vol uata, bí faictíor móir air. Bí bean as cácad amuis ar páirc dain: Cuiríng ré 'nuar ar an aer, ó beir 'na eun, i ngar do'n coirce, agus sinne ré g'ána coirce de féin.

Cuiríng ríad féin 'na díais agus rinneadar dá ceapc-francac

his food, but he was there tied, and the day he would let the other champions out he would not let him out with them. He was like this for a long time and the Knight of the Tricks putting dishonor on him, and giving him every kind of punishment.

It fell out that on this day [of which we are going to tell] the Knight of the Tricks went from home, and left him at the window that was highest in the house, where he had nothing at all to get, and him tied there, up on high. And then when everybody was gone away and nobody left on the street (*i.e.*, about the place) but himself and a servant-girl, he asked the girl, in the name of God, for a drink of water. The girl said that if her master were to find it out he would kill her.

"Nobody shall ever hear it," says he: "don't be a bit afraid, it's not I who'll tell him." She brought up the drink of water to him then, and when he put his head into the water, drinking the water, he made an eel of himself, and he went down into the vessel. There was a little streamlet of water beside the door, that was running until it went into the river, and she cast out into the little stream all the remains that she had in the vessel. He kept going, then, and he an eel, in the river, drawing towards home.

When the Knight of the Tricks came home, he went up to see the man he had left bound, and he did not find him there before him. He asked the girl if she felt [perceived] him going, or if she perceived anything that gave him leave to go. The girl said that she perceived nothing, but that she herself brought a drop of water up to him.

"And where did you put the leavings that you had?" says he.

"I threw it out into the little stream," says she.

"He's gone as an eel into the river," says he. "Prepare yourselves," says he to the twelve champions, "till we follow him."

They made twelve water-dogs of themselves, and they followed him in the river, and when they were coming up with him in the river, he rose up as a bird, out of the river into the air.

When they found this out, that he had gone out of the river, they made twelve hawks of themselves, and pursued after the bird—it was a lark he made of himself—and they were coming up to him.

When he found them closing on him, and that he was not able to escape from them, there was great terror on him.

deus díob féin, [agus bí an Ríoríe 'na coileac-francac]: **CORAIĞ-**
EADAR AS ITC AN COIRCE ANN RIN AGUR FAOIL RÍAD É BEIT ITTE ACA,
 ACC NÍ RÍAD: BÍ RÍAD AS ITC AN COIRCE SO RÍAD RÍAD 1 NĠAR DO
 BEIT RÍACAC.

Nuair mear feirean so ríad a ríat itte ACA, agus nac mabadar
 ionnán mórán eile do deunam, o'éríis ré ruar agus rinne ré
 rionnac de féin, agus bain ré an cloisíonn de'n o'á francac deus
 agus de'n coileac:

Bí ceao aige dul a-baile o'á a'áin ann rin nuair díodar uile
 marb aige. Agus rin veire Ríoríe na hCear: '

There was a woman winnowing [oats] out in a bare field. He descended out of the air from being a bird, near to the oats, and he made a grain of oats of himself.

They themselves descended after him, and made twelve turkeys of themselves, and the Knight was the turkey cock. They began eating the oats, and they thought that they had him eaten, but they had not. They were eating the oats until they were near to being satiated.

When he considered that they had enough eaten and that they were not able to do much more, he rose up and made a fox of himself, and took the heads off the twelve turkeys and turkey cock.

He had leave to go home to his father then, when he had them all killed. And that is the end of the Knight of Tricks.

MO BHRÓN AIR AN BRÁIRRSE.

Mo bhrón air an bráirrse
 Ir é tá mór,
 Ir é sádaíl ioir mé
 'S mo míle rctor.

O'fágað 'ran mbaile mé
 Deunam bhrón,
 San don tráil tar fáile liom
 Coróce ná go deó.

Mo léun nac bfuil mire
 'Sur mo mháirín dān
 I s-cáige laigean
 No i s-conradé an Chláir

Ma bhrón nac bfuil mire
 'Sur mo míle spáð
 Air boiro loingse
 Triall go 'Mericá

Leaburo luágra
 Di fúm ariér,
 Agus cáit mé amac é
 Le tear an laé.

Táinig mo spáð-ra
 Le mo táéð
 Suata air suatain
 Agus beul ar beula

MY GRIEF ON THE SEA.*

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

My grief on the sea,
 How the waves of it roll!
 For they heave between me
 And the love of my soul!

Abandoned, forsaken,
 To grief and to care,
 Will the sea ever waken
 Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble!
 Would he and I were
 In the province of Leinster
 Or county of Clare.

Were I and my darling—
 Oh, heart-bitter wound!—
 On board of the ship
 For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
 All last night I lay,
 And I flung it abroad
 With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—
 He came from the South;
 His breast to my bosom.
 His mouth to my mouth.

* *Literally*: My grief on the sea, It is it that is big. It is it that is going between me And my thousand treasures. I was left at home Making grief, Without any hope of (going) over sea with me, For ever and aye. My grief that I am not, And my white moorneen, In the province of Leinster Or County of Clare. My sorrow I am not, And my thousand loves On board of a ship Voyaging to America. A bed of rushes Was under me last night And I threw it out With the heat of the day. My love came To my side, Shoulder to shoulder And mouth on mouth. ["Love Songs of Connacht."]

AN BUACAILL DO BÍ A BFAO AR A MÁTAR.*

A bfao ó foir bí lánamain póirta dar b' ainm pádras asur nuala ní ciaracáin. Bíodasur bliadain asur fice póirta san aon éilann do deit aca, asur bí brón mór orra, mar nac faid aon oirde aca le na sguir faidbair o' fásbáil aise. Bí dá acra talman, bó, asur péire sádar aca, asur bí tuairm aca go raibasur faidbair.

Aon oirde amáin, bí pádras teact a-baile o teact uine muinntirís, asur nuair táinig ré com fada leir an roilís maol, táinig rean uine liat amac asur tuidairt: "Go mbeannaisiú Dia duit." "Go mbeannaisiú Dia 'sur Muire duit," ar pádras. "Cao acá as cur bróin ort?" ar ran rean uine. "Ní'l moirán go veimín," ar pádras, "ní béró mé a bfao beo, asur ní'l mac 'na ingean le caoinead mo diais nuair geobair mé báir." "B' éirí nác mbeirde mar rin," ar ran rean-uine. "Faraor! bérdeas," ar pádras, "táim bliadain asur fice póirta, asur ní'l aon coramlact fóir." "Slac m'focal-ra go mbéró mac ós as do mnaoi, trí fáite ó'n oirde anocht." Cuair pádras a-baile, lútsáiréac go leór, asur o'innir an rseul do nuala. "Ara! ní faid ann ran crean uine act sosaille, a bí as veunam mas-aíó ort," ar nuala. "Ír maic an rseulair an aimirir," ar pádras.

Bí go maic asur ní faid go h-olc; real má (rui) nveacáir leic-bliadain éar, connairc pádras go faid nuala uil oirde do cadairt bó, asur bí brón mór air. Coruis ré as cur na feilme i n-orouíad, asur as fásbáil sac níó réir le h-áir an oirde óis. An lá táinig cinnear cloinne ar nuala, bí pádras as cur éirinn óis a láir vopair an tige. Nuair táinig an rseul cuige go faid mac ós as nuala, bí an oirde rin lútsáiré air sur tuit ré marb le cinnear cpoirde.

Bí brón mór air nuala, asur tuidairt í leir an naoirdeanán:

"Ní coirgeiró mé tu óm' cíc go mbéró tu ionánn an crann do bí o' áir as cur nuair fuair ré báir do éarrais ar na fíre-maib."

Somair páirín ar an naoirdeanán, asur tug an máir cíc do go faid ré react mbliadna o'aoir. Ann rin tug í amac é le feucaint an faid ré ionánn an crann do éarrais, act ní faid. Níor cuir rin aon oroc-meirneac ar an máir, tug í arceac é;

* O fear dar b'ainm bíaca, i n-aice le baile-an-róba, sconnas muir-éa.

THE BOY WHO WAS LONG ON HIS MOTHER.

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

THERE was long ago a married couple of the name of Patrick and Nuala O'Keerahan. They were a year and twenty married, without having any children, and there was great grief on them because they had no heir to leave their share of riches to. They had two acres of land, a cow, and a pair of goats, and they supposed that they were rich.

One night Patrick was coming home from a friend's house, and when he was come as far as the ruined churchyard, there came out a gray old man and said, "God save you."

"God and Mary save you," says Patrick.

"- What's putting grief on you?" says the old man.

"There isn't much indeed putting grief on me," says Patrick, "but I won't be long alive, and I have neither son nor daughter to keen after me when I find death."

"Perhaps you won't be so," says the old man.

"Alas! I will," says Patrick, "I'm a year and twenty married, and there's no sign yet."

"Take my word that your wife will have a young son three-quarters of a year from this very night."

Patrick went home, joyous enough, and told the story to Nuala.

"Arrah, there was nothing in the old man but a dotard who was making a mock of you," says Nuala.

"Well, 'time is a good story-teller,'" said Patrick.

It was well, and it was not ill. Before half a year went by Patrick saw that Nuala was going to give him an heir, and there was great pride on him. He began putting the farm in order and leaving everything ready for the young heir. The day that sickness came on Nuala, Patrick was planting a young tree before the door of the house. When the news came to him that Nuala had a young son, there was that much joy on him that he fell dead with heart-disease.

There was great grief on Nuala, and she said to the infant, "I will not wean you from my breast until you will be able to pull up out of the roots the tree that your father was planting when he died."

The infant was called Paudyeen, or Little Pat, and the mother nursed him at her breast until he was seven years old. Then she brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not. That put no discouragement on the mother; she brought him in, and nursed him for seven years

asur tús cíoc feadt mbliathna eile úd, asur ní raib don buacail ann ran tír ionánn teadt ruar leir i n-obair.

Faoi ceann deirid na ceitíre bliathna deus tús a mácair amac é, le feuchaint an raib ré ionánn an crann do tarrainis, acé ní raib, mar bí an crann i n-íthir máit, asur as fáir go móir. Níor cuir rin don oroc-mírnead ar an mácair.

Tús rí cíoc feadt mbliathna eile úd, asur faoi ceann deirid an ama rin, bí ré comh móir asur comh láir le fácat.

Tús an mácair amac é asur dubairt: “Mur (muna) bfuil tu ionánn an crann rin ro tarrainis anoir, ní tiúbaird mé don bhuad eile cíce duit.” Cuir páirín rmugairle ar a lámhaib, asur fuair sheim ar bun an crainn. An ceud-iarrair do tús ré, chait ré an talam feadt bpeirre ar scá caoib de, asur leir an darna iarrair tós ré an crann ar na freamhaib, asur timcioll fíce tonna de chéaróis leir: “Srád mo chroide tu,” ar ran mácair, “ir ríu cíce bliathna asur fíce tu.” “A mácair,” ar páirín, “oibris tu go cruaid le diad asur deoc do tadbairt dam-ra ó ruad mé, asur tá ré i n-am dam anoir ruo éigin do deunam duit-re, ann do fean-laetib. Ir é reo an ceud-crann do tarrainis mé asur deunair mé maide láimhe dam féin de.” Ann rin fuair ré ráb asur tuas, asur seair an crann, as fárbail timcioll fíce crois de 'n bun, asur bí cnar air, comh móir le túr de na túraib cruinne do bídead i n-éirinn an t-am rin. Bí or cionn tonna meadacain ann ran maide láimhe nuair bí ré gleurta as páirín.

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, fuair páirín sheim ar a maide, o'fás a deannaad as a mácair, asur o'imeis as córuigeadt reiridíre. Bí ré as ríubal go dtáinis ré go cairleán nís laigean. O'fiarruis an nís de cad do bí ré 'iarrair: “As iarrair oibre, má ré do toil,” ar páirín. “Bfuil don ceirde asao?” ar ran nís. “Ní'l,” ar páirín, “acé tis liom obair ar bit dá n-deairnair fear ariam deunam.” “Deunair mé marasá leat,” ar ran nís, “má tis leat h-uile nio a orodócar mire duit a deunam ar fead ré mí, deunair mé do meadacan féin o'or duit, asur m'ingean mar mnaoi-pórtá, acé muna dtis leat scá nio do deunam, caillirid tu do ceann.” “Táim fártá leir an marasá rin,” ar páirín. “Téir arcead 'ran rsioból, asur bí as bualaó zoirce do na ba (buaib) go mbéir do ceud-pponn réir.”

Cuair páirín arcead, asur fuair an rúirce, acé ní raib an rúircein acé mar chaitín i lámh pártais, asur dubairt ré leir féin, “ir fearr mo maide-láim' 'ná an gleur rin.” Córuis ré as bualaó leir an maide-láim' asur níor bfuad go raib an méad

more, and there was not a lad in the country who was able to keep up with him in his work.

At the end of fourteen years his mother brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not, for the tree was in good soil, and growing greatly. That put no discouragement on the mother.

She nursed him for seven more years, and at the end of that time he was as large and as strong as a giant.

His mother brought him out then and said, "Unless you are able to pull up that tree now, I will never nurse you again."

Paudyeen spat on his hands, and got a hold of the bottom of the tree, and the first effort he made he shook the ground for seven perches on each side of it, and at the second effort he lifted the tree from the roots, and about twenty ton of clay along with it.

"The love of my heart you are," said the mother, "you're worth nursing for one and twenty years."

"Mother," says Paudyeen, "you worked hard to give me food and drink since I was born, and it is time now for me to do something for you in your old days. This is the first tree I ever pulled up, and I'll make myself a hand-stick of it. Then he got a saw and axe, and cut the tree, leaving about twenty feet of the bottom, and there was a knob on it as big as a round tower of the round towers that used to be in Erin at that time. There was above a ton weight in the hand-stick when Paudyeen had it dressed.

On the morning of the next day, Paudyeen caught a hold of his stick, left his blessing with his mother, and went away in search of service. He was traveling till he came to the castle of the King of Leinster. The king asked him what he was looking for. "Looking for work, if you please," says Paudyeen.

"Have you e'er a trade?" says the king.

"No," says Paudyeen, "but I can do any work in life that ever man did."

"I'll make a bargain with you," says the king; "if you can do everything that I'll order you to do during six months, I'll give you your own weight in gold, and my daughter as your married wife; but if you are not able to do each thing you shall lose your head."

"I'm satisfied with that bargain," says Paudyeen.

"Go into the barn, and be threshing oats for the cows till your breakfast is ready."

Paudyeen went in and got the flail, and the flailen was

do bí ann ran ríobóil buailte aige: Ann rin cuairt ré amac ann ran ngarbda agus coruis ag bualaó na rtaíca coirce agus cruit-neadta, sur cuir ré citeanna gráin ar fear na tíre. Táinig an nís amac agus vubairt, “Coirce do lám, aveim, no ríuorfaid tu mé. Céir agus beir cúpla buiceuo uirge cum na fearb-fóganra ar an loc úo ríor, agus béir an leite fuar go leór nuair tiucfar tu ar air.” O’feuc páirín tairt, agus connairc ré vó dáirille mór folam, le coir balla. Fuair ré gréim orra, ceann aca ann zac lám, cuair cum an loca, agus eug iad lionta go cúl vopair an cairleáin. Bí ionganra ar an nís nuair connairc ré páirais ag teact, agus vubairt ré leir: “Céir arceac, tá an leite réir vuit.” Cuair páirín arceac, agus cuair an nís cum Daili glie do bí aige, agus v’innir ré vó an marraó do rinne ré le páirín, agus v’farruis ré vó, creuo do buó cóir vó tabairt le veunam do páirín. “Abair leir vut ríor agus an loc do caoimad, agus é do beir veunta aige, real má vóeró an gráin faoi, an traenána ro.”

Gráin an nís ar páirín agus vubairt leir: “Caoim an loc rin ríor agus bíor ré veunta acao real má vóeró an gráin faoi an traenána ro.” “Mair go leór,” ar páirín, “act cia an dit a cuirfeas mé an t-uirge?” “Cuir ann ran ngleann mór aca i ngar vó’n loc é,” ar ran nís. Ní raib ior an gleann agus an loc act ríonra, agus bívó na vaoime ag veunam bóair-coirce vó. Fuair páirín buiceuo, picóir agus láirde, agus cuair cum an loca. Bí bun an gleanna coircom le bun an loca. Cuair páirín arceac ran ngleann agus rinne poll arceac go bun an loca. Ann rin cuir ré a beir ar an vpoll, tairraing anáí fava, agus níor fás ré vrapon uirge, iars, ná báv, ann ran loc, ná tairraing ré amac leir an anáí rin, agus ná cuir ré arceac ra’ ngleann. Ann rin vóir ré fuar an poll.

Nuair v’feuc an nís ríor, connairc ré an loc com tírim le boir do láirde, agus níor bfuad go vóáinís páirín cuirge agus vubairt: “Tá an obair rin críochuirge, cao veunfar mé vuit anoir?” “Ní’l aon ruo eile le veunam acao anoir, act béir neart acao le veunam amárac.” An oirde rin, cuir an nís ríor ar an nDaili glie, agus v’innir vó an caoi ar caoim páirín an loc, agus nac raib ríor aige creuo do vóarfaó ré vó le veunam. “Tá ríor acao-ra an nír nac mbéir ré ionánn a veunam, ar mairin amárac, tabair ríribinn vó cum do vóarvóar i nDaili-m, abair leir vó píor tonna críochneadta do tabairt euga, agus a beir ar air ann ró faoi ceann ceirre uaire ar píor. Tabair an tcrean-láir agus a cáir vó, agus cig leat beir cinnce nac vtiucfaró ré ar air.” Ar mairin, lá ar na márac, Gráin an nís

only like a *traneen* in Paudyeen's hand, and he said to himself, "My hand-stick is better than that contrivance." He began threshing with the hand-stick, and it was not long till he had all that was in the barn threshed. Then he went out into the garden and began threshing the stacks of oats and wheat, so that he sent showers of grain throughout the country.

The king came out and said, "Hold your hand, or you'll destroy me. Go and bring a couple of buckets of water to the servants out of that loch down there, and the stirabout will be sufficiently cool when you come back."

Paudyeen looked round, and he saw two great empty barrels beside the wall. He caught hold of them, one in each hand, went to the lake, and brought them filled to the back of the castle door. There was wonder on the king when he saw Paudyeen arriving, and he said to him, "Go in, the stirabout's ready for you."

Paudyeen went in, but the king went to a Dall Glic, or cunning blind man that he had, and told him the bargain that he made with Paudyeen, and asked him what he ought to give Paudyeen to do.

"Tell him to go down and teem [bail out] that lake, and him to have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

The king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Teem that lake down there, and let you have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

"Very well," says Paudyeen, "but where shall I put the water."

"Put it into the great glen that is near the lake," says the king.

There was nothing but a scunce [ditch-bank] between the glen and the lake, and the people used to make a foot-road of it.

Paudyeen got a bucket, a pickaxe, and a loy [narrow spade], and he went to the lake. The bottom of the glen was even with the bottom of the lake. Paudyeen went into the glen and made a hole in the bottom of the lake. Then he put his mouth to the hole, drew a long breath, and never left boat, fish, or drop of water in the lake that he did not draw out through his body, and cast into the glen. Then he closed up the hole.

When the king looked down he saw the lake as dry as the palm of your hand, and it was not long till Paudyeen came to him and said, "That work is finished, what shall I do now?"

"You have nothing else to do to-day, but you shall have plenty to do to-morrow."

Páirín, agus eus an fsiobóil dó, agus duabair leir. “Fás an léir agus an éirte agus céir go Sallam. Tabbair an fsiobóil réo dom’ deapbádaib, agus abair leir dá picro comas cruit-neacta do eadairt duit, agus hí ar ar ann go faoi ceann ceirte uaire ar picro.”

Fuair Páirín an léir agus an éirte, agus eadairt ar an mbócar. Ní raib an léir ionánn níor mó ná ceirte mile ran uair do púdail. Ceangail Páirín an léir ar an scairt, cuir ar a Sallam é, agus ar go bráic leir, car cnocair agus gleanncaid, go nveacard ré go Sallam. Eus ré an léir do deapbádaib an nís, fuair an cruitneact agus cuir ar an scairt é. Nuair cuir ré an léir faoi an scairt, rinnead dá leir d’a dnuim. Cuir Páirín an cruitneact ann ran fsiobóil. Nuair eadairt munnair an cairleáin ’na scórlaib, eadairt Páirín cum an eadairt, agus níor fás ré glabra ar an loingear náir eus ré leir. Ann rin rómaib ré faoi an fsiobóil, ceangail na glabraica timcioll air, agus ar go bráic leir, agus an fsiobóil agus sac a raib ann ar a dnuim. Cuair ré car cnocair agus gleanncaid, agus níor fscop gur fás ré an fsiobóil i lácair cairleáin an nís. Bí lácair, ceapca, agus gér-eaca ann ran fsiobóil. Ar mairín go moe, d’feuc an nís amac ar a feomra agus creud d’feicfead ré acc fsiobóil a deapbádaib.

“M’ anam ó’n diadal,” ar ran nís “ré rin an fear ir iongancaise ’ran doimán.” Táimís ré anuair agus fuair Páirín le na maide ann a láim, ’na fearaib le coir an fsiobóil.

“An deus tu an cruitneact eusam?” ar ran nís.

“Tusar,” ar Páirín, “acc tá an crean-láir marb.” Ann rin d’innir ré do’n nís sac níó d’a nveairairt ré ó d’imicís ré go d’áimís ré ar air.

Ní raib níor as an nís creud do deunpaó ré, agus d’imicís ré cum an Dail Shic, agus duabair leir, “mur (muna) n-innrigeann tu dam níó nac mbéir an fear rin ionnán a deunam, bainfir mé an ceann díot.”

Simuain an Dail Shic tamall agus duabair, “abair leir go hfuil do deapbádaib i n-iffionn, agus go mbuó maic leat amair do beir asad air, agus abair leir é do eadairt eusad, go mbéir amair asad air; nuair a geodar riad in n-iffionn é, ní leirfir riad do teact ar air.”

Sháir an nís Páirín agus duabair leir, “tá deapbádaib dam i n-iffionn agus eadairt eusam é, go mbéir amair asad air.” “Cia an éadairt aicneócair mé do deapbádaib ó na daomib eile acá ’ran air rin?” ar Páirín.

That night the king sent for the Dall Glic, and told him the way that Paudyeen teemed out the lake, and [said] that he did not know what to give him to do.

"I know the thing that he won't be able to do. To-morrow morning give him a writing to your brother in Galway, and tell him to bring you forty tons of wheat, and to be back here in twenty-four hours. Give him the old mare and the cart, and you may be sure he won't come back."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen and gave him the writing and said to him, "Get the mare and the cart, and go to Galway. Give the writing to my brother, and tell him to give you twenty tons of wheat, and be back here in twenty-four hours."

Paudyeen got the mare and the cart, and went on the road. The mare was not able to travel more than four miles in the hour. Paudyeen tied the mare to the cart, put it on his shoulder, and off and away with him over hills and hollows, till he came to Galway. He gave the letter to the king's brother, got the wheat, and put it on the cart. When he put the mare under the cart, there were two halves made of its back [the load was so heavy]. Then Paudyeen put the wheat back into the barn. When the people of the castle went to sleep, Paudyeen went to the harbor, and he never left a chain on the shipping that he did not take with him. Then he dug under the barn [slipped the chains under] and tied them round it, and off and away with him, and the barn with all that was in it on his back. He went over hills and glens, and never stopped till he left the barn in front of the king's castle. There were ducks, hens, and geese in the barn. Early in the morning the king looked out of his room, and what should he see but his brother's barn.

"My soul from the devil," said the king, "but that's the most wonderful man in the world." He came down and found Paudyeen with his stick in his hand standing beside the barn.

"Did you bring me the wheat?" says the king.

"I brought it," says Paudyeen, "but the old mare is dead." Then he told the king everything he had done from the time he went away till he came back.

The king did not know what he should do, and he went to the Dall Glic, and said to him, "Unless you tell me a thing which that man will not be able to do, I will strike the head off you."

The Dall Glic thought for a while and said, "Tell him that your brother is in hell, and that you would like to have a sight of him; and to bring him to you, until you have a

“Tá fiacail faoi i gcearc-lár a cearbaid uachtaraigh,” ar fan nís:

Cuir páirín rnuagairle ar a máire, buail an bócar, agus níor bfuad go dtáinig ré go geata iarrinn. Buail ré buille ar an ngeata do cuir arcead amearg na nriabail é, agus níubail ré féin arcead 'na diais: Nuair connairc Delribú é ag ceact, táinig faicéir air, agus o'farruigh ré de cheud do bí a' ceartál uair:

“Dearbáidair nís laigean atá a' ceartál uaim,” ar páirín.

“Píoc amac é,” ar Delribú:

O'feuc páirín earc, aet fuair ré níor mó ná dá fícto fear a raib fiacail faoi i gcearc-lár a gcearbaid uachtaraigh aca:

“Ar faicéir nac mbeidead an fear ceart agam,” ar páirín, “tiomáiré mé an tiomlán aca liom, agus eis leir an nís a dearbáidair píocad arca.”

Tiomáin ré dá fícto aca amac poime, agus níor rtor go dtáinig ré i láir cearleáin an nís: Ann rin fáir ré ar an nís agus dubair leir, “píoc amac do dearbáidair ar na fir (feairib) reo.”

Nuair o'feuc an nís agus connairc ré na riabail le h-adaircáib oirra, bí faicéir air, rignead ré ar páirín agus dubairc, “cáir ar air iao.”

Coruigh páirín 'gá mbualad le na máire, gur cuir ré ar air go h-irrionn iao:

Cuair an nís cum an Daili glic, agus o'innir do an níó do rinne páirín, agus dubairc leir, “ní eis leat inniric dam don níó nac bfuil ré ionáin a deunam, agus cailiré tu do ceann ar mairin amárac.”

“Cáir iarráir eile dam,” ar fan Daili glic, “agus ní déir an Connactac a bfuad beo: Ar mairin amárac, abair leir, an tobair atá i láir an cearleáin do taor-mad; bíó fir réir agad, agus nuair a geobar tu níor ann fan tobair é, abair leir na fir (feairib), an éloc muilinn atá le coir an dálla do caiceam níor 'na muillac, agus marbócarí rin é.”

Ar mairin, lá ar na márac, fáir an nís páirín agus dubairc leir: “céir agus taorm an tobair rin tá i láir an cearleáin, agus nuair a déiréar ré deunta agad, beiréiré mé haca nuair duic, ir fuarac an cáibín é rin atá oir.”

Bí na fir réir ag an nís le páirín boct do marbad, dá bfuadad raib é:

Cuair páirín go bfuad an tobair, luir níor air a beul faois

look at him. But when they get him in hell, they won't let him come back."

The king called Paudyeen and said to him, "I have a brother in hell, and bring him to me until I have a look at him."

"How shall I know your brother from the other people that are in that place?" said Paudyeen.

"He had a long tooth in the very middle of his upper gum," says the king.

Paudyeen spat on his stick, struck the road, and it was not long till he came to the gate of hell. He struck a blow upon the gate which drove it in amongst the devils, and he himself walked in after it. When Belzibub saw him coming there came a fear on him, and he asked him what he was wanting.

"A brother of the King of Leinster is what I am wanting," says he.

"Well, pick him out," says Belzibub.

Paudyeen looked round him, but he found more than forty men who had a long tooth in the very middle of their upper gums.

"For fear I shouldn't have the right man," said Paudyeen, "I'll drive the whole lot of them with me, and the king can pick his brother out from among them."

He drove forty of them out before him, and never stopped till he came to the king's castle. Then he called the king and said to him, "Pick out your brother from these men."

When the king looked and saw the devils with horns on them, there was fear on him. He screamed to Paudyeen, and said, "Bring them back."

Paudyeen began beating them with his stick, till he sent them back to hell.

The king went to the Dall Glic and told him the thing Paudyeen did, and said to him, "You cannot tell me anything that he is not able to do, and you shall lose your head to-morrow morning."

"Give me another trial," says the Dall Glic, "and the Connachtman won't be long alive. Tell him to-morrow morning to teem the well that is before the castle. Let you have men ready, and when you get him down in the well, tell the men to throw down the millstone that is beside the wall on top of him, and that will kill him."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Go and teem that well in front of the castle, and as soon as you have that done I'll give you a new hat; that's a miserable old caubeen that's on you."

ásur coruis áz carraing an uirge arcead ann a deul, ásur dá ríáptad amac uairí arís go raib an tobair ionnann ásur tirm aise. Bí poinn beas i mbun an tobair nac raib caoiméa, ásur cuair pártais ríor le na tirmiuáth. Éainis na rir leir an gclóic móir muilinn ásur cáiteadair ríor ar muillac pártain é. Bí an poll do bí i lár na cloice go vínead com mór le ceann pártain, ásur faoil ré sur b' é an hata nuad do cáit an ríá ríor cúise, ásur glaoth ré ruar: "cáim buirdeac víot, a máisírtir, ar fon an hata nuair." Ann rin éainis ré ruar leir an gclóic muilinn ar a ceann: "Bí bróth mór aise ar an hata nuad. Bí iongantair ar ar ríá ásur ar h-uile duine eile, nuair connairc ríad pártain léir an gclóic muilinn ar a ceann.

Bí ríor áz an ríá nac raib don maic do don níó eile do tabairt do pártain le veunam, ásur vubairt ré leir, "ir tu an rearb-íógantair ír fearr do bí ázam aríam; ní'l don níó eile ázam vuit le veunam, ásur car liom-ra, go vutugair mé do tuarparcal vuit. Ní'l m' ingean rean go leór le pórad, áct nuair a beirdear rí bliadain ásur ríce d'aoir, tís leat i do beir ázad."

"Ní'l d'ingean a' ceartál uaim," ar pártain.

Cus an ríá é cum an círte, an áit a raib go leór óir, ásur vubairt leir: "bain víot do hata nuad, ásur céir arcead 'ra' ríála."

"Go veimín, ní bainírd mé mo hata víom, bronn curá orm é," ar pártain, "beirdear ré com maic vuit mo brírtce do bainc víom."

Ní raib an oiréad óir ásur a meadóóad hata pártain, áct íorruis an ríá leir áz tabairt do dá mála óir. Cuir pártain ceann aca faoi gac arcall, fuair gneim air a máirde, an hata nuad ar a ceann, ásur ar go bráct leir, car cnocair ásur gleanncaid, go vécainis ré a-baile.

Nuair connairc daoine an baile pártain áz ceact leir an gclóic muilinn ar a ceann, bí iongantair mór orra; áct nuair connairc an máthair an dá mála óir, buró beas nár cuir rí marb le lúctáine: Coruis pártain, ásur cuir ré ceact breáá ar bun do féin, ásur d'á máthair. Rinne ré ceirne leir (leatanna) de 'n hata nuad, ásur rinne cloca cúinne víoth do 'n ceact. Congvuis ré a máthair mair mnaoi uarail go brúair rí báir le rean-aoir, ásur cáit ré féin beacta maic i ngráó Dé ásur na gcomairran.

The king had the men ready to kill poor Paudyeen if they were able.

Paudyeen came to the brink of the well, and lay down with his mouth under, and began drawing the water into his mouth and spouting it out behind him until he had the well all as one as dry. There was a little quantity of water on the bottom of the well that was not teemed, and Paudyeen went down to dry it. The men came then with the great millstone, and threw it down on the top of Paudyeen. The hole that was in the middle of the stone was just as big as Paudyeen's head, and he thought it was the new hat the king had thrown down to him, and called up and said, "I'm thankful to you, master, for the new hat." Then he came up with the millstone on his head. He had great pride out of the new hat. There was wonder on the king and on every one else when they saw the millstone on his head.

The king knew that it was no use for him to give Paudyeen anything else to do, so he said to him, "You're the best servant that ever I had. I've nothing else for you to do, but come with me till I give you your wages. My daughter is not old enough to marry, but when she is one and twenty years of age you can have her."

"I do not want your daughter," said Paudyeen.

The king brought him then to the treasury, where there was plenty of gold, and said, "Take off your new hat and get into the scales."

"Indeed I won't take off my new hat; you gave it to me," said Paudyeen; "you might as well take off my breeches."

There was not as much gold as would weigh Paudyeen's hat, but the king settled with him by giving him two bags of gold. Paudyeen put one of them under each oxter [arm-pit], got hold of his stick—his new hat on his head—and off and away with him over hills and hollows till he came home.

When the people of the village saw Paudyeen coming with the millstone on his head, there was great wonder on them; but when the mother saw the two bags of gold, it was little but she fell dead with joy.

Paudyeen began working, and set up a fine house for himself and his mother. He made four parts of the new hat, and made corner-stones of them for the house. He kept his mother like a lady, until she died of old age; and he spent a good life himself, in the love of God and of the neighbors.

MALA NÉIRIN:

'Dá mbéirínn-re air MálA Néirin
 'S mo céu-ghrád le mo taid,
 I r lágac coirdeolamair i n-éinfeadú
 Mar an t-éinín air an g-craoib:
 'Sé do déilín binn bhiatruac
 'Do meudais air mo pian,
 Agus corlaó ciúin ní feudaim;
 'So n-éusfar, farair!

'Dá mbéirínn-re air na cuantaid
 Mar buó ual dam, seodainn rporci
 Mo cáirde uile faoi buaidheas
 Agus ghuaim orra gac ló.
 Fíor-rsáit na n-ghuagac
 Fuair buaid a' r clú annr gac gleo,
 'S gur b'é mo croidhe-rctis tá 'nna gual uub;
 Agus bean mo truidise ní'l beo.

Ilac doibinn do na n-éinimí
 A éirigear go h-áir,
 'S a corluigear i n-éinfeadú
 Air don croidhín amáin:
 Ní mar rin dam féin
 A' r do m' céu mile ghrá;
 I r fao ó na céile orrainn
 Éirigear gac lá:

Cao é do bheadnuas air na rpeartaid
 Trac tís tear air an lá,
 Na air an lán-marra as éirige
 Le n-euodan an cloide áir?
 Mar rúo bíor an té áo
 A beir an-toil do 'n ghrá
 Mar crann air málA rleide
 'Do tréigear a blá:

THE BROW OF NEFIN.

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

[“ Love Songs of Connacht.”]

Did I stand on the bald top of Néfin
 And my hundred-times loved one with me,
 We should nestle together as safe in
 Its shade as the birds on a tree.
 From your lips such a music is shaken,
 When you speak it awakens my pain,
 And my eyelids by sleep are forsaken,
 And I seek for my slumber in vain.

But were I on the fields of the ocean
 I should sport on its infinite room,
 I should plow through the billows' commotion
 Though my friends should look dark at my doom.
 For the flower of all maidens of magic
 Is beside me where'er I may be,
 And my heart like a coal is extinguished,
 Not a woman takes pity on me.

How well for the birds in all weather,
 They rise up on high in the air,
 And then sleep upon one bough together
 Without sorrow or trouble or care;
 But so it is not in this world
 For myself and my thousand-times fair,
 For, away, far apart from each other,
 Each day rises barren and bare.

Say, what dost thou think of the heavens
 When the heat overmasters the day,
 Or what when the steam of the tide
 Rises up in the face of the bay?
 Even so is the man who has given
 An inordinate love-gift away,
 Like a tree on a mountain all riven
 Without blossom or leaflet or spray.

AN LACHA DHEARG.

Sgríobh mé an sgeul so, focal ar fhocal, o bheul sean-mhná de mhuintir Bhriain ag Cill-Aodáin, anaice le Coilte-mach i gcondaé Mhuigh-Eó.

AN CPAOBHIN.

Bhí rígh i n-Eirinn, fad ó shoin, agus bhí dá 'r 'éag mac aige. Agus ghabh sò amach lá ag siúbhal anaice le loch, agus chonnaire sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe. Bhí sí [ag] bualadh an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi, agus ag conggháil aoin cheann déag léithe féin.

Agus tháinig an rígh a-bhaile chuig a bhean féin, agus dubhairt sé léithe go bhfacaidh sé iongnadh mór andhiú, go bhfacaidh sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe, agus go raibh sí ag díbirt an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi. Agus dubhairt an bhean leis, “ní de thír ná de thalamh thú, nach bhfuil fhios agad gur gheall sí ceann do'n *Deachmhaidh* agus go raibh sí chomh cineálta agus go dtug sí amach an dá cheann déag.”

“Ní de thír ná de thalamh thú,” ar seisean, “tá dhá cheann déag de mhacaibh agam-sa, agus caithfidh ceann dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*.”

“Ní h-ionnann na daoine agus éanacha na genoc le chéile,” [ar sise].

Ghabh sé síos ann sin chuig an Sean-Dall Glic, agus dubhairt an Sean-Dall Glic nach ionnann daoine agus éanacha na genoc le chéile. Dubhairt an rígh go gcaithfidh ceann aca dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, “agus cad é an ceann,” ar seisean, “bhéarfas mé chuig an *Deachmhaidh* ?”

“Tá do dhá-déag cloinne ag dul chum sgoile, agus abair leo lámh thabhairt í lámh a-chéile, dul chum sgoile, agus an chéad fhear aca bhéidheas 'san mbaile agad go dtiúbhraidh tú dinéar maith dhó, agus cuir an fear deiridh chum bealaigh ann sin.”

Rinne sé sin. An t-oidhre do bhí ar deireadh, agus níor fhéad sé an t-oidhre chur chum bealaigh.

Chuir sé amach ag tiomáint ann sin iad, seisean ar gach taoibh agus an taobh do bhí ag gnóthughadh, bhí sé ag tarraing fear [fir] uaithi, agus d'a thabhairt do'n taoibh do bhi ag cailleadh. Faoi dheireadh bhain aon fhear amháin an liathróid de'n aon fhear déag. Dubhairt an t-athair leis, ann sin, “a mhic,” ar seisean, “caithfidh tú dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*.”

“Ní rachaidh mise chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, a athair,” ar seisean

THE RED DUCK.

[Written down in Irish by Douglas Hyde at the dictation of an old woman in County Mayo, and translated from the French of G. Dottin by Charles Welsh.]

ONCE upon a time in Ireland, and a long time ago at that, there was a king who had twelve sons. He went one day to walk by the borders of a lake, and there he saw a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven of them she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

The King went home and told his wife that he had seen a very wonderful thing that day; that he had seen a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

His wife said, "You're neither of people or land. Do you know that she has promised one of her brood to the Deachmhaidh, and that the duck is of such a fine breed that she has hatched out twelve."

"You're neither of people or land," he replied. "I have twelve sons, and one of them must certainly go to the Deachmhaidh."

His wife answered him, "People and birds of the hillside are not the same thing."

Then he went to find the old blind diviner, and the old blind diviner told him that the people and the birds of the hillside were not the same.

The King told the old blind diviner that one out of his children must go to the Deachmhaidh. "And what I want to know," said he, "is which one shall I send to the Deachmhaidh."

"Your children are now going to school. Tell them to walk hand-in-hand as they go to school, and that you will give to him who shall be first in the house again a good dinner; and it will be the last one that you will be sending away."

He did so, but it was his son and heir who was the last one, and he couldn't think of sending his son and heir away. He then sent them to play a hurling match—six on one side and six on the other—and from the side which won he took one away and gave it to the side which lost. At last, a single one swept away the ball from the eleven others. Then he said to that one, "My son, it is you that will be going to the Deachmhaidh."

“tabhair dham costas, agus rachaidh mé ag féacháin m’ fhortúin.”

D’imthigh sé ar maidin, agus bhi sé ag siúbhal go dtáinig an oidhche, agus casadh asteach i dteach beag é nach raibh ann acht sean-fhear, agus chuir sé failte roimh Réalandar mac righ Eireann. “Ni’l mall ort” [ar seisean leis an mac righ] “do shaidhbhreas do dheunamh amárach má tá aon mhaith ionnat id’ *fowl*-éiridh, [seilgire]. Ta inghean righ an Domhain-Shoir ag tigheacht chuig an loch beag sin shíos, amárach, agus níor tháinig si le seacht mbliadhnaibh roimhe; agus béidh da cheann déag de mhnáibh-coimhdeacht léithe. Teirigh i bhfolach ann san tseisg go gcaithfidh siad a dá cheann déag de cochaill díobh. Leagfaidh sise a cochall féin leith-thaobh, mar tá [an oiread sin] d’ onóir innti, agus nuair gheobhas tusa amuigh ann san tsnámh iad, éirigh agus beir ar an gcóchall. Fillfidh sise, asteach ar ais, agus déarfaidh sí, “a mhic righ Eireann tabhair dham mo chóchall.” Agus déarfaidh tusa nach dtiubhraidh [tú]. Agus déarfaidh sise leat, “muna dtugann tú ded’ dheóin go dtiubhraidh tú ded’ aimhdheóin é.” Abair léithe nach dtiubhraidh tú ded’ dheóin, na de d’ aimhdheóin dí é [muna ngeallann sí do phósadh]. Déarfaidh sí, ann sin, nach bhfuil sin le fághail agad mur [=muna] n-aithnigheann tú í arís. Geóbbhaidh siad amach uait ann san tsnámh arís, agus déanfaidh siad trí easconna déag díobh féin. Béidh sise ‘na rubailín [ear, baillín] suarach ar uachtar; ní thig léithe bheith ar deireadh-mar tá onóir innti, agus béidh sí ag caint leat. Aithneóchaidh tú air sin í, agus abair go dtógfaidh tú í féin i gcómhnuidhe, an ceann a bhéidheas ag caint leat. Déarfaidh sise ann sin, “Caillte an sgeul, an fear thug a athair do’n Deachmhaidh aréir, geallamhain pósta ag inghin Righ an Domhain-Shoir andhiú air’!”

[Dubhairt an mac righ leis an sean-fhear go ndéanfadh sé gach rud mar dubhairt sé leis. Chuaidh sé amach ar maidin chuig an loch agus thárla h-uile shórt go díreach mar dubhairt an sean-fhear.

Nuair bhí an bhean gnóthaighthe aige] d’imthigh an dá-r’eug cailín a-bhaile. Tharraing sise amach slaitín draoidheachta, agus bhuail sí ar dhá bhuachallán buidhe i, agus rinne sí dá chapall marcúigheachta dhíobh.

Bhí siad ag siúbhal ann sin, go dtáinig an oidhche, agus bhi sí ag teach *oncail* dí, ar dtuitim na h-oidhche. Agus dubhairt sí le mac righ Eireann eochair rúma na séad d’ iarraidh ar an *oncal*, agus go bhfuighfeadh sé í féin astigh ann san rúma roimhe. [Ní raibh fhios ag an oncal, go raibh sise ann, chor ar bith, agus shaoil sé gur ag iarraidh a inghine féin tháinig mac righ Eireann chuige.]

"I will not be going to the Deachmhaidh," said he. "Give me some money and I will go and make my fortune." He started off the next morning, and walked until it was night, and came to a little house where there was nobody but an old man, who welcomed Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland.

"It will be no delay of you," said he, to the son of the King, "to make your fortune to-morrow morning, if you are any good as a hunter of birds. The daughter of the King of the Eastern World is coming to the little lake you see down there to-morrow morning. She will have twelve women attendants with her. Hide yourself in the rushes until they throw down their twelve hoods and cloaks. The daughter of the King will throw her hood and cloak in a separate place from the rest; and when you see them go in to swim, jump up and take her hood and cloak. The Princess will come to the edge of the lake, and she will say, "Son of the King of Ireland, give me my hood and cloak." And you will tell her then that you will not; and she will say to you, "If you don't give it to me with a good will, you will give it to me with a bad will." Tell her that you will neither give it to her with a good will or a bad will, unless she will promise to marry you. She will then say, that you shall not have her, unless you can recognise her again.

Then she and her attendants will swim away, and they will be changed into thirteen eels. She will be the smallest and the meanest one, but she will lead, because she is a person of honor, and could not follow her train, and she will speak to you. You will recognize her again by this, and you will say that you will marry the eel who has spoken to you. Then she will say, "Oh, unhappy story, he whose father sent him to the Deachmhaidh last night, has to-day received a promise of marriage from the daughter of the King of the Eastern World."

The King's son told the wise old man that he would do all that he told him to do. The next morning he went to the lake, and everything happened as the wise old man had said.

When he had gained the daughter of the King of the Eastern World, the twelve attendants started for home. The Princess drew a magic wand and struck two tufts of yellow ragwort with it, and they were at once turned into two saddle-horses. They travelled on until night was coming, and when night came, they found themselves at the home of an uncle of hers. She told the son of the King of Ireland to ask her uncle for the key of the treasure chamber, and that he would find her in that chamber. The uncle did not know that

Fuair sé an eochair ó'n oncal, agus chuaidh sé asteach, agus fuair sé mar bean bhreágh astigh ann san rúma í. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir. D'iarr sí air, a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd. Rinne sé sin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann go maidin. Nuair tharraing sí amach an biorán ar maidin, dhúisigh sé, agus dubhairt sí leis go raibh fathach mór le marbhadh aige ar son inghine a h-oncail.

Ghabh sé amach chum na coille [ag iarraidh an fhathaigh]. "Fud, fad, féasog!" ar san fathach, "mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhréagaigh bhradaigh."

"Nár ba soirmid (?) bidh ná digh ort, a fhathaigh bhróich!"

"Cad é [is] fearr leat-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga no gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?"

"Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, 'n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spága mío-stuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar."

Rug an dias gaisgidheach ar a chéile, agus dá dtéidhfíde ag amharc ar ghaisce ar bith ná ar chruadh-chómhrac, is orra rachá d'amharc. Dhéanfaidh siad cruadhán de 'n bhogán agus bogán den chruadhán, agus tharróingadh siad toibreacha fíor-uisge tre lár na gcloch glas. [Bhí siad ag troid mar sin] gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chaoite ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do'n fhathach do chuir go dtí na glúna é, agus an dara fásghadh go dtí an básta, agus an tríomhadh fásghadh go meall a bhrághaid go doimhin.

"Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!"

"Is fíor sin; seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna bhéarfas mé dhuit, acht spóráil m'anam dam."

"Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh!" "Bhéarfaidh mé cloidh-eamh solais a bhfuil faobhar an ghearrtha agus faobhar an bhearrtha [air agus] treas faobhar, teine 'na chúl, agus ceol ann a mhaide."

"Cia [chaoi] bhféachaidh mé mianach do chloidhimh?"

"Sin thall sean-smotán maide [ata ann sin] le bliadhain agus seacht gcéad bliadhan."

"Ni fheicim aon smota 'san gcoill is mó chuir gráin orm 'na do shean-cheann féin." Bhuaile sé i gcómhgar a chinn a bhinn agus a mhuinéill é. Bhain sé an ceann dé, gan meisge gan mearbhal. Chaith sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é.

she was there at all, but he thought it was in search of his own daughter the son of the King of Ireland had come.

He got the key from the uncle; he went in and found her in the chamber in the form of a beautiful woman. They talked together until supper time. She asked him to rest his head on her bosom; he did so, and she trust the pin of sleep into his head, until morning.

When she took out the pin he woke up, and she told him that he had a giant to kill because of her uncle's daughter.

He went out into the woods to seek the giant. "Fud fod fésóg," said the giant, "I smell the smell of a lying Irish rascal."

"May you be without the food and without the drink, you dirty giant."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, and where your heavy, ill-built hoofs shall be going to the bottom."

The two warriors then attacked each other, and if you would go to see the brave and the fierce fighting, it is there that you would go to see it. They made a hard place of a soft place and a soft place of a hard place, and they made wells of fresh water run over the gray flagstones. And so they went on fighting until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that he had no one who would keene over him if he died, nor who would lay him out or wake him.

Thereupon he gave the giant a terrible grip, and buried him into the ground up to his knees, and then another which buried him up to his waist, and then another which buried him deep up as far as the lump of the throat. "Now for a green turf over your head, giant."

"It is true. The treasures of the sons of the kings and lords I will give them to you, but spare my life."

"The treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you the sword of life, which has an edge to cut and an edge to raze, and a third edge of fire in the back, and music in the handle."

"How shall I try the temper of your sword?"

"There is an old block of wood which has been there for seven hundred years."

"I see no block in the wood which is more frightful than your head." He smote it at the point where the head joins the

“Is fíor sin,” ar san ceann, “da dtéidhinn suas ar an gcolainn arís, a raibh i n-Eirinn ní bhainfeadh siad anuas mé!”

“Is dona an ghaigidheacht do rinne tú nuair bhí tu shuas!”

Tháinig sé abhaile [agus ceann an fhathaigh ann a láimh] agus dubhairt an t-oncal go raibh trian d’á inghin gnóthaighthe aige.

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh,” ar sé:

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin go dtí a chailín mná féin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann arís go d’éirigh an la. Bhí dólás mór air nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé ar maidin dubhairt sí leis] “ta fathach eile le marbhadh agad, sin d’obair andiú ar son inghine m’ oncail arís.”

Chuaigh sé chum na coille, agus thainig an fear mór roimhe. “Fud. fad, féasóg! mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhradaigh bhréagaigh ar fud m’ fhóidín dúthaigh!”

“Ní Eireannach bradach ná bréagach mé, acht fear le ceart agus le cóir do bhaint asad-sa.”

“Cia fearr leat, caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga na gabhail de aigeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?”

“Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, ’n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spágá mío-stuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar.”

Bhí siad ag troid ann sin gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chaointe ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do’n fhathach go dtí na glúna, agus an dara fásghadh go di an basta, agus an triomhadh fásghadh go dtí meall a bhrághaid ’san talamh.

“Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!”

“Is fíor sin, is tu an gaisgidheach is fearr d’á bhfacaidh mé riamh no d’á bhfeicfidh mé choidhche. Agus bhéarfaidh mé seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna dhuit, acht spóráil m’anam.”

“Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh!”

“Bhéarfaidh mé each caol donn duit, bhéarfas naoi n-uaire ar an ngaoith roimpi, sul mbeiridh [sul do bheir] an ghaoth ’na diaigh aon uair amháin uirri.”

Thóg sé an cloidheamh agus chaith sé an ceann dé, agus chuir sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe usidh é le neart na buille sin.

“Ochón go deó?” ar san ceann, “dá bhfághainn dul suas ar an gcolainn arís, agus a bhfuil i n-Eirinn ní bhéarfadh siad anuas mé.”

neck. He cut off his head without error or mishap; he threw it nine ridges and nine furrows away from him.

"It is true," said the head, "if I could only join my body again, all that is in Ireland could never cut it off."

"It is a wretched business the feat you did perform when you were there." He went to the house with the head of the giant in his hand, and the uncle told him he had gained the third part of his daughter.

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went into the house and sat by the young girl, who again put the pin of sleep into his head until the dawn of day. He had great sorrow because he was not allowed to speak to her until the morning. When he woke up in the morning, she said to him, "You have another giant to kill; that is your task again for the daughter of my uncle."

He went to the wood to seek the giant. "Fud fod fèsòg," said the giant, "I smell the blood of a lying Irish rascal."

"I am neither lying nor a rascally Irishman, but a man who will make you do right and justice."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, where your heavy ill-built hoofs shall be going down."

They fought until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that there was no man to weep for his loss or to lay him out when he was dead. Thereupon he caught the giant in a grip, and forced him up to his knees into the earth; a second sent him in up to his waist, and a third up to the lump of his throat.

"A green turf over your head, giant!"

"It is true that you are the best fighter than I ever saw, or ever shall see, and I will give you the treasures of the sons of kings and lords, but spare my life."

"Give me the treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you my light-brown horse, which will beat the wind in swiftness nine times before the wind can beat him once."

He lifted the sword, cut off the giant's head, and by the force of the blow sent it nine ridges and nine furrows away.

"Alas, what luck," said the head; "if only I got on my body again, all that there is in Ireland could never take me down again."

“Budh bheag an ghaisgidheacht do rinne tú, nuair bhí tú shuas uirri cheana !”

Tháinig sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal amach roimhe arís: “Ta dá dtrian de m’ inghin gnóthuighthe agad anocht.”

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh.”

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin ann san rúma, agus fuair sé a chailin mná féin roimhe, agus ní raibh bean ’san domhan budh bhreágh-dha ’ná i. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir, agus dubhairt sí leis tar éis an t-suipéir a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd, agus nuair rinne sé sin chuir sí biorán suain ann go maidin. Bhí sé trioblóideach nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé dubhairt sí leis.] “Tá fathach eile le marbhadh agad ar son inghine m’ oncail arís andiú, agus tá faitchios orm go bhfuíghfidh tú cruaidh é seo. Acht seó coileáinín beag madaidh dhuit, agus leig amach faoi n-a chosaibh é, agus b’ éidir go dtiubhraidh sé congnamh beag duit. Agus amharc ar an meadhon-laé de’n lá, ar do ghualainn dheis, agus geobhaidh tú mise mo cholum geal, agus bhéarfaidh mé congnamh dhuit.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille agus tháinig an fathach mór chuige. “Ní mharbhóchaidh tú mise le do choinín gránna mar mharbh tú mo bheirt dhearbhráthar, a raibh fear aca cúig bliadhna agus fear aca seacht mbliadhna go leith.”

“Fuair mé garbh go leór iad sin féin,” ar sa mac righ Eireann.

Ghabh siad de na sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile, chuirfeadh siad cith teineadh d’a gcroicionn arm agus éadaigh. Nuair tháinig an meadhon-laé, d’amharc sé ar a ghualainn dheis agus chonnaire sé an colum geal. Nuair chonnaire an fathach mór an colum, rinne sé seabhac dé féin, acht rinne aise trí meirriúin dí féin, de’n choileán, agus de mhac righ Eireann, agus throid siad leis an seabhac ann san aér, agus thuirling siad ar an talamh arís. Dubhairt an fathach mór ann sin, “is tú an fear gan chéill, cad é ’n sórt act-ál atá agad, thú féin agus an dá ruidín gránna sin ? Ní’l aon fhear le fághail le mise do mharbhadh acht Réalandar mac righ Eireann.”

“Mise an fear sin.”

“Má’s tú é,” ar san fathach, “tarrmóchaidh [tarrongaidh] tú an cloidheamh so.” Sháith sé a chloidheamh asteach ’san gcarraig, agus dubhairt, “tarraing an cloidheamh so má ’s tú Réalandar.”

"It was a pretty small good you did when you were up there before."

He went to the house then, and the uncle came out to meet him, and said, "You have gained two-thirds of my daughter."

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went indoors then, and in the room he found his young girl before him, and there was no woman in the whole world who was more beautiful than she. They talked until supper-time, and after supper she told him to lay his head upon her breast, and when he had done so, she put the pin of sleep into his head until morning. He was vexed because he was not allowed to speak to her until morning.

When he was awake again, she said to him, "You have yet another giant to kill for the daughter of my uncle to-day, but I fear that it will be hard for you; but here is a little dog for you, let him follow at your heels, and it is possible that he may be of some use to you; and in the middle of the day look over your right shoulder; you will find me there in the form of a white dove, and I will bring you help."

He went to the wood, and the great giant came to him. "You will not kill me with your horrible little dog, as you have killed my two other brothers, one of whom was five years old and the other seven and a half."

"I found them, nevertheless, fierce enough," said the son of the King of Ireland. Then each of them plunged their gray steel knives at each other's sides, and they would send a rain of fire out of their skins, their arms and their clothes.

When the middle of the day came, he looked upon his right shoulder, and he saw the white dove. When the giant saw the dove he changed himself into a falcon; but she made three hawks, one of herself, one of the little dog, and one of the son of the King of Ireland, and they fought with the falcon in the air, until they came down to earth again.

"You are a fool," the great giant said then. "What joke are you playing me, you and those two wretched little things? The man that could kill me is not to be found, except Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland."

"I am that man!"

"If you are," said the giant, "you will pull out this sword."

He plunged his sword into a rock, and said, "Pull out the sword if you are Réalander."

Tharraing sé an cloidheamh, agus bhuaile sé an fathach mór leis, agus chaith sé an ceann dé. Bhí sé féin loite. Bhí gearradh mór faoi bhonn a chích' deas [deise]. Tharraing sí amach buideull beag iocshláinte, agus chneasaigh sí é. Chuaidh sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal roimhe.

"Tá m'inghean gnóthuighthe agad anocht."

"Ní buidheach díot-sa atá mise a bhodaigh."

Ghabh sé asteach ann a rúma féin, agus fuair sé a bhean astigh ann roimhe.

CAOINEAD NA TRI MUIRE.

[From Douglas Hyde's "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

RACAMAIOIB CUM AN TRILEIB
 SO MOÉ AR MAIOIN AMÁRAIC;
 (OCÓN AΣYR OC ÓN Ó.)

"Δ ΠΕΑΥΑΙΡ ΝΑ Ν-ΑΒΡΕΑΙ
 ΑΝ ΘΡΑΚΑΙΟ ΤΙ ΜΟ ΣΥΔΩ ΣΕΑΙ ?"
 (OCÓN AΣYR OC ÓN Ó.)

"ΜΑΙΡΕΑΘ ! Α ΜΑΙΣΘΕΑΝ,
 CONNAIRIC MÉ AR BALL É,
 (OCÓN AΣYR OC ÓN Ó.)
 AΣYR ΘΙ ΡΕ ΣΑΘΕΑ ΣΟ ΡΗΥΑΙΘ
 Ι ΛΑΙ Α ΝΑΜΑΘ,
 (OCÓN AΣYR OC ÓN Ó.)

"ΘΙ ΛΥΘΑΡ 'ΝΑ ΔΙΕ
 AΣYR ΡΥΣ ΡΕ ΣΠΕΙΜ ΛΑΙΜ' ΑΙΡ,"
 (OCÓN AΣYR OC ÓN Ó.)

"ΜΑΙΡΕΑΘ Α ΛΥΘΑΙΡ ΘΡΑΥΑΙΣ
 ΣΠΕΥΘ ΘΟ ΡΙΝΝΕ ΜΟ ΣΥΔΩ ΟΥΤ ?"
 (OCÓN AΣYR OC ÓN Ó.)

Literally: We shall go to the mountains early in the morning to-morrow, ochone and ochone, O! Peter of the apostles, did you see my white Love. Ochone and ochone, O!

Musha, O Mother, I did see him just now, ochone and ochone, O! And he was caught firmly in the midst of his enemies, ochone and ochone, O!

Judas was near him, and he took a hold of his hand, ochone, etc. "Musha, O vile Judas, what did my love do to you, ochone," etc.

He never did anything to child or infant, ochone, etc. And he put anger on his mother never, ochone, etc.

He pulled out the sword and smote the great giant, and cut off his head. He was wounded himself; he had a great cut above his right breast; she drew out a little bottle of balsam and cured him.

He went into the house then and the uncle said to him, "You have gained my daughter this evening."

"I am not at all grateful to you for it, you churl."

He went into his room and there found his wife before him.

THE KEENING OF THE THREE MARYS.

A Traditional Folk Ballad.

Taken down from O'Kearney, a schoolmaster near Belmullet, Co. Mayo.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

Let us go to the mountain
All early on the morrow.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Hast thou seen my bright darling,
O Peter, good apostle?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)*

"Aye! truly, O Mother,
Have I seen him lately,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Caught by his foemen,
They had bound him straitly."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Judas, as in friendship
Shook hands, to disarm him."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

O Judas! vile Judas!
My love did never harm him,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

* This is nearly in the curious wild metre of the original. "A agus," = "and," is pronounced "ogus." In another version of this piece, which I heard from my friend Michael MacRuaidhrigh, the *cur-fá* ran most curiously. *dech dech agus dech dech dech*, after the first two lines, and *dech dech, agus, dech dech* after the next two. Thus:—

Leatáob annar i n-úto a mátar é
(Oé, Oé, agus Oé úc áin)

Sadaro a leic. a dá mhíne agus caoinigíob.
(Oé Oé, agus Oé de ó.)

" Ní dea nairé ré ariam
 Dáda ar leanó ná páirté,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)
 Ašur níor cuir ré fearš
 Ariam ar a máthair,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

Nuair fuair na deamain amac
 Šo mbuó i féin a máthair,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)
 Šogadair fuar
 Ar a nšualitib šo h-áir i,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

Ašur buaiceadair ríor
 Ar élocair na ríairé i
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 Cuair rí i laige
 Ašur bí a šlúna šedairé
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

" Bualit mé féin
 Ašur ná bain le mo máthair."
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 " Bualitimid tu féin.
 Á' r marbócamaoio do máthair,"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

Štróiceadair an bpaig leó
 An lá rin ó n-a láthair,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 Áct do lean an maigdean
 Iao ann ran bpaig
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

" Cía an bean i rin
 'Nár n'iaig ann ran bpaig ?"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 " Šo veimín má tá bean ar bit ann
 'Sí mo máthair,"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

They tore with them the captive, that day from her presence, ochone, etc. But the Virgin followed them, into the wilderness, ochone, etc.

What woman is that after us in the wilderness, ochone, etc. Indeed, if there is any woman in it, it is my mother, ochone, etc.

No child has he injured,
Not the babe in the cradle,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
Nor angered his mother
Since his birth in the stable.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons discovered
That she was his mother,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
They raised her on their shoulders,
The one with the other ;
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

And they cast her down fiercely
On the stones all forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
And she lay and she fainted
With her knees cut and torn.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

"For myself, ye may beat me,
But, oh, touch not my mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
"Yourself—we shall beat you,
But we'll slaughter your mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

They dragged him off captive,
And they left her tears flowing,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
But the Virgin pursued them,
Through the wilderness going.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

"Oh, who is yon woman ?
Through the waste comes another."
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
"If there comes any woman
It is surely my mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons found out that she herself was his mother, ochone, etc., they lifted her up upon their shoulders on high, ochone, etc.

And they smote her down upon the stones of the street, ochone, etc. She went into a faint, and her knees were cut, ochone, etc.

Beat myself, but do not touch my mother, ochone, etc. We shall beat yourself, and we shall kill your mother, ochone, etc.

"A Eóin, feuc, fásaim ort
Cúram mo máthair,
(Oc ón ašur oc ón ó !)
Congbais uaim i
So scriptionócaro mé an páir reo,"
(Ocón ašur oc ón ó !)

Nuair eualair an mairdean
An ceileadhar cúlúte;
(Ocón ašur oc ón ó !)
Tug sí léim tar an nšárua
Ašur léim* so crann na páire
(Ocón ašur oc ón ó !)

Cia h-é an fear breáš rin
Ar crann na páire
(Ocón ašur oc ón ó !)
An é nac n-aicnigeann tu
Do mac a máthair ?
(Ocón ašur oc ón ó !)

An é rin mo leand
A v'iomcar mé trí ráite;
(Ocón ašur oc ón ó !)
No an é rin an leand
Do h-oilead i n-uic mairne ?
(Ocón ašur oc ón ó !)

* * * * *

Caiteadur anuar é
Na rpolaid seárrta
(Ocón ašur oc ón ó !)

"Sin eugaid anoir é
Ašur caoinigir dui ráit ari,"
(Ocón, ašur oc ón ó !)

Slaoó ar na trí muire
So scaoinfimid ar nšrud seol
(Ocón, ašur oc ón ó !)

Tá do cur mnd-caointe
Le breit fór a máthair
(Ocón, ašur oc ón ó !)

Is that my child that I carried for three-quarters of a year, ochone, etc. Or is that the child that was reared in the bosom of Mary, ochone, etc.

O Owen (i.e., John) see, I leave to thee the care of my mother, ochone, etc. Keep her from me until I finish this passion, ochone, etc.

When the Virgin heard the sorrowful notes, ochone, etc. She gave a leap past the guard, and the second leap to the tree of the passion, ochone, etc.

"O John, care her, keep her,
Who comes in this fashion,"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

But oh, hold her from me
Till I finish this passion."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

When the Virgin had heard him
And his sorrowful saying,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

She sprang past his keepers
To the tree of his slaying.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"What fine man hangs there
In the dust and the smother?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"And do you not know him?
He is your son, O Mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Oh, is that the child whom
I bore in this bosom,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Or is that the child who
Was Mary's fresh blossom?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

They cast him down from them,
A mass of limbs bleeding.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"There now he is for you,
Now go and be keening."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Go call the three Marys
Till we keene him forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

O mother, thy keeners
Are yet to be born,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Who is that fine man on the tree of the passion, ochone, etc. Is it that you do not recognise your son. O mother, ochone, etc.

They threw him down [a mass of] cut limbs, ochone, etc. There he is for you now, and keene your enough over him, ochone, etc.

Call the three Marys until we keene our bright love, ochone, etc. Thy share of woman-keeners are yet to be born, ochone, etc.

Thou shalt be with me yet in the garden of Paradise, ochone, etc. Until thou be a . . . (P) woman in the bright city of the graces, ochone, and ochone, etc.

Béir tu liom-ra
 So fóil i ngsáiríoin pántaí;
 (Océon agus oc ón ó !)
 So raib tu do bean iomrád (?)
 I gcátaí gíl na ngsára
 (Océon agus oc ón ó !)

 TOBAR MUIRE:

A b'fao ó foin do bí tobar beannaighe i mBaile an tobair,* i gconradé Mhuig Eó. Bí mainirtir ann ran áit a b'fuit an tobar anoir, agus ír ar loigs altóra na mainirtre do b'fir an tobar amac. Bí an mainirtir ar t-aoid énuic, áit nuair táinig Críomail agus a cuio r'ghioradóir cum na tíre reó, leasatbar an mainirtir, agus níor fásgatbar cloc of cionn cloiche de'n altóir náir cáit-eatbar ríor.

Buaidáin ó'n lá do leasatbar an altóir, 'ré rin lá féil Mhuire 'ran earrac, 'reab b'fir an tobar amac ar loigs na h-altóra, agus ír iongantac an ruo le ráb nac raib b'raon uirge ann ran r'ruet do bí ag bun an énuic ó'n lá do b'fir an tobar amac.

Bí brádaí boct ag dul na r'lige an lá ceuona, agus cuair ré ar a bealac le raibir do ráb ar loigs na h-altóra beannaighe, agus bí iongantac mór air nuair connaic re tobar b'eads ann a h-áit. Cuair ré ar a glúnaib agus t'páig ré ag ráb a páirre nuair eualair ré guct ag ráb, "cuir díot do b'róga, tá tu ar talam beannaighe, tá tu ar b'ruac Tobar Mhuire, agus tá léigear na mílte caoc ann. Béir duine léigearca le uirge an tobair rin anasair gac uile duine o'éirt airíonn i látaí na h-altóra do bí ann ran áit ann a b'fuit an tobar anoir, má bíonn r'ruo cumta trí h-uair ann, i h-ainm an átaí an m'hic agus an Spioraid Naoimh."

Nuair bí a páirreaca ráibte ag an mbrádaí o'feuc ré ruar

* This is not the Roscommon Ballintubber, celebrated for the ancient castle of the O'Conors, which is called in Irish "Baile-an-tobair Uí Chonchubhair," or "O'Conor's Ballintubber," but a place near the middle of the County Mayo, celebrated for its splendid abbey, founded by one of the Mac a' Mhílidhs, a name taken by the Stauntons [Mac-a-Veely, i.e., "son of the warrior," now pronounced so that no remains of any vulgar Irish sound may cling to it, as "Mac Evilly"]. The prophecy is current in Mayo that when the abbey is re-roofed Ireland shall be free. My

Thyself shall come with me
Into Paradise garden.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

To a fair place in heaven
At the side of thy darling.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

MARY'S WELL.

A Religious Folk Tale.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

[Taken down from Próinsias O'Conchubhair.]

Long ago there was a blessed well in Ballintubber (*i.e.*, town of the well),* in the County Mayo. There was once a monastery in the place where the well is now, and it was on the spot where stood the altar of the monastery that the well broke out. The monastery was on the side of a hill, but when Cromwell and his band of destroyers came to this county, they overthrew the monastery, and never left stone on top of stone in the altar that they did not throw down.

A year from the day that they threw down the altar—that was Lady Day in spring—the well broke out on the site of the altar, and it is a wonderful thing to say, but there was not one drop of water in the stream that was at the foot of the hill from the day that the well broke out.

There was a poor friar going the road the same day, and he went out of his way to say a prayer upon the site of the blessed altar, and there was great wonder on him when he saw a fine well in its place. He fell on his knees and began to say his paternoster, when he heard a voice saying: "Put off your brogues, you are upon blessed ground, you are on the brink of Mary's Well, and there is the curing of thousands of blind in it; there shall be a person cured by the water of that well for every person who heard Mass in front of the altar that was in the place where the well is now, if they be dipped three times in it, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

When the friar had his prayers said, he looked up and

friend, Colonel Maurice Moore, told me that when he was a young boy he often wondered why the people did not roof the abbey and so free Ireland without any more trouble. The tomb of the notorious Shaun-na-Sagart, the priest hunter, which is not far from it, is still pointed out by the people. It is probably he who is the "spy" in this story, though his name is not mentioned.

ásur connairc colum móir gléiseal ar éirinn éirídar i ngar úd: Duó h-í an colum do bí ág caint. Bí an bhrádaí gléirca i n-euadagib-bhéise, mar bí luac ar a ceann, com móir ásur do bí ar ceann maora-alla.

Ar éaoi ar bíc t'fudagair ré an rgeul do daoimib an baile bíg, ásur níor bfaod go nbeacair ré tñio an tír. Duó doct an áit í, ásur ní raib áct doctáin ág na daoimib, ásur iao líonta le beacac. Ar an ádhar rin bí cur maic de daoimib caoca ann. le claptolar, lá ar na márac, bí or cionn dá fícto daoine ann. ág tobar Mhuire, ásur ní raib fear ná bean aca nac tóaimis ar air le raóarc maic.

Cuair clú tobar Mhuire tñio an tír, ásur níor bfaod go raib oitireacá ó gac uile conuac ág teact go Tobar Mhuire, ásur ní beacair don neac aca ar air gan beic léigearca; ásur faoi ceann tamail do bíbeac daoine ar tíoracáib eile féin, ág teact go tñi Tobar Mhuire.

Bí fear mi-éireomeac 'na cóinnuibe i ngar do Baile-an-tobar: Duine uaral do bí ann, ásur níor éireo ré i léigear an tobar beannaisce. Dubairc re nac raib ann áct pírcneóga, ásur le masac do beunam ar na daoimib tug ré arall uall do bí aige cum an tobar ásur cum a ceann faoi an uirge. Fuair an t-arall raóarc, áct tugac an masacóir a-baile com uall le bun do bñóise.

Faoi ceann bliadna tuic ré amac go raib rasarc ág obair mar gárbacóir ág an duine-uaral do bí uall. Bí an rasarc gléirca mar fear-oibre, ásur ní raib fíor ág duine ar bíc go mbuó rasarc do bí ann. Don lá amáin bí an duine uaral bñeóirce ásur t'iarí ré ar a fearbrosanta é do tabairc amac 'ran ngarída. Nuair táimis ré cum na h-áite a raib an rasarc ág obair, fuir ré fíor. "Nac móir an truas é," ar reirean, "nac tñis liom mo gárbac bñeag t'feiceal!"

Glac an gárbacóir truas úd ásur dubairc, "Cá fíor ágam cá bñuic fear do léigreóac tu, áct cá luac ar a ceann mar gail ar a éireomam."

"Beim-re m'focal nac nbeunair mife rñeacóirac ád ar ásur íocair mé go maic é ar pon a tíorblióie," ar ran duine uaral:

"Áct b'éiríor ná maic leac uil tñio an tñise-ríanaisce acá aige," ar ran gárbacóir:

"Ír cuma liom cia an tñise acá aige má tugann ré mo raóarc dam," ar ran duine uaral:

Anoir, bí tñoc-clú ar an duine-uaral, mar bñuic ré a lán de

saw a large white dove upon a fir tree near him. It was the dove who was speaking. The friar was dressed in false clothes, because there was a price on his head, as great as on the head of a wild-dog.

At any rate he proclaimed the story to the people of the little village, and it was not long till it went out through the country. It was a poor place, and the people in it had nothing [to live in] but huts, and these filled with smoke. On that account there were a great many weak-eyed people amongst them. With the dawn, on the next day, there were about forty people at Mary's Well, and there was never man nor woman of them but came back with good sight.

The fame of Mary's Well went through the country, and it was not long till there were pilgrims from every county coming to it, and nobody went back without being cured; and at the end of a little time even people from other countries used to be coming to it.

There was an unbeliever living near Mary's Well. It was a gentleman he was, and he did not believe in the cure. He said there was nothing in it but pishtrogues (charms), and to make a mock of the people he brought a blind ass, that he had, to the well, and he dipped its head under the water. The ass got its sight, but the scoffer was brought home as blind as the sole of your shoe.

At the end of a year it so happened that there was a priest working as a gardener with the gentleman who was blind. The priest was dressed like a workman, and nobody at all knew that it was a priest who was in it. One day the gentleman was sickly, and he asked his servant to take him out into the garden. When he came to the place where the priest was working he sat down. "Isn't it a great pity," says he, "that I cannot see my fine garden?"

The gardener took compassion on him, and said, "I know where there is a man who would cure you, but there is a price on his head on account of his religion."

"I give my word that I'll do no spying on him, and I'll pay him well for his trouble," said the gentleman.

"But perhaps you would not like to go through the mode-of-curing that he has," says the gardener.

"I don't care what mode he has, if he gives me my sight," said the gentleman.

Now, the gentleman had an evil character, because he

fasaiteaib roimhe rin; Bingsam an t-ainm do bí ari. Ar éadai ar bit glac an fasaite meirneac agus tuidairt, “Díod do cóirte réid ar maidin amárac, agus tiomáiníod mife tu go dtí aic do léigir, ní tís le cóirteóir ná le don duine eile beic i láthair ac mife, agus ná h-innir d’aon duine ar bit cá d’fuit tu as dul, no rior cao é do gnaite (gnó).”

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, bí cóirte Bingsam réid, agus cuair ré féin artea, leir an ngarbaidóir d’a tiomáint. “Fan, tura, ann fan mbailé an t-am ro,” ar ré leir an s-cóirteóir, “agus tiomáiníod an garbaidóir mé.” Bí an cóirteóir ‘na díteamnac, agus bí éadai ari, agus glac ré rún go mbeirtead ré as faire na cóirte, le fásail amac cia an aic ruid ríad le dul. Bí a gleur beannaighe as an fasaite, caob-arciú de’n eudac eile. Nuair cángadai go Tobar Mhuire tuidairt an fasaite leir, “Ír fasaite mife, tá mé dul le do ruidaric d’fásail duit ‘ran aic ar éail tu é.” Ann rin cum ré tui uaire ann fan tobar é, i n-ainm an ádai an mhe agus an Spioraid Naoimh, agus éadai a ruidaric cuise com maic agus bí ré ariam.

“Deurfaid mé ceo púnt duit,” ar ra Bingsam, “com luat agus ruidaric mé a-baile.”

Bí an cóirteóir as faire, agus com luat agus connairic ré an fasaite ann a gleur beannaighe, cuair ré go luat an oile agus d’raic ré an fasaite. Do gabad agus do éocad é san bheiteamh san bheiteamhar. D’feurad an fear do bí tui éir a ruidaric d’fásail ar ari, an fasaite do fadad, ac níor labair ré focal ar a fon.

Timcioll miora ‘na díais réid, éadai fasaite eile go Bingsam agus é gleurca mar garbaidóir, agus d’iair ré obair ar Bingsam agus fuair uair i. Ac ní ruid ré a d’rad ann a feirbír go dtárla éocad do Bingsam. Cuair ré amac don lá amáin as ruidal tui na páirceannair, agus do carad cailín maireac, ingean fír doic, ari, agus rinne ré marlúad uiri, agus d’fás leat-marb i. Bí tui d’earbáir as an scailín, agus tuidaric mionna go marbócad ríad é com luat agus feobairt gneim ari. Ní ruid a d’rad le fanamaint aca. Gabadar é ran aic ceona ar marlaig ré an cailín, agus éocadar é ar éann, agus d’fásadar ann rin é ‘na éocad.

Ar maidin, an lá ar na márac, bí millúiníod de míoltógaib cruinnighe, mar éoc mór, timcioll an éann, agus níor feo duine ar bit dul anáice leir, mar geall ar an mbolad brian do bí timcioll na h-áite, agus duine ar bit do ruidad anáice leir, do dailfad na míoltóga é.

betrayed a number of priests before that. Bingham was the name that was on him. However, the priest took courage, and said, "Let your coach be ready on to-morrow morning, and I will drive you to the place of the cure; neither coachman nor anyone else may be present but myself, and do not tell to anyone at all where you are going, or give anyone a knowledge of what is your business."

On the morning of the next day Bingham's coach was ready, and he himself got into it, with the gardener driving him. "Do you remain at home this time," says he to the coachman, "and the gardener will drive me." The coachman was a villain, and there was jealousy on him. He conceived the idea of watching the coach to see what way they were to go. His blessed vestments were on the priest, inside of his other clothes. When they came to Mary's Well the priest said to him, "I am going to get back your sight for you in the place where you lost it." Then he dipped him three times in the well, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and his sight came to him as well as ever it was.

"I'll give you a hundred pounds," said Bingham, "as soon as I go home."

The coachman was watching, and as soon as he saw the priest in his blessed vestments, he went to the people of the law, and betrayed the priest. He was taken and hanged, without judge, without judgment. The man who was after getting back his sight could have saved the priest, but he did not speak a word in his behalf.

About a month after this, another priest came to Bingham, and he dressed like a gardener, and he asked work of Bingham, and got it from him; but he was not long in his service until an evil thing happened to Bingham. He went out one day walking through his fields, and there met him a good-looking girl, the daughter of a poor man, and he assaulted her, and left her half dead. The girl had three brothers, and they took an oath that they would kill him as soon as they could get hold of him. They had not long to wait. They caught him in the same place where he assaulted the girl, and hanged him on a tree, and left him there hanging.

On the morning of the next day millions of flies were gathered like a great hill round about the tree, and nobody could go near it on account of the foul smell that was round the place, and, anyone who would go near it, the midges would blind him.

“Cairis bean agus mac Dingsam ceo púnt o’don duine do déarfad an corp amac. Rinne cuio maic daoine iarraid ari rin do deunam, aet níor feudadar. Fuair ríad púdar le cratao ar na míoltógaib, agus geusa crann le na mbualao, aet níor feudadar a rparao, ná dul com ríad leir an gcrann. Bí an bheuntar an éiríge níor meara, agus bí eadla ar na cómarpannaib go tciubrad na míoltóga agus an corp bheun pláig orra.

Bí an dara ragaric ‘na gáiríadóir as Dingsam ‘ran am ro, aet ní raib fíor as luét an tige gur ragaric do ní ann, óir da mbeirí-eao fíor as luét an tige no as na rpiúeadóirí, do geobad ríad agus do érocfad ríad é. Cuair na Catoilcig go bean Dingsam agus tuidaradar léi go raib eolár aca ar duine do díbreócao na míoltóga. “Tadair eugam é,” ar ríre, “agus má’r féoir leir na míoltóga do díbiric ní h-é an duair rin geobar re aet a reatc n-oiríeao:

“Aet,” ar ríad-ran, “dā mbeir’ fíor as luét-an-tige agus dā ngeadadair é, do érocfadair é, mar érocfad an fear do fuair ríadair a fúl ar air do.” “Aet,” ar ríre, “nac bfeutrad ré na míoltóga do díbiric gan fíor as luét-an-tige?”

“Ní’l fíor agaimn,” ar ríad-ran, “go nglacfamaoio cómairle leir.”

An oiríe rin glacadar cómairle leir an ragaric, agus o’innir ríad do cao tuidairic bean Dingsam.

“Ní’l agam aet beata raogalta le cailleamaint,” ar ran ragaric, “agus déarfad mé i ar ron na n’daoine doct, óir beirí pláig ann ran tír muna geuiríad mé díbiric ar na míoltógaib. Ar maidin amárac, beirí iarraid agam i n-ainm Dé iad do díbiric, agus cá muinígin agam agus doctar i n’Oia go rábálfad ré mé ó mo cuio námao. Téir cuig-an bean-uairil anoir, agus abair léi go mbéirí mé i ngar do’n crann le h-éiríge na gneine ar maidin amárac, agus abair léi fíor do beirí réir aici leir an gcorp do cup ‘ran uais.”

Cuair ríad cum na mná-uairle, agus o’innir ríad bí an méao tuidairic an ragaric.

“Mā éirígeann leir,” ar ríre, “beirí an duair réir agam do, agus oríodcao mé móirí-feiríear fear do beirí i ládar.”

Cait an ragaric an oiríe rin i n-urraistí, agus leat-uairí roim éiríge na gneine cuair ré cum na h-áite a raib a gleur beann-áiste i bfolac. Cuir ré rin air, agus le cnoirí ann a leat-láim agus le uirge coiríeagta ann ran láim eile, cuair ré cum na h-áite a raib na míoltóga. Toraig ré ann rin as léigead ar a leabar agus as cratao uirge coiríeagta ar na míoltógaib, i n-

Bingham's wife and son offered a hundred pounds to anyone who would bring out the body. A good many people made an effort to do that, but they were not able. They got dust to shake on the flies, and boughs of trees to beat them with, but they were not able to scatter them, nor to go as far as the tree. The foul smell was getting worse, and the neighbours were afraid that the flies and noisome corpse would bring a plague upon them.

The second priest was at this time a gardener with Bingham, but the people of the house did not know that it was a priest who was in it, for if the people of the law or the spies knew they would take and hang him. The Catholics went to Bingham's wife and told her that they knew a man who would banish the flies. "Bring him to me," said she, "and if he is able to banish the flies, that is not the reward he'll get, but seven times as much."

"But," said they, "if the people of the law knew, they would take him and hang him, as they hung the man who got back the sight of his eyes for him before." "But," said she, "could not he banish the flies without the knowledge of the people of the law?"

"We don't know," said they, "until we take counsel with him."

That night they took counsel with the priest and told him what Bingham's wife said.

"I have only an earthly life to lose," said the priest, "and I shall give it up for the sake of the poor people, for there will be a plague in the country unless I banish the flies. On to-morrow morning I shall make an attempt to banish them in the name of God, and I have hope and confidence in God that he will save me from my enemies. Go to the lady now, and tell her that I shall be near the tree at sunrise to-morrow morning, and tell her to have men ready to put the corpse in the grave."

They went to the lady and told her all the priest said.

"If it succeeds with him," said she, "I shall have the reward ready for him, and I shall order seven men to be present."

The priest spent that night in prayer, and half an hour before sunrise he went to the place where his blessed vestments were hidden: he put these on, and with a cross in one hand, and with holy water in the other, he went to the place where were the flies. He then began reading out of his book and

ainm an Aitir an Mic agus an Spioraid Naoimh. D'éirigh an enoc mioltóis, agus d'eitill ríad ruar 'ran aér, agus rinneadar an rpeir comh borbá leir an oirde. Ní raib fíor as na daoine cía an áit a nbeáodar, áit faoi ceann leat-uairé ní raib ceann díob le feiceáil (feicint).

Bí lútsáire mhór ar na daoine, áit níor bfuáda go bfuáodar an rpeir díob as teáit, agus glaoí ríad ar an rásair nít leir comh tapa a' r bí ann. Tug an rásair do na daoine agus lean an rpeiradóir é, agus rian ann gac láim aise. Nuair nár feut ré teáit ruar leir, áit ré an rian 'na díais. Nuair bí an rian as dul tair gualain an rásair, cuir ré a lám clé ruar, agus gab ré an rian, agus áit ré an rian ar air gan féadaint caob riar de. Duail rí an fear, agus cuair rí tair a éiríde, gur tuir ré marb, agus d'imtigh an rásair raor.

Fuair na rir corp úngam, agus cuineadar ann ran uais é, áit nuair cuadar corp an rpeiradóir do cuir, fuineadar na mílte de lútsáir mhóra timcioll air, agus ní raib gneim feóla ar a cnámáir nac raib itte aca. Ní corrócaí ríad de'n corp agus níor feut na daoine iad do ruasá, agus d'éirigh díob na cnámáir úfádbáil or cionn talman.

Cuir an rásair a gleur beannaighe i bpolac, agus do bí as obair 'ran ngará nuair cuir bean úngam fíor air, agus d'iar air an duair do glacaí ar rion na míoltóis do díbir, agus i do cábair do'n fear do díbir iad má bí eólar aise air.

"Tá eólar asam air, agus dubairt ré liom an duair do cábairt cuise anocht, mar tá rún aise an tair d'fádbáil rú má gcorócaí lúit an díse é."

"Seó dúit i," ar ríre, agus feadair rí rporán díob do.

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, d'imtigh an rásair go coir na rairise; fuair ré long do bí as dul cum na rraince, cuair ré ar borb, agus comh luat agus d'fás ré an cuair cuir ré air a eudais rásair, agus tug buideacáir do díá faoi n-a cábairt raor. Ní'l fíor asainn cao cárla do 'na díais rion.

Tair éir rion do díbeaí daoine daila agus caoá as tiseáit go Tobar Mhuirne, agus níor fill don duine aca ariam ar air gan a beir léisearta. Áit ní raib ruo maic ar díit ariam ann ran tair reo, nár míleat le duine éirigh, agus míleat an tobar, mar ro:

scattering holy-water on the flies, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The hill of flies rose, and flew up into the air, and made the heaven as dark as night. The people did not know where they went, but at the end of half an hour there was not one of them to be seen.

There was great joy on the people, but it was not long till they saw the spy coming, and they called to the priest to run away as quick as it was in him to run. The priest gave to the butts* (took to his heels), and the spy followed him, and a knife in each hand with him. When he was not able to come up with the priest he flung the knife after him. As the knife was flying out past the priest's shoulder he put up his left hand and caught it, and without ever looking behind him he flung it back. It struck the man and went through his heart, so that he fell dead and the priest went free.

The people got the body of Bingham and buried it in the grave, but when they went to bury the body of the spy they found thousands of rats round about it, and there was not a morsel of flesh on his bones that they had not eaten. The rats would not stir from the body, and the people were not able to hunt them away, so that they had to leave the bones overground.

The priest hid away his blessed vestments and was working in the garden when Bingham's wife sent for him, and told him to take the reward that was for banishing the flies, and to give it to the man who banished them, if he knew him.

"I do know him, and he told me to bring him the reward to-night, because he has the intention of leaving the country before the law-people hang him."

"Here it is for you," said she, and she handed him a purse of gold.

On the morning of the next day the priest went to the brink of the sea, and found a ship that was going to France. He went on board, and as soon as he had left the harbor he put his priest's clothes on him, and gave thanks to God for bringing him safe. We do not know what happened to him from that out.

After that, blind and sore-eyed people used to be coming to Mary's Well, and not a person of them ever returned without being cured. But there never yet was anything good in this country that was not spoilt by somebody, and the well was spoilt in this way.

*This is the absurd way the people of Connacht translate it when talking English. "Bonn" means both "sole" (of foot) and "butt."

Bí cailín i mBaile-an-tobair, agus bí sí ar tí beit póirta, nuair táinig sean-dean caoic chuici agus iarrthair uéirce i n-onóir do Uia agus do Mhuiré:

“Ní’l don ruo agus le tabairt do sean-caoirán caillice, tá mé bodairaisce ada,” ar fan cailín.

“Ná faid fáinne an póirta oir a-choirde go mbéid tu com caoic a’r tá mairé,” ar fan sean-dean.

Ar maidin, lá ar na mairé, bí síle an cailín ois nimead, agus ar maidin ’na uair sin bí sí beas-naic dail, agus udbairt na comairanna go mbuic óir bí uil go Tobar Mhuiré.

Ar maidin go moic, uéiricé sí, agus cuair sí cum an tobair, aic céuic uéiricéad sí ann aic an sean-dean u’iarr an uéiric uirri ’na ruirde agus buic an tobair, agus ciarad a cinn or cionn an tobair beannaisce.

“Leir-ruior oir, a cailleac síanna, an agus raicad Tobar Mhuiré adá tu?” ar fan cailín; “imicé leac no buirricé mé do muneul.”

“Ní’l don onóir ná mear agus ar Uia ná ar Mhuiré, uéiricé tu uéiricé do tabairt i n-onóir uóir, ar an dúbair sin ní cumairé tu tu féin ’fan tobair.”

Fuair an cailín síme ar an scaillic, agus feucaint i do rreac-aic ó’n tobair, aic leir an rreac-aic do bí eatorra do cuic an beiric arreac ’fan tobair agus bairéad iad:

O’n lá sin go uic an lá ro ní faid don léigear ann fan tobair:

* * * * *

There was a girl in Ballintubber and she was about to be married, when there came a half-blind old woman to her asking alms in the honor of God and Mary.

"I've nothing to give to an old blind-thing of a hag, it's bothered with them I am," said the girl.

"That the wedding ring may never go on you until you are as blind as I am," said the old woman.

Next day, in the morning, the young girl's eyes were sore, and the morning after that she was nearly blind, and the neighbours said to her that she ought to go to Mary's Well.

In the morning, early, she rose up and went to the well, but what should she see at it but the old woman who asked the alms of her, sitting on the brink, combing her head over the blessed well.

"Destruction on you, you nasty hag, is it dirtying Mary's Well you are?" said the girl; "get out of that or I'll break your neck."

"You have no honor nor regard for God or Mary, you refused to give alms in honor of them, and for that reason you shall not dip yourself in the well."

The girl caught a hold of the hag, trying to pull her from the well, and with the dragging that was between them, the two of them fell into the well and were drowned.

From that day to this there has been no cure in the well.

* * * * *

muire aḡus naom̃ ioseph̃

Naḡ naom̃ca do bi naom̃ iḡep
 ũuaḡ pḡr ré Muire m̃ac̃aḡ ?
 Naḡ é do fuaḡ an caḡaḡaḡ
 Do b' feaḡr 'ná an raḡḡal áḡe [áḡam] ?

Ũm̃aḡaḡ ré do'n ór buḡe
 aḡur do'n cḡom̃ do bi aḡ ũaḡi,
 aḡur b' feaḡr leiḡ beḡ aḡ tḡeḡraḡḡaḡ
 aḡur aḡ m̃naḡ an eḡlaḡ do m̃huire m̃ac̃aḡ

lá am̃aḡ ũ'á raḡḡ an cúpla
 aḡ raḡḡal ann ran nḡaḡraḡn,
 meaḡs na reḡraḡm̃ c̃uḡaḡca,
 ũlaḡ ũḡa, aḡur áḡraḡe.

Ũo cúḡ m̃huire ũaḡ ionnca
 aḡur cḡuḡ rí leḡ, i lácaḡ,
 O ḡoḡaḡ bḡeḡs na n-áḡall
 Ũhí ḡo c̃uḡaḡca ḡeaḡ ó'n áḡraḡ-ríḡ

Ann rḡn do laḡaḡ an m̃h̃aḡḡeḡan
 Ũe'n c̃om̃raḡḡ bi rann,
 "Ũaḡn ũam na reḡraḡ rḡn
 Tá aḡ r̃aḡ ar an ḡcḡann:

* Now ill-called "Caldwell" in English.

† *Literally*: Is it not holy that St. Joseph was when he married Mary Mother; is it not that he got the gift that was better than Adam's world? He refused the yellow gold and the crown that David had had, and he preferred to be guiding and showing the way to Mary Mother. One day that the couple were walking in the garden among the fragrant cherries, apple-blossoms and sloes, Mary conceived a desire for them, and fancied them at once, [enticed] by the fine scent of the apples that were fragrant and nice from the High King [i.e., God]. Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was feeble, "Pluck for me yon jewels which are growing on the tree. Pluck me enough of them, for I am weak and faint, and the works of the King of the graces are growing beneath my bosom." Then spake St. Joseph with utterance that was stout, "I shall not pluck thee the jewels, and I like not thy child. Call upon his father, it is he you may be stiff with." Then stirred Jesus blessedly beneath her bosom. Then spake Jesus holily, "Bend low in her presence, O tree." The tree bowed down to her in their

MARY AND ST. JOSEPH.

From Michael Rogers and Martin O'Calally,* in *Erris Co. Mayo.*—
DOUGLAS HYDE.

Holy was good St. Joseph
When marrying Mary Mother,
Surely his lot was happy,
Happy beyond all other.†

Refusing red gold laid down,
And the crown by David worn,
With Mary to be abiding
And guiding her steps forlorn.

One day that the twain were talking,
And walking through gardens early,
Where cherries were redly growing,
And blossoms were growing rarely,

Mary the fruit desired,
For faint and tired she panted,
At the scent on the breezes' wing
Of the fruit that the King had planted.

Then spake to Joseph the Virgin,
All weary and faint and low,
"O pull me yon smiling cherries
That fair on the tree do grow,

presence, without delay, and she got the desire of her inner-heart quite directly off the tree. Then spake St. Joseph, and cast himself upon the ground, "Go home, O Mary, and lie upon thy couch, until I go to Jerusalem doing penance for my sin." Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was blessed. "I shall not go home, and I shall not lie upon my couch, but you have forgiveness to find from the King of the graces for your sins."

Three months from that day, the blessed child was born, there came three kings making adoration before the child. Three months from that night the blessed child was born in their cold bleak stable between a bullock and an ass.

Then spake the Virgin softly and sensibly, "O Son of the King of the friends, in what way shalt thou be on the world?"

"I shall be on Thursday, and I sold to my enemy, and I shall be on Friday a sieve [full] of holes with the nails. My head shall be on the top of a spike, and the blood of my heart on the middle of the street, and a spear of venom going through my heart with contempt upon that day."

"Dain dam mo fáil aca
Oir tá me las fann,*
A' r cá oibreáca m'is na ngráca
As fáil faoi mo bhoim."

Ann rin do labair Naomh Ioseph
"De'n cómhád bí teann,
"Ní bairfid mé duit na reóda
A' r ní h-aill liom do éilinn"

"Glaob ár dtair ó do leinb
Ir air ir cóir duit beir teann"
Ann rin do cóiruis íora
Go beannaighe faoi na bhoim

Ann rin do labair íora
Go naomha faoi na bhoim
"Írcis go h-írcil
Ann a fíadhuire a éilinn"

"D'ámlaig an crann ríor bí
Ann a bfiadhuire gan máil;
Agus fuaire ní mian a choirde-rcis
Glain-víreac ó'n gcraimn"

Ann rin do labair Naomh Ioseph
Agus cáit é féin ar an talamh
"Gad a-baile a mháire
Agus luib ar do leabuir;
Go dtéir mé go h-Iaruralem
As deunam aicpige ann mo peacair."

Ann rin do labair an Mhaighean
"De'n cómhád bí beannaighe,
"Ní peacair mé a-baile
A' r ní luibfid mé ar mo leabuir;
Aéic tá maiteamhar le fáil as
Ó m'is na ngráca ann do peacair."

* * * * *

* "Ann a g-caill" bualait mac mc Ruairdís, aet bualait an Callaoileat
"las fann" tá me ann a g-caill = "Ceartuigheann uaim iat."

"For feeble I am and weary,
And my steps are but faint and slow,
And the works of the King of the graces
I feel within me grow."

Then out spake the good St. Joseph,
And stoutly indeed spake he,
"I shall not pluck thee one cherry.
Who art unfaithful to me.

"Let him come fetch you the cherries,
Who is dearer than I to thee."
Then Jesus hearing St. Joseph,
Thus spake to the stately tree,

"Bend low in her gracious presence,
Stoop down to herself, O tree,
That my mother herself may pluck thee,
And take thy burden from thee."

Then the great tree lowered her branches
At hearing the high command,
And she plucked the fruit that it offered,
Herself with her gentle hand.

Loud shouted the good St. Joseph,
He cast himself on the ground,
"Go home and forgive me, Mary,
To Jerusalem I am bound ;
I must go to the holy city,
And confess my sin profound."*

Then out spake the gentle Mary,
She spake with a gentle voice,
"I shall not go home, O Joseph,
But I bid thee at heart rejoice,
For the King of Heaven shall pardon
The sin that was not of choice."

* * * * *

* *These six-line verses are alien to the spirit of the Irish Language, and probably arise from the first half of the next quatrain being forgotten.*

Tá mí ó'n lá rin
 Rugaó an leand beannuighe,
 Thainis na tpi nige
 As deunam adraighe do'n leand.

Tá mí ó'n oróce rin
 Rugaó an leand beannuighe,
 Ann a rtabla fuar feannta
 Eirir dulán agus aral.

Ann rin do ladair an maighean
 So cián agus so céillíde,
 "A mic nís na scapao
 Cía 'n nór mbéir tu ar an t-raogal?"

"Béir mé Dia-roaoin
 Agus mé díolta as mo námaio;
 Agus béir me Dia h-aoine
 Mo éiríatar poll as na cáirrimí:

Béir mo ceann i mbáir ríce
 'S fuil mo éiríde i lár na ríáíde,
 'S an t-rléig nime dul tpe mo éiríde
 Le rívealac an lá rin.

Three months from that self-same morning,
The blessed child was born,
Three kings did journey to worship
That babe from the land of the morn.

Three months from that very evening,
He was born there in a manger,
With asses, and kine and bullocks,
In the strange, cold place of a stranger.

To her child said the Virgin softly,
Softly she spake and wisely,
"Dear Son of the King of Heaven,
Say what may in life betide Thee."

[THE BABE.]

"I shall be upon Thursday, Mother,
Betrayed and sold to the foeman,
And pierced like a sieve on Friday,
With nails by the Jew and Roman.

On the streets shall my heart's blood flow,
And my head on a spike be planted,
And a spear through my side shall go,
Till death at the last be granted.

Then thunders shall roar with lightnings,
And a storm over earth come sweeping,
The lights shall be quenched in the heavens
And the sun and the moon be weeping.
While angels shall stand around me,
With music and joy and gladness,
As I open the road to Heaven,
That was lost by the first man's madness."

* * * * *

Christ built that road into heaven,
In spite of the Death and Devil,
Let us when we leave the world
Be ready by it to travel.

Ni faib fíor a5 an Dail gur b'e ár Slánúigheóir do bí a5 caint
 leir, a5ur vóbairc ré leir: "Ni reannmóia a5c vóirce a5a mé
 'iannard, ip cinnce mé vó mberbeav fíor a5av go faib ór ná

SAINT PETER.

A Folk Story.

An old woman named Biddy Casey, from near Riverstown, in the Co. Sligo, told this story to O'Connor in Athlone, from whom I got it.—
DOUGLAS HYDE [in *Religious Songs of Connacht*.]

AT the time that Saint Peter and our Saviour were walking the country, many was the marvel that his Master showed him, and if it had been another person who was in it, and who had seen half as much, no doubt his confidence in his Master would have been stronger than that of Peter.

One day they were entering a town, and there was a musician sitting half drunk on the side of the road and he asking for alms. Our Saviour gave him a piece of money, going by of him. There came wonder on Peter at that, for he said to himself, "Many's the poor man in great want that my Master refused, but now He has given alms to this drunken musician; but perhaps," says he to himself, "perhaps He likes music."

Our Saviour knew what was in Peter's mind, but He did not speak a word about it.

On the next day they were journeying again and a poor friar (*sic*) met them, and he bowed down with age and almost naked. He asked our Saviour for alms, but He took no notice of him, and did not answer his request.

"There's another thing that's not right," said Peter in his own mind. He was afraid to speak to his Master about it, but he was losing his confidence in Him every day.

The same evening they were approaching another village when a blind man met them and he asking alms. Our Saviour talked with him and said, "What do you want?" "The price of a night's lodging, the price of something to eat, and as much as I shall want to-morrow; if you can give it to me you shall get great recompense, and recompense that is not to be found in this sorrowful world."

"Good is your talk," said the Lord, "but you are only seeking to deceive me? you are in no want of the price of a lodging or of anything to eat; you have gold and silver in your pocket; and you ought to give thanks to God for your having enough (to do you) till (next) day."

The blind man did not know that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, and he said to him, "It is not sermons,

airgíod agham go mbainfeá díom é, 'cúga' leat* anoir, ní ceap-
tuigeanann do cáint uaim."

"Go veimhin ir ví-céillíde an fear tu," ar fan Tigearna, "ní
béid ór ná airgíod agha i bfao," agus leir rin v'fás ré an vail.

Dhí peavaru as éirteact leir an gcómpaib, agus bí uáil aise a
innreacht do'n vail gur mbuó é ar Slánuigteóir do bí as cáint
leir, áct ní bfuair ré don fáill. Áct do bí fear eile as éirteact
nuair tudaire ar Slánuigteóir go raib ór agus airgíod as an
vail. Buó rghioraóir millteact do bí ann, áct do bí fíor aise
nár innir ar Slánuigteóir don bneus ariam. Chom luat agus bí
Seiréan agus Naoth Peavaru imtíste, cáintis an rghioraóir cum
an vail agus tudaire leir, "Tabair dam do cuio óir agus
airgíod, no cuirfead rígan tré do éiríde."

"Ní'l ór ná airgíod agham" ar fan vail, "dá mberdeat, ní
beróinn as iarrair véirce."

Áct leir rin do fuair an rghioraóir gheim air, do cuir faoi
é, agus do bain vé an méat do bí aise. Do gáir agus do rghreao
an vail com h-áir agus v'feut ré, agus cuairé ar Slánuig-
teóir agus Peavaru é.

"Tá eugóir v'á veunam ar an vail," arfa Peavaru.

"Fás go fealltac, agus imteócar ré an caoi ceuna, gan
cáint ar lá an breiteamhair," ar ar Slánuigteóir.

"Tuigim tu, ní'l don ruo i bfolac uait a Mháigirir," arfa
Peavaru.

An lá 'na díais rin do bideavaru as ríubal coir fárais, agus
cáintis leóman cíocrac amac. "Anoir a pheavair," ar ar
Slánuigteóir, "ir minic tudaire tu go scaillfeá do beata ar
mo fon, anoir ceirig agus tabair tu féin do'n leóman agus
imteócar mire raor."

Do rmuair Peavaru aise féin agus tudaire, "b'feair liom báir
ar bit eile v'fágail 'ná leigint do leóman m'ite; cámaoio cor-
luat agus cíis linn ríit uair, agus má feicim é as teact ruar
linn fanfair mé ar veireat, agus cíis leat-ra imteact raor."

"Díob mar rin," ar ar Slánuigteóir:

Do leig an leóman rghreao, agus ar go bpat leir 'na noiais,
agus níor bfaa go raib ré as breit oirra, agus i bfozar vóib.

"Fan riar a pheavair," ar an Slánuigteóir, áct leig Peavaru
air féin nac scuairé ré focal, agus v'imtíste ré amac ríom a
Mháigirir. D'iomparis an Tigearna ar a cúil agus tudaire ré
leir an leóman, "Ceirig ar air go vici an fárac," agus rinne
í é amhair.

* "Cúga leat" = "imtíste leat," "amac leat," no ruo ve'n tróir rin. D'éirí
gur "cuige leat" buó éirí do beic ann, 7 cúis an beathan!"

but alms, I am looking for. I am certain that if you did know that there was gold or silver about me, you would take it from me. Get off now; I don't want your talk.

"Indeed, you are a senseless man," said the Lord; "you will not have gold or silver long," and with that He left him.

Saint Peter was listening to the discourse, and he had a wish to tell the blind man that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, but he got no opportunity. But there was another man listening when our Saviour said that the blind man had gold and silver. It was a wicked robber who was in it; but he knew that our Saviour never told a lie. As soon as He and Saint Peter were gone, this robber came to the blind man, and said to him, "Give me your gold and silver, or I'll put a knife through your heart."

"I have no gold or silver," said the blind man; "if I had I wouldn't be looking for alms." But with that the robber caught hold of him, put him under him, and took from him all he had. The blind man shouted and screamed as loud as he was able, and our Saviour and Peter heard him.

"There's wrong being done to the blind man," said Peter.

"Get treacherously and it will go the same way," said our Saviour, "not to speak of the Day of Judgment."

"I understand you; there is nothing hid from you, Master," said Peter.

The day after that they were journeying by a desert, and a greedy lion came out. "Now, Peter," said our Saviour, "you often said that you would lose your life for Me; go now and give yourself to the lion, and I shall escape safe."

Peter thought to himself and said, "I would sooner meet any other death than let a lion eat me; we are swift-footed and we can run from him, and if I see him coming up with us I will remain behind, and you can escape safe."

"Let it be so," said our Saviour.

The lion gave a roar, and off and away with him after them, and it was not long till he was gaining on them, and close up to them.

"Remain behind, Peter," said our Saviour; but Peter let on that he never heard a word, and went running out before his Master. The Lord turned round and said to the lion, "Go back to the desert," and so he did.

Peter looked behind him, and when he saw the lion going back, he stood till our Saviour came up with him.

“O’feuc Peavdar taob-fiar ué; agus nuair connairc ré an leóman aš uul ar air do fear ré so uáinīs ar Slánuigtheadir ruar leir. “A Peavdar,” ar Sé, “o’fás tu mé i mbaogal, agus —ruo buó meara ’ná rin,—o’innir tu breuša.”

“Rinne mé rin,” ar Peavdar, “mar bí fíor ašam so bfuil cúmaect ašao or cionn šac nřo, ni h-é amáin ar leóman an fárdiš.”

“Coirš do deul, agus ná bí aš innreacť breuš, ni faib fíor ašao agus uá breicřed mé i mbaogal amárac do črejšřed mé arir, tá fíor ašam ar řmuaintiř do čroiře.”

“Níor řmuain mé aruam so nřearnair tu aon nřo nac faib ceairt,” ar-řa Peavdar.

“Sin breuš eile,” ar ar Slánuigtheadir. “Nac cuimhin leat an lá do tuš mé uéirć do’n fear-ceóil do bí leat ar meirše, bí ionšantar orť agus uđairť tu leat řein šuř iomđa uine boct do bí i n-earđuirđ mđoir u’éiriš mé, agus so uťuš mé uéirć do fear do bí ar meirše mar bí uúil ašam i šceól. An lá ’na uiaiš řin u’éiriš mé an řean-đrđćair, agus uđairť tu nac faib an nřo řin ceairť. An čračnđna ceuđna ir cuimhin leat čreuo čářla i uťaoiř an uáill. Mineóćairđ mé anoir uuit čao řáč řinnear mar řin: Rinne an fear-ceóil níor mó de řairť ’ná řinne řice đrđćar u’á řóřť ó řušař iao: Šhđbáil řé anam cailin ó řian-ćaiř irřinn. Đhi earđuirđ boinn ařšio uirřu agus bí ři aš uul peacao marđćac do uéunam le na řášail, acť coirřmirš an fear-ceóil i, tuš řé an bonn uí, čio šo faib earđuirđ uíge ař řein an t-am ceuđna: Mairřir leir an mđrđćair, ni faib aon earđuirđ ař-řean, čio šo břuair řé ainm đrđćar buó đall u’e’n uiađal é, agus řin é an řáč nac uťuš mé aon ařio ařio: Mairřir leir an uáill, do bí a Uđia ann a řóća, őir ir řior an řean-řocal, “an ařť a břuil do čirťe đéiř do čroiře léi.”

Seal řearř ’na uiaiš řin uđairť Peavdar, “A Mhđišřćir, tá eólar ašao ar na řmuaintiř ir uaišniše i ščroiře an uine, agus ó’n nđmřio řeo amac řéillim uuit annř šac nřo.”

Timćioill řeacťřaine ’na uiaiš-řin do điođar aš řiubal čre čnocaiř agus řléiřćiř, agus čailleaođar an đealac: Le tuřćim na h-oiřće čáinīs teinnťeacť agus coirřneacť agus řearřćain čřom: Đhi an oiřće čom uorća řin nář řeuđaođar corán čaořac u’řeiceđli: Thuř Peavdar anadžairđ čarřaiše agus loit řé a čor čom uona řin nář řeuđ řé coirćeim do řiubal:

Chonnairć ar Slánuigtheadir řolur đeas řaoi đun čnuic; agus uđairť Sé le Peavdar, “řan mar tá tu agus řacairđ mřře aš čóřuišeacť congnařm le u’iomćar.”

"Peter," said He, "you left me in danger, and, what was worse than that, you told lies."

"I did that," said Peter, "because I knew that you have power over everything, not alone over the lion of the wilderness."

"Silence your mouth, and do not be telling lies; you did *not* know, and if you were to see Me in danger to-morrow you would forsake Me again. I know the thoughts of your heart."

"I never thought that you did anything that was not right," said Peter.

"That is another lie," said our Saviour; "do you not remember the day that I gave alms to the musician who was half drunk, there was wonder on you, and you said to yourself that many's the poor man in great want whom I refused, and that I gave alms to a drunken man because I liked music. The day after that I refused the old friar, and you said that that was not right; and the same evening you remember what happened about the blind man. I will explain to you now why I acted like that. That musician did more good than twenty friars of his sort since ever they were born. He saved a girl's soul from the pain of hell. She wanted a piece of money and was going to commit a deadly sin to get it, but the musician prevented her, and gave her the piece of money, though he himself was in want of a drink at the same time. As for the friar, he was not in want at all; although he had the name of friar, he was a limb of the devil, and that was why I paid him no heed. As for the blind man, his God was in his pocket, for the old word is true, 'Where your store is, your heart will be with it.'"

A short time after that Peter said, "Master, you have a knowledge of the most lonesome thoughts in the heart of man, and from this moment out I submit to you in everything."

About a week after that they were traveling through hills and mountains, and they lost their way. With the fall of night there came lightning, thunder, and heavy rain. The night was so dark they could not see a sheep's path. Peter fell against a rock and hurt his foot so badly that he was not able to walk a step.

Our Saviour saw a little light under the foot of a hill, and He said to Peter, "Remain where you are, and I will go to seek help to carry you."

"There is no help to be found in this wild place," said Peter, "and don't leave me here in danger by myself."

"Be it so," said our Saviour, and with that He gave a whistle,

"Ní'l aon cónsnaím le fágáil ann ran áit fíadání reo," ar Peavóir, "ásur ná leis ann ro mé i mbaogal liom féin."

"Díod mar rin," ar ár Slánuigíteoir, ásur leir rin do leis ré fead, ásur táinig ceathrar fear, ásur cia bí 'na cairtín oírra áct an fear do rígníor an ball real noime rin. D'aicnig ré ar Slánuigíteoir ásur Peavóir, ásur tuidairt ré le n-a cúro fear Peavóir d'iomcáir go cúramac go dtí an áit-cóinnuise do bí aca amearg na gcnoc. "Chuir an beirt reo," ar ré, "ór ásur airtíocht ann mo dealac-ra real gearr ó foin."

D'iomcáir fíad Peavóir go dtí reomra faoi talam; bí tóine bheáig ann, ásur cuireadar an fear loitte i ngar bí, ásur tugadar deo do. Thuit ré ann a córlac ásur do rinne ár Slánuigíteoir loig na croipe le n-a méar, or cionn na loite, ásur nuair d'uirig ré d'feud ré fíubal com maic ásur d'feud ré nam. Bhí iongantair air, nuair d'uirig ré, ásur d'fíarfíuig ré creud do bain do. D'innir ár Slánuigíteoir do gac nro mar tárla.

"Shaoil mé," ar ra Peavóir, "go raib mé mar ásur go raib mé fuar as dorur flaitir, áct níor feud mé dul ardeac mar bí an dorur oruioce, ásur ní raib doiríreoir le fágáil."

"Airling do bí asao" ar ár Slánuigíteoir, "áct ír fíor í; tá an flaitear oruioce ásur ní'l ré le beic forgailte go b'fág' mire bár ar fon peacair an cine daonna, do cuir fearg ar m'acair. Ní bár coitcionnta áct bár náireac geobar mé, áct éireócair mé airí go glóimhar ásur foirgeólaíó mé an flaitear do bí oruioce, ásur beiró tuíra do doiríreoir!"

"Óra, a Mháistiríon," ar ra Peavóir, "ní féidir go bfuigtea bár náireac, nac leisfeá dam-ra bár fágáil ar do fon-ra, tá mé beiró ásur coitceannac."

"Saoileann tu rin," ar ár Slánuigíteoir;

Thainig an t-am a raib ár Slánuigíteoir le bár fágáil: An trácnóna noime rin bí ré féin ásur an dá abrtal deus as reire; nuair tuidairt ré, "tá fear asao as dul mo bpat." Bhí trioblóid móir oírra ásur tuidairt gac aon aca "an mire é?" Áct tuidairt Seirean, "an té cumar le n-a láim ann ran méir liom, ír é rin an fear bpatfear mé."

Tuidairt Peavóir ann rin, "dá mbeirdear an doimán iomlán i d'asao," ar reirean, "ní beiró mire i d'asao," áct tuidairt ár Slánuigíteoir leir, "fúl má góireann an Coileac anocht ceilfíó (feunfíó) tu mé trí h-uair."

"Do geobainn bár fúl má ceilfínn tu," ar ra Peavóir, "go beirínn ní ceilfead tu."

and there came four men; and who was captain of them but the person who robbed the blind man a while before that! He recognised our Saviour and Peter, and told his men to carry Peter carefully to the dwelling-place they had among the hills; "these two put gold and silver in my way a short time ago," said he.

They carried Peter into a chamber under the ground. There was a fine fire in it, and they put the wounded man near it, and gave him a drink. He fell asleep, and our Saviour made the sign of the cross with his finger above the wound, and when he awoke he was able to walk as well as ever. There was wonder on him when he awoke, and he asked "what happened to him." Our Saviour told him each thing, and how it occurred.

"I thought," said Peter, "that I was dead, and that I was up at the gate of heaven; but I could not get in, for the door was shut, and there was no doorkeeper to be found."

"It was a vision you had," said our Saviour, "but it is true. Heaven is shut, and is not to be opened until I die for the sin of the human race, who put anger on My Father. It is not a common, but a shameful, death I shall get; but I shall rise again gloriously, and open the heaven that was shut, and you shall be doorkeeper."

"Ora! Master," said Peter, "it cannot be that you would get a shameful death; would you not allow me to die for you; I am ready and willing."

"You think that," said our Saviour.

The time came when our Saviour was to get death. The evening before that He himself and His twelve disciples were at supper, when He said, "There is a man of you going to betray me." There was great trouble on them, and each of them said, "Am I he?" But He said, "He who dips with his hand in the dish with Me, he is the man who shall betray Me."

Peter then said, "If the whole world were against you, 'I will not be against you.' But our Saviour said to him, 'Before the cock crows to-night you will reneague (deny) Me three times.'"

"I would die before I would reneague you," said Peter; "indeed I shall not reneague you."

When death-judgment was passed upon our Saviour, His enemies were beating Him and spitting on Him. Peter was

Nuair tugadh breiteamhnar bair ar ár Slánuigteoir, bí a cúro námhao u'á bualaod agus as cataod rnuigairle air. Bhí Peadar amuis ann ran gcúirt, nuair táinig cailín-aimeirce cúige agus dubhairt leir “bí tuar le hÍora.” “Ní'l fíor aham,” ar fá Peadar, “cao é tá tu ráo.”

Nuair bí fé as uul amac an seata, ann rin, dubhairt cailín eile, “rin fear uo bí le hÍora,” áct tug reiréan a mionna nac raib eólar ar bit aige air. Ann rin dubhairt cúro de na daoineib uo bí as éirteáct, “ní'l amhar ar bit nac raib tu leir, aicnigimio ar uo áaint é.” Thuş fé na mionnaib móra ann rin, náir leir é, agus ar bail uo glaoó an coileac, agus cuimnis fé ann rin ar na foclaib dubhairt ár Slánuigteoir, agus uo fil fé na deóra aicnige, agus fuair fe maiteamhnar ó'n cé uo ceil fé. Tá eórpaca flaitir aige anoir, agus má fileann rinne na deóra aicnige faoi n-ár loctaid mar uo fil reiréan iao, seobamaois maiteamhnar mar fuair reiréan é, agus cuirpib fé ceuó míle fáilte rómhainn; nuair macar rinne so uorur flaitir.

outside in the court, when there came a servant-girl to him and said to him, "You were with Jesus." "I don't know," says Peter, "what you are saying."

Then when he was going out the gate another girl said, "There's the man who was with Jesus," but he took his oath that he had no knowledge at all of Him. Then some of the people who were listening said, "There is no doubt at all but you were with Him; we know it by your talk." He took the great oaths then that he was not with Him. And on the spot the cock crew, and then he remembered the words our Saviour said, and he wept the tears of repentance, and he found forgiveness from Him whom he denied. He has the keys of heaven now, and if we shed the tears of repentance for our faults, as he shed them, we shall find forgiveness as he found it, and he will welcome us with a hundred thousand welcomes when we go to the door of heaven.

MAR ÉÁINIS AN T-SAINTE ANNSAN EAGLAIS.*

Uthi ar Slánuigíteoir agus Naomh Peavair as rparirveóráct cracnóna, agus do carad rean-feair orra: Uthi an tuine boct rin go dona, ni raib ari aet ceirceada agus rean-cóca rcróicte, agus san riú na mbóis faoi n-a córaib. 'O'iarri ré véiric ar ar oTigearna agus ar Naomh Peavair. Uthi cruais as Peavair do an donán boct agus faoil ré go vciábrad an Tigearna ruo éigin do. Aet níor cuir an Tigearna don cruim ann, aet o'imcís re táirir san pheasairc tadbairc do. Uthi iongantar ar pheavair faoi rin, óir faoil ré go vciábrad an Tigearna do sac ainveir-eóir a raib ocrair air, aet bí faicéoir air don níó do riú.

An lá ar na marac bí an Tigearna agus Peavair as rparir-veóráct arir ar an mbótar ceutna, agus cia o'feicfead riú as teact 'na scoinne ann ran scearic-aic ann a raib an rean-feair boct an lá noime rin aet riobáilíde agus cloirdeam nócta aise ann a láim. Tháinis ré eua agus o'iarri ré airisio orra. Thuas an Tigearna an t-airisio do san focal do riú, agus o'imcís an riobáilíde. Uthi iongantar vúbalta ar pheavair ann rin, óir faoil ré go raib an iomarcuio meirnis as ar oTigearna airisio do tadbairc do gáruio ar faicéoir: Nuair bí an Tigearna agus Peavair imcísce tamall beas ar an mbótar níor feuo Peavair san ceirc do cuir air: "Nac móir an rgeul a Thigearna" ar ré "nac vcuys tu vavaim do'n donán boct o'iarri véiric orc anvé, aet go vcuys tu airisio do'n biceamnac gáruio do éáinis eusao le cloirdeam ann a láim: nac raib rinn-ne 'n ar mbeiric agus ni raib ann aet fear amáin; cá cloirdeam asam-ra" veir ré, "agus o' fearri an fear mire 'ná eirean!" "A pheavair" ar ran Tigearna "ni feiceann cura aet an taob amuis, aet érim."

*Fuarir mé an rgeul ro, o fear-oibne do bí as Rovington De Róirce. Oruim an t-reasail, aet eualar go minic é. Ni h-iao ro na ceair-focail ann a bfuair fear é.

HOW COVETOUSNESS CAME INTO THE CHURCH.

This is a story I have often heard. The above version I got from a man near Monivea, in Galway, though I do not give his exact words. I heard one nearly identical, only told in English, in the Co. Tipperary. The story reminded me so strongly of those strange semi-comic mediæval moralities, common at an early date to most European languages—such pieces as Goethe has imitated in his story of “St. Peter and the Horse-shoe”—that I could not resist the temptation to turn it into rhyme, though it is not rhymed in the original. More than one celebrated piece of both English and French literature founded upon the same *motif* as this story will occur to the student.—DOUGLAS HYDE.
[*Religious Songs of Connacht.*]

As once our Saviour and St. Peter
Were walking over the hills together,
In a lonesome place that was by the sea,
Beside the border of Galilee,
Just as the sun to set began
Whom should they meet but a poor old man!
His coat was ragged, his hat was torn,
He seemed most wretched and forlorn,
Penury stared in his haggard eye,
And he asked an alms as they passed him by.

Peter had only a copper or two,
So he looked to see what the Lord would do.
The man was trembling—it seemed to him—
With hunger and cold in every limb.
But, nevertheless, our Lord looked grave,
He turned away and He nothing gave.
And Peter was vexed awhile at that
And wondered what our Lord was at,
Because he had thought Him much too good
To ever refuse a man for food.
But though he wondered he nothing said,
Nor asked the cause, for he was afraid.

It happened that the following day
They both returned that very way,
And whom should they meet where the man had been,
But a highway robber, gaunt and lean!
And in his belt a naked sword—
For an alms he, too, besought the Lord.
“He’s an ass,” thought Peter, “to meet us thus;
He won’t get anything from us.”
But Peter was seized with such surprise,
He scarcely could believe his eyes
When he saw the Master, without a word,
Give to the man who had the sword.

After the man was gone again
His wonder Peter could not restrain,
But turning to our Saviour, said:
“Master, the man who asked for bread,

re an t-aob-arctis: m feiceann tu fa áct corp na n-aoine nuair feicim-re an cnoide. Áct béir fíor agha go fóil” ar Sé “creud fát do rinne mé rin.”

Thuit ré amac don lá amáin 'na díais rin go n-éadair ar t-úgearna agus peadar amúga ar na rleibid: Dní teinncead agus toinnead agus fearrúain mhór ann, agus bí fiaó báirde, agus an bótar cailite ada: Cia o'feicead fiaó euca ann rin áct an robdáirde ceudna a tuc an úgearna aighio do an lá rin, nuair éainis ré euca bí truaig aige dóib, agus ruig ré leir iao go tci uais do bí aige faoi bun cairrige, amearg na rleibidead, agus bain ré an t-eudac fluic díob agus cuir éudais tihme oirra, agus tuc neart le n'ice agus le n'ól dóib agus leabuir le luirde air, agus gac uile fórt o'feud ré deunam dóib do rinne ré é: An lá ar na márac nuair bí an rtoirm tar, tuc ré amac iao agus níor fás ré iao sup cuir ré ar an mbótar ceart iao, agus tuc lón dóib le h-aghaid an aighio “Mo cóiriar!” ar peadar leir féin ann rin, “bí an ceart ag úgearna, ír maic an fear an gairde; ír iomda fear cóir,” ar reirann, “nac n-éadair an oirad rin dam-ra!”

Mi raib fiaó a bfaó iméighe ar an mbótar ann rin go bfuair fiaó fear marb agus é rinne ar éndim a broma ar lár an bótar agus o'aitnis peadar é sup ab é an rean-fear ceudna do díultais an úgearna an déir do: “D'olc do rinneamar” ar peadar leir féin, “aighio do díultuag do'n tuine boct rin, agus feuc é marb anoir le donar agus anró.” “A pheadar” ar ran úgearna “céir cail cuir an bfeair rin agus feuc cread tá aige ann a póca!” Cuair peadar anonn cuir agus corais ré ag láimhuag a rean-cóca agus creud do fuair ré ann áct a lán aighio gail, agus timcioll cúpla fíor bonn óir: “A úgearna,” ar ra peadar, “Dní an ceart agha-ra, agus cia bé ruo deunfar tu no déarf tu air, m raair mé i o' aghaid:” “Deunfar rin a pheadar,” ar ran úgearna: “Glac an t-aighio rin anoir agus caic arcead é ann ran bpoli

The poor old man of yesterday,
Why did you turn from him away?
But to this robber, this shameless thief,
Give, when he asked you for relief.
I thought it most strange for *you* to do;
We needn't have feared him, we were two.
I have a sword here, as you see,
And could have used it as well as he;
And I am taller by a span,
For he was only a little man."

"Peter," said our Lord, "you see
Things but as they seem to be.
Look within and see behind,
Know the heart and read the mind,
'Tis not long before you know
Why it was I acted so."

After this it chanced one day
Our Lord and Peter went astray,
Wandering on a mountain wide,
Nothing but waste on every side.
Worn with hunger, faint with thirst,
Peter followed, the Lord went first.
Then began a heavy rain,
Lightning gleamed and flashed again,
'Another deluge poured from heaven,
The slanting hail swept tempest-driven.
Then, when fainting, frozen, spent,
A man came towards them through the bent,
And Peter trembled with cold and fright,
When he knew again the robber wight.
But the robber brought them to his cave,
And what he had he freely gave.
He gave them wine, he gave them bread,
He strewed them rushes for a bed,
He lent them both a clean attire
And dried their clothes before the fire,
And when they rose the following day
He gave them victuals for the way,
And never left them till he showed
The road he thought the straightest road.
"The Master was right," thought Peter then,
"The robber is better than better men,
There's many an honest man," thought he,
"Who never did as much for me."

They had not left the robber's ground
'Above an hour, when lo, they found
A man upon the mountain track
Lying dead upon his back.
And Peter soon, with much surprise,
The beggarman did recognize.

móna tall, ní bíonn ann fan aighsiú go minic aót mallaót móru
 Chruinnis Peardar an t-aighsiú le céile, agus cuairt ré go dt' an
 an poll-móna leir; aót nuair bí ré dul d'á caitéam arcead,
 "oóón," ar ré leir féin, "nac dírbéul an truaas an t-aighsiú
 bpeas go do cup amúsa, agus ír minic bíonn ocpas agus tairt
 agus fuaót ar an Máisírcir, óir ní tógann ré don aipe dó féin,
 aót congdbóairt mire curó de 'n aighsiú ro ar fon a leara féin,
 a san fíor dó, agus b'feairtve é." leir rin do cait ré an t-
 aighsiú seail uile, arcead ann fan bpoll, i rioct go scluinfead
 an Tigearna an coran, agus go faoilfead ré go raib ré uile
 caitte arcead. Nuair tÁinig ré ar aipann rin d'fiarruis an Tig-
 earna, d'é "A Pheardar," ar ré, "ar cait tu an t-aighsiú rin uile
 arcead." "Chaitear" ar Peardar, "aót amáin píora óir no
 dó, do congdbais mé le biaó agus deoc do ceannac duit-re."

"O! a Pheardar," ar fan Tigearna, "créao fát nac nvear-
 nairt tu mar duidairt mire leat. fear fanntac tu, agus béir
 an traint rin ort go b'rác."

Sin é an fát faoi a bfuil an Eaglaisí fanntac ó foim

"Ochone!" thought Peter, "we had no right
To refuse him alms the other night.

He's dead from the cold and want of food,
And we're partly guilty of his blood."

"Peter," said our Lord, "go now
Feel his pockets and let us know
What he has within his coat."

Then Peter turned them inside out,
And found within the lining plenty
Of silver coins, and gold ones twenty.

"My Lord," said Peter, "now I know
Why it was you acted so.

Whatever you say or do with men,
I never will think you wrong again."

"Peter," said our Saviour, "take
And throw those coins in yonder lake,
That none may fish them up again,
For money is often the curse of men."

Peter gathered the coins together,
And crossed to the lake through bog and heather.

But he thought in his mind: "It's a real sin
To be flinging this lovely money in.

We're often hungry, we're often cold,
And money is money—I'll keep the gold
To spend on the Master; He needs the pelf,
For He's very neglectful of Himself."

Then down with a splash does Peter throw
The *silver* coins to the lake below,
And hopes our Lord from the splash would think
He had thrown the whole from off the brink.

And then before our Lord he stood
And looked as innocent as he could.

Our Lord said: "Peter, regard your soul;
Are you sure you have thrown in the whole?"

"Yes, all," said Peter, "is gone below,
But a few gold pieces I wouldn't throw,
Since I thought we might find them very good
For bed, or for drink, or a bite of food.

Because our own are nearly out,
And they are inconvenient to do without.
But, if you wish it, of course I'll go
And fling the rest of the lot below."

"Ah, Peter, Peter," said our Lord,
"You should have obeyed me at my word,
For a greedy man you are, I see.
And a greedy man you will ever be;
A covetous man you are of gain,
And a covetous man you will remain."

And that's the reason, as I've been told,
The clergy are since so fond of gold.

FIGAÍR NA CROISE NAOMHA

O námao mo chroímh, námao mo tír,
 Námao mo cloinne 'r mo céile;
 A tigeanna veun mo comairce
 Le figaíir na Croire naomha

Le báir na Croire ceannais tu
 Slíocht [mí-] forctúnao éba;
 Ó foim anuas i' beannaisce
 An comairce ro áru-naomha

Do pleurá an éarrais, do duib an sruam;
 Do croit an domhan go h-éacta,
 Nuair o'árdaiscead ruar an Slánaisceoir
 Ar dhruim na Croire naomha.

Faraor! oá dícin rin, an té
 Nac mbéir a croide o'á reubao;
 A'r veoir aicrise as ríleao uair,
 Or cómair na Croire naomha!

I' gearr é réim an duine lais
 Sior le fán an t-raogail-re;
 Mí taomann (?) an Spiorao malluisce
 Luét figaíir na Croire naomha

Sgannrócar sac don faoi sheim an báir
 O'á taétao ruar, as eugao;
 —I' voct beir lá an anara
 San ríac na Croire naomha

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS FOR EVER.

[I came across this religious poem in Irish among the MSS. of William Smith O'Brien, the Irish Leader, at Cahermoyle. It was attributed to a Father O'Meehan.—DOUGLAS HYDE, in "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

From the foes of my land, from the foes of my faith,
 From the foes who would us dis sever,
 O Lord, preserve me in life, in death,
 With the Sign of the Cross for ever.

By death on the Cross was the race restored,
 For vain was our endeavor;
 Henceforward blessed, O blessed Lord,
 Be the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Rent were the rocks, the sun did fade
 The darkening world did quiver,
 When on the tree our Saviour made
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

Therefore I mourn for him whose heart
 Shall neither shrink nor shiver,
 Whose tears of sorrow refuse to start
 At the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Swiftly we pass to the unknown land,
 Down like an ebbing river,
 But the devils themselves cannot withstand
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

When the hour shall come that shall make us dust,
 When the soul and the body sever,
 Fearful the fear if we may not trust
 In the Sign of the Cross for ever.

bea a ucrí mbó. nn

So péir, bean na ucrí mbó!
Ar do dólaic na bí ceann:
Do connaire meirí san só;
Bean ir ba dá mó a beann;

Mí mairéann farúbrear do snáic,
Do neac ná tabair cáir do móir;
Cúgar an t-éag ar sac caob;
So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó

Siuicé Eogain mór 'ra máthair
A n-imc aic do gni clá uóir,
A reolta gur léig-adar r'or;
So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Clann gairge tigeanna an cláir,
A n-imceac-ran, ba lá leoin,
San fáil re n-a vceac do bráic
So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Dóinnall ó Dán baor na long;
Ba súilleadain ná'r tinn glór;
Féac gur tuit 'ran spáin re clárbean;
So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Ba Ruairc ir MagUirí, do bí
Lá i n-Éirinn 'na lán beoir;
Féac féin gur imcig an uir:—
So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Síol gCeardail do bí ceann;
Le mbeirí sac seall i ngleo;
Mí mairéann don uóir, mo uic!
So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Ó don doim ahdain do breir
Ar mhaoi eile, ir i a uó,
Do rinnir-re iomorca a péir:
So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

An Ceangal

Díod ar m'falluing, a ainoir ir uirbreac snáir;
Do díor san vearmar vearmar buan 'ra cnúic:
Uirí an racmur do glacair reo' díod ar uir,
Dá bfaiginn-re reab a ceacair do buairinn tú.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

(FROM THE IRISH, BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.)

O Woman of Three Cows, *agra*! don't let your tongue thus rattle!
 Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
 I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
 A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser;
 For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;
 And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows—
 Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows.

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen Mór's descendants.
 'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants;
 If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
 Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
Maurone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning.
 Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?
 Yet you can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows.

Oh, think of Donnel of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted,
 See how he fell in distant Spain unchronicled, unchanted;
 He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
 Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of Three Cows?

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story:
 Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory.
 Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs—
 And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows.

Th' O'Carrols, also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
 Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;
 Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
 Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows.

Your neighbour's poor; and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,
 Because, *inagh*! you've got three cows—one more, I see, than she has;
 That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows;
 But if you're strong, be merciful—great Woman of Three Cows.

AVRAN.

Now, there you go; you still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
 And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
 If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
 I'd thwack you well, to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows.

First published by O'Curry in the "Irish Penny Journal" (Gunn & Cameron's)
 No. 9, 29th August, 1840, with an introductory note, and Mangan's famous metrical
 version (pp. 68, 69).

AN RANN SAEÓEALAC

Δε γο ρανν leac-pásganta eile do cualar ó uaine o Contae
 Uáin-na-ngall; buró mi-fuaimneac rúaro na h-Éireann, mar is
 corfhúil; nuair rinneas é—

Nár marbaird mife uaine ar bit
 Δ' r nár marbaird aon uaine mé;
 Δét má tá aon uaine ar tí mo marbóca
 So mburó mife marbófar é!

Δε γο ρανν eile ar an gcléir; do bí aca i gCúige Mumhan; agus
 do beir O Uálaig uáinn—

Seacáin feadmanar cille,
 Le buidín na cléire ná veun coingrú;
 . No is baogal do u'cuir uile
 iméadé mar buileadhar ar bárr tuile!

Δε γο ρανν ar an meirge, do cualair mé ó m' éaparo Tomár
 Uárcálaig; is beasnac i n "Deirdre é"—

Ni meirge is mife liom,
 Δét leirg a feicrinc oim,
 San uig na meirge is mife an sneann;
 Δét ni gnátaé meirge san mi-sneann;

Δε γο ρανν do cualar ó'n bfeair ceurona; ar mhaoi boirb; acá
 ré aca i gCúige Mumhan mar an gceurona—

Fadóó teine faoi loc
 No caiteam clóc le cuan,
 Cómairle do cadairc do mhaoi boirb
 Is buile u'oró* ar iapann fuair

Δε γο ρανν mi-lásc eile ar na mnáir, do cualar i gConnac-
 tair—

Tu ní is uoilig a mánar
 Deán, muc, agus máile!

* Alliter, "boirb," mar, cualar é ó feair eile.

IRISH RANNS.

[From "Songs of Connacht," by DOUGLAS HYDE.]

Here is a half-Pagan rann which I heard from a man in Donegal. The state of Ireland seems to have been unsettled at the time it was made—

I hope and pray that none may kill me,
Nor I kill any, with woundings grim,
But if ever any should think to kill me
I pray thee, God, let me kill him.*

Here is another rann about the clerics which O'Daly gives us—

'Avoid all stewardship of church or Kill,
It is ill to be much in the clerics' way,
Lest you live to see that which with pains you save,
Like foam on the wave float far away.†

Here is a rann on drunkenness which I got from my friend Thomas Barclay. It is almost in *Deibhidh* metre—

I mind not being drunk, but then
Much mind to be seen drunken.
Drink only perfects all our play,
Yet breeds it discord alway.‡

Here is another rann on the fierce or wayward woman, which I heard from the same; it is also current in Munster—

Like a fire kindled beneath a lake,
Like a stone to break an advancing sea,
Like a blow that is struck upon iron cold,
To the wayward woman thy counsels be.§

Here is another discourteous rann on women that I heard in Connacht—

If you hope to teach, you must be a fool,
A woman, a porker, or a mule.||

* *Literally*: That I may kill no man at all, and that no man may kill me! But if there is anyone bent on killing me, that it may be I who shall kill him!

† *Literally*: Avoid the stewardship of a Kill (or church). With the band of the clerics do not make agreement, or there is a danger of all your portion departing like leaves on the top of the tide.

‡ *Literally*: It is not intoxication I think the worse of, but [am] loath it to be seen on me. Without the drink of intoxication fun is the worse, but intoxication is not usual without dis-fun [*i.e.*, something the opposite of fun].

§ *Literally*: The kindling of a fire beneath a lake or the throwing of stones against the harbor, to give advice to a wayward (or fierce) woman, it is a blow of a fist upon cold iron.

|| *Literally*: Three things difficult to teach [are] a woman, a pig, and a mule!

As ro rann ar an bfeap boib, do cualar i scondáe
Rorcomáin—

Cómaire do tadhairt do duine boib
Ni bfuil ann áct níl san céill,
So sclaoirítear é 'na loct
'S so nistear é 'na aith-lear féin:

As so cómaire do tús rásair i scondáe Mhuig Eó do cáilín
do bí ró gaili-beurac gleurca, do cualaib mé ó'n bfeap
ceutona—

Á cáilín deap ná meap sur mór i do ciall,
'S so bfuil "nótion" asad nár cleact do póir aruam,
Dólaact-bleact do b'aire leó ar rliab,
'S ní cóta breac ar pleac (?) do tóna fiar.

As ro focal briogthar ar condáe Mhuig Eó—

"Saoilim," "ir dóig liom," a'r "dar liom féin,"
Ein tri fiaðnuire atá as an mbreís.

Asur tadhairt fear ó'n scondáe ceutona so cruinn ciallmhar le
duine a raib an-cáin asur tosa an bdearla aise, áct do rinne
uoc-uirgebeata—

Ni bdearla smó bpaic
Áct a ruataó so maic!

As ro rann maic ar an trion-époio rin atá ar bun ior an
toil asur an tuigrint, air ar labair an Rómánac, nuair tadhairt
ré, video meliora probo-que—deteriora sequor—

Nac boct an toirg a'r an cor ann a bfuilim i bpéin!
Mo tuigrint óm' toil, a'r mo toil as bhuioim óm' céill,
Ni tuigtear dom' toil sac loct dom' tuigrint ir léir,
No má tuigtear, ni toil léi, áct toil a tuigiona féin.

* *Literally*: To give advice to a wayward [or fierce] man, there is nothing in it but an act devoid of sense, until he be overthrown in his fault, and until he is washed [i.e., laid out dead] in his own misfortune.

† *Literally*: My pretty girl, do not think that great is your sense, and sure you have a notion that your people [literally, "seed"] never practised, milk-kine on a mountain they liked better, and not a speckled coat behind.

Here is a rann on the fierce or wayward man, which I heard in the County Roscommon—

To a wayward man thine advice to bring
Is a foolish thing, and a loss of time,
His fault must find him, he must be crost,
Till death be the cost of his frantic crime.*

Here is an advice which a priest in the County Mayo gave to a girl who was too foreign-mannered and dressy; I heard it from the same—

My girl, I *fear* your sense is not *great* at all,
Your fathers, my *dear*, would *rate* such sense as small,
They loved good *cheer* and not *state*, and a well-filled stall,
Not garments *queer* to *inflate* like the purse-proud Gall.†

Here is a forcible saying from the County Mayo—

"No doubt sure," "Myself believes," "Thinks I,"
Three witnesses these of the common lie †‡

A man from the same county said pithily to someone who had fine talk and choice English, but who made bad whiskey—

It's to mix-without-fault,
And not English, makes malt!§

Here is a good rann on that constant combat which is ever on foot between the will and the reason, of which the Latin spoke when he said, "I see the better things and approve of them, but I follow the worse"—

How sad is my case, I am surely in *plight* most ill,
My will with my reason, my reason *fights* with my will,
My reason sees faults that my will remains *blind* to still,
Or should my will see them, my reason *strikes* to my will.||

‡ *Literally*: "I think," "I'm near-sure," and "it seems to me," those are three witnesses that the lie has.

§ *Literally*: It is not English makes malt, but to mix it well.

|| *Literally*: Is it not poor, the way and the condition in which I am in pain, my understanding [moving away] from my will, and my will moving away from my understanding. Each fault which is plain to my understanding is not understood by my will, or if it is understood she wills it not, but [wills] the will of her own understanding.

As ro rann eile; ir sean-focal coitcionn "ni cuigeann an
fatac an reang"—

Níor airtís an fatac fáim an t-ocraic riamh,
S ní cáinís riamh tuidísáó san lán-mhuir obann 'na thairg;
Ní bíonn páirt as mnaid le srogaire liac,
'S ní tuis an bád rpar do buine ar bit ariamh.

As ro rann eile ar céill agus ar mi-céill—

Ciall agus mi-ciall
Díar nac ngabann le céile!
Ir dóig le fear san céill
Sur 'bé féin ágáir na céille!

As ro rann eile ar an buine a bfuil a airt agus a inntinn
ar fán uair—

Criann corair an t-údar,
Ní bíonn corúce san bárr glar;
Ionmann a'f san a beir 'ran mbaile
Neac ann a'f a airt ar!

Tá morán rann ann; as inntinn deirid neicead an t-raoíail.
Cneirim go bfuil an cuir ir mó aca coitcionn do'n oileán ar
faoi: Ní tiúirad anoir áct ceann aca mar fompia, do réir mar
a'f ré i scondae Mhuig-Eó—

Deirad loinge, bácaó;
Deirad áite, loigáó;
Deirad cuirín, cáinead,
Deirad ríáinte, ornaí

Atá mar an sgeutha a lán de ranncaid as corugáó leir an
bfoal "Mairís" as deunam cruaisge faoi neicib eugraimla: As

* *Literally*: The mild satisfied one never felt [for] the hungry one, and there never came an ebb without a full tide close behind it. No woman has any part with a gray-haired dotard (?), and death has never given respite to anyone.

† *Literally*: Sense and un-sense, two who do not go together. The man without sense is certain that he himself is the author of sense.

Here is another rann : "The satiated does not understand the lean" is a common proverb—

The satisfied man for the hungry one never feels,
There never comes ebb without full tide close at its heels,
To the gray-haired dotard no woman her heart reveals,
From death when he comes no praying a respite steals.*

Here is another rann on sense and folly—

Though the senseless and sensible
Never foregather,
Yet the senseless one thinks
He is Sense's own father.†

Here is another rann on the man whose attention and mind are astray—

A constant tree is the yew to me,
It is green to see, and grows never gray,
'T were as good for a man through the world to roam
As to live at home with his mind away.‡

There exist many ranns telling the end of the things of the world. I believe the most of these are common to the entire island. I shall only give one of them here as a specimen, in the form it has in the County Mayo—

The end of a ship is drowning,
The end of a kiln is burning,
The end of a feast is frowning,
The end of man's health—is mourning.§

There are also a great number of ranns beginning with the word "alas," or "woe," lamenting over various things. Here

† A tree of fruit is the yewtree, it is never without a green top. It is the same thing for a man not to be at home as for him to be there with his attention away. [The idea seems to be that wherever a man is planted, he should remain there with his mind fresh and green like the yew and not grow withered by wishing to be where he cannot be.]

§ *Literally*: The end of a ship—drowning; the end of a kiln—burning; the end of a feast—reviling; the end of health—a sigh.

ro cápla rompla díod ro, ar an gconradé Rorcomán, mar do
cuairt iad—

Ír mairis do ghró bhrannra san riol,
Ír mairis díor i dtír san deit tpeun, (a)
Ír mairis do ghró cómhád san rlaet,
Ásur uá mairis nac gcuireann rmaet ar a beula

Ásur arís—

Ír mairis a mbionn a capad fann;
Ír mairis a mbionn a clann san rat;
Ír mairis a dídear i mboctán boet,
Ár uá mairis a dídear san oic ná mairi

Ír iomda fann ann; mar an gceudna, coraigear le “Ír fuat
liom.”

Ír fuat liom cairleán ar mhóin;
Ír fuat liom fógmar deit bároce;
Ír fuat liom bean buinneac (!) ar dhón;
'Sur ír fuat liom fiaca ar fásarai

Arís—

Ír fuat liom cá tpuas
Ás reat (rit) ar fuo tige;
Ír fuat liom duine-uafal
Ás fneartal uá mnaoi!

Tá fann corháil leir reo i ucaoió fhinn Mhic Chumhaíl—

Ceitre nro uá ucuys fionn fuat—
Cá tpuas, ár eac mall,
Tigeapna tpe san deit glic,
Ásur bean fíri nac mbéarfaó clanni

Buó gnátae leir na uaoiuid beicrbeac éigin do mairbad ásur
o'ice oirce fheile Mhárcain: Thápla, an oirce reo, nac raib
le mairbad ág mnaoi an tige aet muc breac, ásur níor mair léi
rin do deunam. Aet buó mian leir an mac beile mair do deit

(a) Aliter, tpeirbeac.

Literally: Alas for who makes land fallow without seed [to put in it],
alas for him who is in a land without being strong, alas for who makes
conversation without elegance, and twice alas for him who places no
control over his mouth.

are a couple of examples of them just as I heard them in the County Roscommon—

Alas for who plow without seed to sow,
For the weak who go through a foreign land,
For the man who speaks badly yet does not know,
—Twice woe for the mouth under no command.*

And again—

Alas for the man who is weak in friends,
For the man whose sons do not make him glad,
For the man of the hut through which winds can blow,
—Twice woe for who neither is good nor bad†

There is also many a rann beginning with the words "I hate." Such as—

I hate a castle on bog-land built,
And a harvest spilt through the constant wet,
I hate a woman who spoils the quern,
And I hate a priest to be long in debt.‡

Again—

I hate poor hounds about a house
That drag their mangy life,
I hate to see a gentleman
Attending on his wife?§

There is a rann somewhat like this about Finn Mac Cool—

Four things did Finn dislike indeed,
A slow-foot steed, a hound run wild,
An unwise lord who breeds but strife,
And a good man's wife who bears no child.||

It used to be the custom of the people to kill and eat some beast on St. Martin's Night. It happened on this night that the woman of the house had nothing she could kill except a speckled pig, and she did not like to do this. But her son

† *Literally*: Alas for him whose friend is feeble, and alas for him whose children are without prosperity, alas for him who is in a poor bothy or hut, and twice alas for him who is without either bad or good. . [Perhaps this last clause is a reminiscence of the Apocalyptic *οφελον ψυχης 'ης η βεστιος.*]

‡ *Literally*: I hate a castle on a bog, I hate a harvest to be drowned, I hate a * * * (P) woman at a quern, and I hate debt on a priest.

§ *Literally*: I hate a miserable hound running throughout a house, I hate a gentleman attending [i.e., for want of servants] on his wife.

|| *Literally*: Four things to which Finn gave hatred, a miserable hound, a slow steed, a country's lord not to be prudent, and a man's wife who would not bear children.

aige agus cuairt ré i bfolac ar cúl an tige, 'a'cuais ré a guct
agus tuidairt ré de glór ghránna uatbárac an rann ro—

Mire Mártan dearg Dia,
Agus ar gac fealb buainim feoil;
Mar nár marb turá an mhuc breac
Marbfaid mire do mac Cormac óg;

'Do rsgannraigeat an málaí, óir faoil rí gur b'é Naomh Mártan
fein do bí ag labairt, agus marb rí an mhuc:

Ag ro rgeul do rghíob mé ríor o beul mhícheál mhic Ruairíus
"an file ar condae mhuis-Eó," mar leanar:

"Bí beirt rásairt ag rparíveóráct, don lá amáin, agus conn-
airc riad [ag] tigeaact 'na n-agsaib leat-amaoán nac raib don ciail
aige, aet bí ré an ghearr-moballac [gérí-freagairtác], agus arpa
ceann de na rásairt leir an brear eile, 'cuirfid mé ceirt ar
Dhiarmuid anoir nuair ciucfaid ré i ngar uóinn.' 'Ír fearr
duit a leigean tairt' ar ran fearr eile: Nuair éainis Dhiarmuid
i n-intis (!) [= i ngar] uóib, arpa ceann do na rásairt leir, 'larr-
amaoio ort [= fiarruigimio uíot] cao é an uair déidear a caint
ag an bpreacán uib' ? Deairt Dhiarmuid ruar ann ran agaid
ar an rásairt, agus 'innreócaid mé rin duit,' ar reirean

Nuair cómhócar an t-iurac [t-iolar] ar an ngleann;
Nuair glanfar an ceo de na cnuic,
Nuair imteócar* an traint de na rásairt
Déio a caint ag an bpreacán uib:

'Noir,' ar ran rásairt eile, 'nár brearr duit éirteaet le
Dhiarmuid !' "

Ag ro rann eile do ruair mé ó'n mDárlaigeac—

Geallfaid an fear breugac
Gac [a] breudat a cnoide;
Saoilfid an fear rannac
Gac a gealltar go bfuig'†

Ag ro ceann eile ó condae mhuis Eó—

An té léigear a leabap
Ar nac gcuineann é i meabap;
Nuair cailleann ré a leabap
Díonn ré 'na baileabap (!)

* "aet go n-intis" tuidairt mac uí Ruairíus, aet uí léir uam rin.
† = go bfuigfid ré gac mó gealltar.

wished to have a good meal, and he went and hid at the back of the house, changed his voice, and spoke this rann in hideous, awful tones—

I am God's Martin, hear my word,
Out of every herd one head is mine,
I must slay your Cormac 'Og this day
Since you will not slay the spotted swine.*

The mother was frightened, for she thought it was St. Martin himself who was speaking, and she killed the pig.

Here is a story which I wrote down from the mouth of Michael Mac Rory [Rogers], the "poet from the County Mayo," as follows—

"There were two priests out walking one day, and they saw coming towards them a half fool who had no sense, but he was very short-tailed [i.e., quick-at-answer], and says one of the priests to the other, 'I'll ask Diarmuid a question when he comes near us.' 'It's best for you to let him pass,' says the other one. When Dairmuid came near them one of the priests says to him, 'We're asking you when shall the black crow have speech.' Diarmuid looked up in the priest's face, and 'I'll tell you that,' says he:

'When the eagle shall nest in the hollow glen,
When mountain and fen shall from mists be free,
When the priests shall no longer for gold be seeking,
The crow shall be speaking as plain as we.'

"'Now!' says the other priest, 'wasn't it better for you to listen to [i.e., let be] Diarmuid'!'"

Here is another rann from which I got from the same—

The lying man has promised
Whatever thing he could,
The greedy man believes him,
And thinks his promise good.†

Here is another, also from the County Mayo—

The man who only took
His learning from his book,
If that from him be took
He knows not where to look.‡

* I am Martin red-God (?) and out of every herd, do I take meat; as you have not killed the speckled pig, I shall kill your son Cormac Oge. (This use of the word *realt* (which now means any possession) for "herd" is ancient and curious, but Father O'Growney tells me it is still used in Donegal in this sense.)

† *Literally*: The lying man will promise all that his heart is able [to invent], the covetous man will think that he will get all that is promised.

‡ *Literally*: He who reads his book, and does not put it into his memory, when he loses his book he becomes a simpleton (?).

SEÁSGAN AN DÍOMAIS;
BLÉIRÍN AS STAIR NA h-ÉIREANN.
CONÁN MAOL

CAIB: I.

bile na coille.

Ir iomrha fear gairgearmáil do h-oilead i n-Ulad ó Coin Cúlann annar go dtí Seásgan an Díomais. I b'fad iní na cian-caib do rugad ann Niall naoi n-ġiallac, nĩ cúmáctac do bí i n-Teamair. Ir minic do moctuis na Rómánaig i m'breatain a corġairc rĩú. I gceann o'á cururaid eus ré leir mar cime buacail óg o'ár o'ainm 'na diair rĩú p'áoruis. Do b'é an cime úo an Tailġin gur innir na o'raoite roim rae a teact. Tá a clá, ġ a ceannar go h-aibir f'ór imearġ ġaebeal, áct o'ala néill naoi n-ġiallaig ir beag nác b'uil a ainm dearmáota: Ár a fon roin ba mór le r'á an nĩ úo lá, ġ ár a leappaca o' f'ár an aicme ba cumaraig ġ ba cáilma o'á r'á i n'ġirinn le n-a linn féin, 'ná b'féirir ár o'ruim an do'main. Cuap'arais r'arir na ġcrioc eile, féac imearġ aicmib ádur ġ tall ġ ní b'uirġir fir o'áon cinead amáin do b'áilne o'rae, do ba cáilma i nġleó, do ba ġléir-inntineac i ġcómairle 'ná na r'áir-fir do r'ioir'ar ár fear na ġcáota bliadán ár an o'péim uapail rin Muinter Néill.

Fá mar do lĩúġa nn an ġaot mór timceall c'rainn o'aine i n'áonar ár lár macairc, ġan baint le n-a neart áct amáin na uilleóga do r'ġiobad de ġ ro-ceann o'á ġeáġaid do b'iréad le h-áir iarract, do ba mar rin do na Sapanais ár fear ceirce céad bliadán o'á mbarġad féin i ġcoinnib na ġcupairc úo do cáimig ó Niall naoi-n-ġiallac; ġ ir é mo cuairim ná buair'pide coirce o'ra r'úo muna mbéad gur eirġeatar i n-aġair a céile.

Nĩ r'áid fear ár an ġcinead ba mó cáil 'ná an Seásgan ro do luatmuro. Éireannac 'na ballaib do b'ead é, cóim maic 'na loctair ġ 'na tréicib fearmála. Nĩ r'áid ré cóim ġlic i ġcómairle 'ná cóim ġeap-cúireac i ġceirt le n-áob ó Néill o'foġluimib cleapairbeact r'iaġla i o'rig Elire, bainr'ioġain Sapan. Nĩ r'áid bun-eólar coġair aige cóim clir'oe le h-eóġan Ruad, áct níor f'áruig áon o'aine aca ro é i nġairġe, i nġiom, ná i nġeó o'á clir. Tá áon r'mál amáin ár a ainm: O'foillr'ig

SHANE THE PROUD.

A FRAGMENT OF IRISH HISTORY.

BY P. J. O'SHEA.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST TREE OF THE WOOD.

THERE was many a valiant man reared in Ulster, from Cuchulainn to Shane the Proud. Far back in the old times Niall of the Nine Hostages was born there, a powerful king in Tara. The Romans in Britain often experienced the havoc wrought by him. In one of his expeditions he took with him as a prisoner of war a young boy whose name afterwards was Patrick. That slave was the saintly child whose coming the Druids foretold. His fame and his power are fresh and strong still among Gaels. But as to Niall of the Nine Hostages his name is almost forgotten. But nevertheless that king was very great once, and from his loins sprang the most powerful and the most valiant race that existed in all Ireland in their own time, or perhaps in the whole world. Search the history of other countries, seek among the tribes here and elsewhere, and you will not find men of any one race who were handsomer in appearance or more valiant in battle or more intellectual in counsel than the brave men who, during hundreds of years, sprang from that noble root of the O'Neills.

As the wind howls round about an oak-tree standing by itself in the middle of a plain without reducing its strength, but only snatching leaves from it and breaking an odd one of its branches by a great effort, so it was with the English for four hundred years, flinging themselves against those champions descended from Niall of the Nine Hostages: and it is my opinion that the latter would never have been conquered but for the fact that they rose up against each other.

There was no man of the family more renowned than this Shane of whom we speak. He was an Irishman all over, as well in his faults as in his manly qualities. He was not so clever in counsel nor so subtle in disquisition as Hugh O'Neill, who learned state-craft in the house of Elizabeth, Queen of England. He was not so skilful in the science of warfare as Owen Roe, but neither of these surpassed him in valor, in

na Sapanais go foileir an ríad roin uáinn go h-ácarac; mar
ba deas oíca Seástan Ó Néill. D'fuarais ré bean Caldaig uí
Dóinnail, veirbriúr do Tigearna na nOileán coir Albain, 7 ip
uóic le n-a lán úsodar sup éaluis ríre leir le n-a toil féin: 1r
ruarac nác raib ré cóim h-oic leir na Sapanais féin ar an gcuma
rain, ácc amáin go n-aoimócad reiréan a úroo-éleactac mar
níor ba fímineac é, ácc fear fíinneac ná ceirfead a cáim

Caib: 2:

Eire le n-a linn:

Ní fearaib inir fáil lá ruaimnir riam 'ó fad reóita na
Normánac i gcuan ar "Craig an Uainb" le Diarmait na nGall
inir an mbliadain 1169. Táinig na Normánais go Sapaná ó'n
bfrainc céad bliadán roim an am roin, fá rciúragad Liam
Duabtaig, 7 do rgarpeadar na Sapanais i n-aon bhuigín amáin.
Ói na Sapanais fá coir san moill 7 Normánac 'na rúg 7 'na
duanna oíca feara: Níor ba dála roin o'Éirinn. Ó'n ní rin
an dapa Hanri go uci an t-octmad Hanri ói rúste Sapaná 'na
"oigearnaib" ar Éirinn: Ní raib ré i mírneac don ní aca Rí
Éireann do glaothad air féin sup ceap an t-octmad Hanri sup
coir uó féin deit 'na ní uáiríud ar Éireannais:

Ar an adbar roin cuir ré harim rgoile amac go raib ré
ruactanac ar caoiréadac móra Éireann cruinnúgac ar don
látair go mbroinnfad ré ciódaíl 7 calam oíca.

Do b'é nóir na ocaoiréac roin go uci rúo deit 'na gcinn
ar an otreib 7 rloinnead a otreibe féin do cógdaíl. Ói Ó
Driain mar ceann ar Muintir Driain, Ó Néill mar ceann ar
Muintir Néill, 7 mar rin uóib. Cuirfid an t-octmad Hanri veir-
eac leir an nóir roin feara, 7 o'á réir rin cuireann ré cógra ag
triall ar dro-caoiréadac Éireann nác bhuil uair ácc ríocáin
do uéanac leó, 7 go n-éanfaib ré tigearnai móra uóib, 7 go
mbroinnfad ré calam na treibe oíca ácc géilleac uó. Do
thactnuig na caoirig. Do réir nóir na h-Éireann an uair rin
níor' leir an ocaoiréac calam na treibe, ácc leó féin 7 leiréan
i uceannta céile. Ói reiréan mar ceann oíca mar o'áruig-
eadar féin é ar coingéall go oadairfad ré ceap uóib. Ar an
adbar roin bíodar raor 7 ní leóirfad an caoiréac a gcinn

PATRICK J. O'SHEA (Conan Maol)

From a photograph by Allison's, Belfast, Armagh and Dublin



action, nor in love of his country. There is just one stain upon his name. The English have shown us that stain clearly and gladly, for they detested Shane O'Neill. He carried off Calvach O'Donnell's wife, sister to the Lord of the Isles on the coast of Scotland; and many authors think that she eloped with him of her own will. He was very nearly as bad as the English themselves in that way, except that *he* would admit his evil conduct, for he was no hypocrite, but a truthful man, who would not conceal his fault.

CHAPTER II.

IRELAND IN HIS TIME.

Inisfail never saw a day's peace after the sails of the Normans were lowered in the harbor at Traig-an-Vaniv,* with Foreign Dermot, in the year 1169. The Normans came to England from France a hundred years before that time, under the command of William the Conqueror, and they routed the Saxons in one single battle. The Saxons were overcome at once, and a Norman was King and task-master over them thenceforward. It was not thus with Ireland. From that King, Henry II., to Henry VII., the Kings of England were "lords" of Ireland. Not one of them had the courage to call himself King of Ireland until Henry VIII. thought that he ought to be really King over the Irish.

He therefore issued a proclamation that all the great chiefs of Ireland must assemble in one place so that he might present them with titles and lands.

Until then, it was the custom of those chiefs to be heads of the clans and to take the family name of their own clan. O'Brien was head of the O'Brien family, O'Neill of the O'Neill family, and so with all of them. Henry VIII. will put an end to this custom for the future, and accordingly he sends a notice to the high chiefs of Ireland that he wants nothing but to make peace with them, and that he will make great lords of them, and that he will bestow upon them the lands of their clan, provided they submit themselves to him. The chieftains reflected. According to Irish customs at that time the land of the clan did not belong to the chief, but to themselves and to him jointly. He was their head, because they themselves appointed him on condition that he would give them their rights. For that reason they were free, and the chief would not dare to

* Somewhere on the coast of Wexford. The name is not now recognisable.

calmhan do dhaint díob mar bí an oipeas ciar aca féin cum na calmhan roin 7 bí aigeSean.

Aéar féac an dlíge seo do ceap an t-octmáth Hanrí 7 a mhúir-
céir glúic Wolsey. Deas an taoipeas fearda mar mháistir ar
sac treib 1 n-ionas beir mar do bí ré go dtí ro 'na uadadán
oirta. Níor caithis an gnó 1 n-aon cor leir an uirib, aéar do
néibis ré go dian maic leir na taoipeasdaib, 7 do rnuaimib sac
ceann aca ar a son féin go raib ré 7 a uadimis noimír tndite,
cuirpeas le cómhac 1 n-ádaib na Sapanac, 7 sup mhicib coris do
cup leir an impear.

Ua cionn roin léigim do sup truaill taoiris móra na h-Éireann
anonn go lúnuin cum Hanrí inr an mbliadain 1541, 7 'na meafis
Conn Ó Néill; 7 go raib an ní go rial, fáilteas, uiraimas leó,
7 go nvearnduib ré iarlaí 7 tigeannai díob do néir a scéim 'ra
traosál.

Da tubairteas an tuirib é mar do uadail ré sac treib 1 n-
Éirinn ó'n nór do bí aca leir na ciantaib—ré rin flait do
uadad díob féin ar an uirib san rpleadúar do nís Sapanac.
Caithirí raó fearda úmálúas do'n iarla nuas ro do cum an
ní díob, 7 muna mberí raó úmál do cuirpeas raigúirí Sapanac
cum cadruighe leir an iarla nuas 1 scómhair rmaet do cup ar an
uirib noán. Ní fuláir do'n iarla nuas leir aipe tabairt do
féin nó árúdáir Sapanac iarla eile 'na ionas a beir úmál 7
muirtearó do'n riasáitcar.

Caib. 3:

SRUAIM 1 UIRIB EÓSAIM:

Níor d'iongnas go raib riormannais 1 uirib Eósaím ar ceasé
ar n-air do'n iarla nuas, 7 coşarnac 7 cnoas ceann 7 lám-
redil claidéam go basarac abur 7 tall. "Ir é an Conn ro an
céas Ó Néill do cnom a glúin cum nís iaracra," ar riabran, 7
tuasdar fáil ar Seádan, doarac Cuinn. "Tá adúar nís ann,"
adúardar le céile; "fan go dfaib ré. Féac an srudis fao;
fáinneas, fionn roin air, 7 an dá fáil larmara glara roin aige.
Tá ré as boirad go cius. Tá breir 7 ré troighe ar díre ann
ceana féin: Féac go cruinn air, ná leacáin-suaileas fuinnce
fearraoas acá ré, cóm díreac le rleis, cóm lúctar le raib;

take their land from them, for they had as much right to that land as he had.

But observe this law that Henry VIII. and his cunning minister, Wolsey, devised. The chieftain would in future be the master of each clan, instead of being, as he had been hitherto, the head man of them. The business did not please the clan at all, but it suited the chieftains thoroughly well, and each of them thought for his own part that he and all who came before him were worried and tired with fighting against the English, and that it was time to put a stop the struggle.

And so it is that we read that the great chiefs of Ireland traveled over to London to Henry in the year 1541, and among them Conn O'Neill; and that the King was most generous and hospitable and respectful towards them, and that he made earls and lords of them according to their rank in life.

It was an unlucky journey, for it parted every clan in Ireland from the custom they had had for ages—that is, making a prince for themselves from among the clan, independently of the King of England. Henceforward they will have to obey this new Earl that the King has made for them, and if they will not be obedient to him, the soldiers of England will be sent to help the new Earl in order to repress the unruly tribe. The new Earl, too, must needs mind himself, or England will put up another Earl in his place who will be obedient and friendly to the Government.

CHAPTER III.

GLOOM IN TIR-EOGHAIN.

It was no wonder that there was whispering in Tir-Eoghain when the new Earl came back, whispering and shaking of heads and a threatening handling of swords on this side and that. "This Conn is the first O'Neill who bent his knee to a foreign King," said they, and they cast their eyes on Shane, Conn's eldest son.

"There is the making of a King in him," they said to each other; "wait till he grows up. See that long, curly fair hair on him, and those two fiery gray eyes he has. He is growing fast. He is more than six feet in height already. Look at him closely; see how broad-shouldered, well-knit, and sinewy he is, as straight as a spear, as fleet as a stag, as bold as the bull of a herd. Shane shall be prince over us, and Henry the Eighth's new Earl will have to take himself off."

cóm d'an le taird tana: Deir Seághan mar fíait orainn 7 caite-
fíó laila nuad an oetmáó Hanrí gneadó leir."

Cualaio Conn Ó Néill an coşarnac 7 vo goill ri air.
Cualaio ré fir as caint le céile 7 faodai 'na fadóarc. "I
annra leir an mac toşaríca, Matú an fearuoríca, 'ná Seághan
a mac oliríneac féin vo tug a bean-cíşearíca vo, an bean ir
uairle i n-éirínn leir." Vo b'i mátaí Seághain ingean an Şear-
altaíş, laila Cille Daira, an fear ba cúmaécaíş i n-éirínn.

D'iair an t-oetmáó Hanrí ar Conn a oíşre v'ainmníşadó.
"Matú," ar Conn, 7 rinneadó Dairín Dúngéanainn vo Matú
láiríneac. "Caitíead-ra mo ceart v' fíşail," aoir Seághan.
Connac Conn Ó Néill an laila i fúlaio a mic: Connac ré an
şruaim ar an vóreio. "Deir Seághan mar oíşre orí," aoir
ré fá veiríead, tar éir móran tafaint.

D'iair Matú cabair ar Şarana 7 fuaio ré i şan moill mar
ba maí leir na Şallao an leatíşéal cum muincí Néill vo
cuí ar céaraio a céile: Cuíead fíor láiríneac ar Conn Ó Néill
i şcómaí fíraí vo baínt vo i vóaoó i'íatú vo vó-láiríşadó,
áct ní raadó ré ríar ar a şeallamaint vo Seághan 7 buaileadó
v'á şlar i m'vaille-aca-clíac é.

Caib: 4:

FAODAR CLAIÓIM:

Vo blaóm Seághan an 'Díomair ruar 7 şlaodao ré ar a
muincí eiríş amac, le n' ácaí v'fuarşlaó. Níor d'feair leir
na Şaranaíş şno vó áca: Seólaó ríuaş ó cuao şo cúíşe v'laó
i şcómaí rímaíct vo cuí ar an v'fear óş baóť ro, áct vo táiníş
reiríean aniaí oríca şo n-obainn, vo şab ré tíríotca, 7 díovar
as baínt na fála v'á céile as veiríead uairó. Vo şléaraó ríuaş
eile ar an mbíaoóain vo vó cúşainn (1552), áct vo tíomáin
Seághan ríomíir íao 'nór ríşata şabair. Vó fear i n-áşao ná
Şaranaó an cor ro. Şşaoileadó Conn Ó Néill le tí ríotcána
vo véanaó áct ba veaş an maítear é: Vo blaí Seághan an
'Díomair fuil:

"Caitíead an fear mórválaó vórb ro vo corş," aíran fear-

Conn O'Neill heard the whispering, and it troubled him. He heard men talking together, with daggers (*lit.* an edge) in their looks. "He prefers the bastard son, Matthew, the dark man, to Shane, his own lawful son, whom his lady gave him—the noblest woman in Ireland, too!"

Shane's mother was a daughter of the Geraldine, the Earl of Kildare, the most powerful man in Ireland.

Henry VIII. asked Conn to name his heir. "Matthew," said Conn, and Matthew was made Baron Dungannon forthwith. "I must get my right," said Shane. Conn O'Neill saw the flash in his son's eyes; he saw the sullenness of the clan. "Shane shall be my heir," said he at last, after a great deal of persuasion.

Matthew asked assistance from England, and he got it immediately, for the foreigners liked the excuse to put the family of O'Neill to worrying each other. Word was sent at once to Conn O'Neill in order to get satisfaction out of him for displacing Matthew, but he would not go back on his promise to Shane, and he was thrown into prison in Dublin.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD.

Shane the Proud started up and called to his people to rise out and release his father. Nothing pleased the English better. An army was sent northward to Ulster to bring this foolish young man to discipline, but he came upon them suddenly from the West and rushed right through them, and they were knocking the heels off each other in flying from him. Another army was prepared the next year (1552), but Shane drove it before him like a flock of goats. There was a *man* opposing the English this time. They released Conn O'Neill in order to make peace, but it was little good. Shane the Proud had tasted blood.

"Somebody must check this proud, arrogant man," said the Lord Deputy from England, and he put in order and prepared a strong body of men. Their visit to the North was in vain, for Shane used to meet them in a place where they did not expect him; he used to startle them and inflict damage on them, and he would go off bold and domineering.

Matthew gathered together a body of the clan, for some of them continued under his flag, and he started to help the foreigners, but Shane stole upon them in the middle of the night, and he routed Matthew speedily. "Let us build a

Ionad ó Sárana, 7 do cóirigh 7 do gléar ré flóigeadó láirigh: bí a gcuidigh ó tuair 1 n-airdear mar do buailead Seághan leo 'ra n-áit nác raib coinne leir, baínead ré geit arda, baínead ré se arda, 7 b'puidéad ré leir go d'an, míocuibéarac.

Dailig Macú b'eam de'n t'reid, mar do lean cuio aca fá na b'ac-ran, 7 do gluaig ré cum cabruagad leir na Gallair, aet 'o'éaluis Seághan 'na t'reid 1 lár na h-oirde 7 do éir ré ar macú go capair. "Déanfam daingean 1 m'bealfeirpoe cum a rmaccuigste," a'oir an ruidie William b'padaron. Buir Seághan irteac orca inr an t'ún neam-criocnuigste úo 7 do mill ré a b'puidhór. Buir ré ar an gcuma scéadna irteac ar b'eam eile do luct conganca b'padaron coir 'o'ie 7 do r'gair ré iad. Níor b'iongnad sup táinig eagla ar na Sáranaid 7 sup r'gein-neadur leó ar n-air go baile-ata-cliaet.

Leigead do ar fead ceit're mbliadán 'na diaid r'úo (1554-8), aet ní raib don fonn ruaimhín ar Seághan an 'Díomair. Cúinnig ré sup le n-a fínnear cúige Ulaó. B'íod an lám láirigh 1 n-uacóair, a'oir ré leir féin. B'ead ré ruactanac ar na caoirig eile géillead do. 'Dá mb'ead ré cómh glia le n-aoó ó Néill do déanfad ré ceangal 7 capadur leir na caoiréadaid b'orba úo 1 n-ionad do cup 'o'fíacaid orca géillead do.

B'uidair O Riagallair, iarlá nuad b'epini, leir nác géillfead ré féin 1 n-aon cor do, aet léim an fear ceinncead t'íó, 7 do b'éigean do mac Uí Riagallair beir umal do fearda. Níor mar rin de ó 'Dómnail 1 o'íir Conaill: ní mó 'na géill an Clann 'Dómnail ó Albainn 'o'áitig na gleannca coir fairrige 1 n-aoncpuim, aet t'ug Seághan a'gair orca go léir ioir f'aeóil 7 f'ail: Níor eirig leir go maic inr an iarract do gnió ré cum clanna cruada t'ir Conaill do t'adair fá na ruagail, mar b'ead Calbac ó 'Dómnail 1 fan f'ior air 'na cábdán ir o'íde a'g baile-a'gair-caoin 7 ba beag náir mill ré Seághan. 'Do tuit a lán 'o'á cuio fear inr an ruagad obann úo, 7 do cáill ré airn 7 capail, 7 'na mearg a eac c'ioróud féin: 'Do b'é an t-eac cogair úo an capail ba b'eadgá 1 n-éirinn: Mac-an-fíolair do t'ugcaoi uirte. Fuair Seághan ar n-air a'íir i. Níor cup an bac úo cor'g adfad leir an b'ear gcumafac n'óan.

'Do tuit Macú 1 n'gárgar éigin le cuio de muincir Seághan inr an mbliadán 1558, 7 do gnió na Sáranaig iarract ar an gcuir do cup 1 leit Seághan féin aet b'uidair ré nác raib don daic aige le b'ar Macú 7 go scaitfóir beir fára leir an b'neagra roin. Fuair Conn ó Néill b'ar ar an mbliadán do bí cúgáinn. "Ta an bócar réir do Seághan anoir," a'oir an t'reid; "ní beir iarlá mar ceann oráinn a tuillead."

stronghold in Belfast to keep him in order," said the Knight, Sir William Brabazon. Shane broke in upon them in the unfinished fort, and destroyed most of them. He broke in, in the same way, upon another body of Brabazon's party near Derry, and scattered them. It was no wonder that fear fell upon the English, and that they fled back to Dublin.

They let him alone for four years after that (1554-8), but Shane the Proud had no desire for peace. He remembered that Ulster had belonged to his ancestors. Let the strong hand be uppermost, said he to himself. It would be necessary for the other chiefs to submit to him. If he had been as clever as Hugh O'Neill, he would have made bonds and friendship with those haughty chiefs instead of forcing them to yield to him.

O'Reilly, the new Earl of Breffny, said to him that *he* would not submit to him in any case; but the fiery man leaped through him (*i.e.*, through his forces), and O'Reilly was obliged to be humble towards him for the future. It was not so with O'Donnell in Tir-Conaill, nor did the Clan Donal from Scotland yield, who inhabited the glens by the sea in Antrim; but Shane turned his face against them all, both Gaels and foreigners. He did not succeed very well in the attempt he made to bring the sturdy children of Tir-Conaill under his rule, for Calvach O'Donnell sprang upon him secretly in his tent at night at Balleegan (on Loch Swilly), and he nearly destroyed Shane. A great many of his men fell in that sudden rout, and he lost arms and horses, and among them his own coal-black steed. That charger was the finest horse in Ireland. They called him the Son of the Eagle. Shane got him back again. That check did not long hinder so powerful and intrepid a man.

Matthew fell in some brawl with a few of Shane's people in the year 1558, and the English tried to attribute the crime to Shane himself; but he said he had nothing to do with Matthew's death, and that they would have to be satisfied with that answer. Conn O'Neill died the following year (1559).

"The road is clear for Shane now," said the clan; "we will have no earl for a head over us any more."

CHAPTER V.

O'NEILL OF ULSTER.

Out with you to the top of Tullahogue, Shane the Proud! The royal flagstone is there, waiting for you to plant your right foot upon it, as your ancestors the Kings did before you! And

Cairb. 5:

Ó Néill Ulaó

Amac leat ar bárr Tulaigóis, a Seághan an Oíomair! Tá an leac ríogáda ann ag feiteam leat le do coir deir do dualaó uirte mar gnióeas do fínnreap níste ríomac! Agus do fearaim Seághan Ó Néill ar Tulaigóis, agus do ríneas ríac bán díneac cuige mar cómharta cotraim cirt d'a tneib; buaileas clóca gnéarua ar a fínnednaib cumaraca 7 catbárr ar a ceann: Caiteas rípeir a coire mar tap a gualainn. Capas míle claid-eam ór cionn ceann 7 dúirígeas mac aila na gceanntar le fuaim-glór míle ríornac—"Ó Néill abá! Go maíro ar d'flaít a toga!" Do caithn an grian ar ceannaigste dachamail, luirneamail Uí Néill, 7 do cuir coin móra ar iallaib amhartrac aroa fé mar dualaóar ualparcag an mactíre 'ra coill 7 géim na h-eilice ar an gcnoc.

"Do b'ondóiríge liom deit am' 'Ó Néill Ulaó' 'nā am' rí ar Spáinn," arfa doó tír eóghain tamail maít 'na díaró ríó: "Ír mó le h-Ultaig an ainm 'Ó Néill' 'nā 'Caerap' le Rómánaig," arfa an rígnoróir Mountjoy.

Cairb. 6:

"DEARÓRÁTAIR TAÍÓIS DÓMHAIL."

Cailleas Máire, bainríogain Sárana fá'n am ro, 7 bí eilp 'na h-ionas. Do b' i an bean mí-danamail reo an éiríde clóide 7 na rígaraca práir an bean ba mó inntleact le n-a linn. Do érom rí féin 7 a ríagaltar láitneac ar cur irteac ar Seághan: Sydney do b'ainm d'a fear-ionas i n-Éirinn. Gluair fé ó tuais go Dúndealgain 7 cuir ríogra cum Seághan teact 'na gaoir: Níor leis Seághan air gur dualaó fé an ríogra act cuir fé cuirneas cum Sydney teact cum a tíge 7 deit 'na acair baictíde d'a mac ós. Níor díultag an fear-ionas do 7 do fearaim fé leis an mac. "Táim-re am' Ó Néill i n-Ulaó le toil na tneibde reo," arfa Seághan. "Ní tearóirgeann uaim cómhac le Sárana má leigtear dom, act má cuirtear orm, díó óraib féin." Bí Sydney fársa leis rin 7 bí ríotcáin ar fearó tamail i n-Ulaó

Shane O'Neill stood on Tullahogue, and a straight, white wand was handed to him as a symbol of his true balance of justice to his clan; an embroidered cloak was put over his powerful shoulders, and a helmet on his head. His shoe was thrown behind him over his shoulder. A thousand swords were waved overhead, and the echoes of the whole district were awakened with the sound of voices from a thousand throats—"O'Neill for ever! May our Prince live to enjoy his election!" The sun shone on the handsome, bright features of O'Neill, and the great hounds in their leashes bayed as if they heard the howl of the wolf in the forest and the cry of the fawn on the hill.

"I would think it a greater honour to be 'O'Neill of Ulster' than to be King of Spain," said Hugh of Tir-Eoghain a good while after. "The name 'O'Neill' is greater in the eyes of Ulstermen than 'Cæsar' was to the Romans," said the exterminator Mountjoy.

CHAPTER VI.

"DONAL IS BROTHER TO TADHG."

Mary, Queen of England, died about this time, and Elizabeth was Queen in her stead. This unwomanly woman, with the heart of stone and the bowels of brass, was the cleverest woman of her time. She and her Government began at once to interfere with Shane. Sydney was the name of her Deputy in Ireland. He proceeded northwards to Dundalk, and sent notice to Shane to come to him. Shane did not pretend to have heard the notice, but he sent an invitation to Sydney to come to his house and be godfather to his infant son. The Deputy did not refuse him, and he stood for his son. "I am O'Neill of Ulster by the will of this clan," said Shane. "I do not want any fighting with England if I am let alone, but if they provoke me, let them take the consequences." Sydney was satisfied with that, and there was peace in Ulster for awhile, until Sussex came as Deputy to Ireland. "I shall have no peace," said he, "till O'Neill is overthrown," and he prepared and fitted out an army for the purpose. This Sussex was a false, cruel, cunning man, but he was not so clear-headed as Sydney. Calvach O'Donnell assisted him, and also the Scottish O'Donnells in Antrim. Shane the Proud complained that they were annoying him without cause. His province was prospering in wealth and well-doing. Let a messenger come from Elizabeth and he would see. Elizabeth took no

sur táinig Sussex 'na fear-ionad go h-Éirinn: "Ni déan am' fuaimnear," aoir ré, "go mbeid Ó Néill fá coir," 7 'do gléar 7 'do cóirig rluag le h-áir an gnóta. Fear feallta, doirb, glia, 'do d'éad Sussex ro áct ní raib ré cóim gear-inntineac le Sydney. 'Do cáirig Calbac Ó 'Domnail leir, 7 mar an gcéanna clann 'Domnail na hAibann, i ndonruim. 'Do gearán Seághan-an-'Díomair go rabtar as cur air san cúir: 'Dí a cúige as dul cum cinn i maoin 7 i maítear. Tasaó teactaire Éilre 7 féacáó ré. Níor cúir Éilr ruim 'na cúir cainte áct leis ri 'd'a fear-ionad gluaireact ó tuair go h-Áir-Maca inr an mbliadain 1561.

Phéad Seághan go h-obann irteac go Tír Conaill pul a raib coinne leir 7 'do rgiob ré leir rean Calbac Ó 'Domnail 7 a bean ós, an bean úr 'd'fás an rmal ar a ainm. 'Do cúir an clea cogair obann roin mearbhall ar na Tír Conaill 7 'do tocúir Sussex a ceann le cangcar. Car Seághan ó 'dear fá mar 'do déad ré ar tí iarráict 'do eadair fá 'Baile-áta-Clia. 'Dí Mac-an-'fiolair fá 7 níor d'ionntaoid Seághan ar muin an eic rin ar ceann oreama dírgineac 'd' Ultaic. Níor cúig Sussex cao é an fuadar 'do bí fá Seághan: fá 'deiread 'do filir ré go raib Seághan 'na gliaice aise 7 'do deartúig ré innit 'do: 'Do dhúir ré míle fear irteac go Tír Eogain as creaca 7 as corrair, 7 'd' fan ré féin coir Áir-Maca as feiteam le Seághan. Bailig an míle fear na céanta ba dába, na caoirig bána, 7 na capail, 7 'do gluaireadar ar n-air go buacac. "féac Mac-an-'fiolair," arfa duine éigin, "tá Seághan an 'Díomair cúigaid!" Ni raib le Seághan ar an láir úr áct céad 7 fice marcac 7 'd'a céad coirícte, áct gairgídig blorgbéimeaca 'do d'éad iad: 'Dí cinn 7 cora 'na gearnánair ar an macaire úr fá ceann uaire an clois, 7 an fuigleac beas creaca, rtoilca, as rgeinnead go h-Áir-Maca, na biairid faodrac 'd'a n-gearrad 7 'd'a n-éirleac, 7 an gear-cata uaimnac úr—"Lám dearg abú!" 'na gcluaraid: innreann Sussex féin le cráó croidé an raon-matoma 'do cuiread air.—"Ni raib ré i mírleac don Éireannais riam fóir fearam am' áiríó-re, áct féad inriu Ó Néill reo 7 san aise áct a leat n-oiread fear liom, as bráctad irteac ar mo arim breas ar macaire réir leatan. 'Do gúirínn cum 'Dí fail 'd'fáir air 'na leicéir 'd'ait san coill i n-giorracc trí míle 'do le ríat 'do eadair 'd'a cúir fear. Mo náire é, 'd'fódar na ríac ré me aicir 'dom' arim beó i n-uair an clois, 7 ir beas náir ríac ré me féin 7 an cúir eile amac leir ar daingean Áir-Maca."

Ni éomparad Sussex ar Tír Eogain 'do creacaó go fóil arí. Cúir an dhúirleac úr ríannrad oíca i lánruin 7 'd'air Éilr ar

notice of what he said, but she allowed her Deputy to go north to Armagh in the year 1561.

Shane rushed suddenly into Tir-Conaill before they expected him, and he carried off old Calvach O'Donnell and his young wife—that woman who left the stain on his name. This sudden feat of arms dismayed the Tir-Conaill men, and Sussex scratched his head with vexation. Shane turned southward, as if he were about to make an attack on Dublin. The “Son of the Eagle” was under him, and Shane was not to be trusted on the back of that horse at the head of an active body of Ulstermen. Sussex did not know how great was the energetic force of Shane. At last he thought he had Shane in his grip, and he laid a trap for him. He sent a thousand men into Tir-Eoghain to plunder and ravage, and he himself remained near Armagh waiting for Shane. The thousand men collected hundreds of black cows, of white sheep, and horses, and they were returning, much elated. “See the ‘Son of the Eagle’!” said one of them; “Shane the Proud is upon us!” Shane had only a hundred and twenty horsemen and two hundred foot in the place, but they were warriors who dealt loud-resounding blows. Heads and feet were in heaps upon that field at the end of an hour, and the little remnant, wounded and torn, were flying to Armagh, the keen-edged axes cutting and slaughtering them, and that terrifying war-cry, “*Lám veap̃s abú!*” in their ears. Sussex himself tells with sorrow of heart the utter rout that was inflicted on him*:—“No Irishman ever before had the courage to stand against me; but see this O'Neill to-day, and he having only half as many men as I, bursting in upon my fine army on a smooth, wide plain. I would pray to God to get a chance at him in such a place, without a wood within three miles of him to give shelter to his men. My shame! He was like not to have left a creature of my army alive in one hour, and it wanted little but he would have dragged me and the rest out of the fortress of Armagh.”

Sussex would not attempt to plunder Tir-Eoghain again for awhile. That defeat terrified them in London, and Elizabeth asked the Earl of Kildare, a relative of Shane the Proud, to make peace. She sent a message of pardon to Shane, and an invitation to come to London to speak with her. “I will not stir a foot,” said Shane, “till the English army takes the road out of Ulster.” “Be it so,” said Elizabeth.

* In all cases where quotations from English writers have been translated into Irish by Conán Maol, such quotations have been re-translated into English, and therefore differ slightly in form, though not in sense, from the English originals.—Ed.

laipla Cilleodara, b'rádaí Seághan an Dlíomair, ríotóidín do deánad. Cuip rí teacraireacá maitemnaí cum Seághan 7 cuipreá cuise teacá go lánvoin le labairt léi. "Ní corrócaó cor," a veip Seághan, "go dtugáir áim Sárana a mbótar orca ar ulaó." "Díóó mar rin," a vubairt Elip:

Nuair do meá Sussex ceap ré a cleap feill do cupi b'peróm: Tá a rígníóinn féin cum Elip mar fíadnaíre ar an bfeall. 1 mí na lúgnara 1561, rígníobann ré cum na bainríogá rin sup tairis ré luac céao marc 'ra mbliadain de talam do niall liat, maorrigé Uí Néill, ar coingéall go muirbheócaó ré an flait rin. "Do múinear do cionnur d'éalócaó ré leir tar eip na bearta," a veip ré. Ní fíor vóinn an raib niall liat vóirírib, áct síbé ríeal é ní cloirceap sup gníó ré-íarracá ar Seághan do vóinnaríubáó:

Cairí 7:

seághan-an-dlíomais 1 lánvoin:

Rinne laipla Cilleodara ríotóidín íorí Ó Néill 7 Sárana; mar ba móir le h-Ó Néill é, 7 do feoladair araon anonn go lánvoin, 7 nveipreá na bliadna, 7 gáiríá gailloglac 1 n-éinfeacá leo.

Vubairtar le Seághan náó b'píllíreáó ré ar aip go veó, coirg go raib an tuas 7 an ceap 'na cómaip ag Elip, áct ví muirígn aigerean ar a teangá líomca 7 ví vóic aigé náir meáó ré ruam 1 n-aon cúmangac.

Dean uallac do d'eáó Elip: Ví rí vatacámaí, gnuais ruad uirte, 7 rúla glara aicí, an t-éavac ba b'reagáó 7 ba vaoiríe le rágaí uirte, 7 an íomac ve aicí le h-í féin do cópúgáó go minic 'ra ló. Péacós do d'eáó í le péacaint uirte, áct ví cpoirde an beacádaís aílca, gan cruas, gan cruasgmeíl aicí, 7 innceín 7 aighe tar mndíó an vómain. "An labairceap v'éarla cúicí?" arfa vóine éigin le Seághan. "Ní labóirac go veimín," ar reiréan, "mar leónraó an teangá vuaríe gnuanna roín mo córpáin." Ví f'raínceir 7 Spáínir 7 Láirveann ag Seághan 1 vceannca a teangá dinn díaríó féin. Dean teangaca do d'eáó Elip leir, 7 vubairtar sup ráruis Seághan 'ra b'f'raínceir í 7 sup eicíg rí cómpáó leir 'ra teangá roín:

When Sussex had failed, he thought he would put his cunning in treachery to account. His own letter to Elizabeth exists as a witness to the treachery. In the month of August, 1561, he writes to that Queen that he had offered land to the value of a hundred marks a year to Grey Niall, O'Neill's house-steward, on condition that he should kill that prince. "I showed him how he should escape after the act," said he. We do not know whether Grey Niall was in earnest, but in any case we do not hear that he made any attempt to murder Shane.

CHAPTER VII.

SHANE THE PROUD IN LONDON.

The Earl of Kildare made peace between O'Neill and England, for O'Neill had a great regard for him, and they both traveled over to London at the end of the year, taking a guard of gallowglasses with them.

It was said to Shane that he would never come back, because Elizabeth had the axe and the block in readiness for him; but he had confidence in his own keen and ready tongue, and he thought that he had never failed in any difficulty.

Elizabeth was a vain woman. She was handsome; she had red hair and gray eyes, and she wore the most beautiful and the most expensive clothes, and she had more than enough of them to decorate herself many times in the day. She was like a peacock to look at; but she had the heart of a wild beast, without pity or compassion, and more intellect and mind than any other woman in the world. "Will you speak English to her," said somebody to Shane. "Indeed I will not," said he; "for that rugged, ugly language would sprain my jaw." Shane had French and Spanish and Latin as well as his own sweet musical tongue. Elizabeth was a linguist too, and it is said that Shane outdid her in French, and that she refused to converse with him in that language.

On Little Christmas Day, in the year 1562, he walked into the royal room of Elizabeth. There were valiant men of six feet and more around her, especially young Herbert; but it was seen at once that they were but insignificant men beside Shane the Proud. English history gives an account of his visit and of his appearance. "He had a yellowish-red mantle of fine material flowing down behind him to the ground, and light red hair, crisp and curly, falling over his shoulders to the middle of his back; he had wild gray eyes that looked out at you as

Lá Nollaig beas iní an mbliadain 1562 do buail ré ircead go reómra níosáda éilir. Ói fíir calma ré troigste 7 níor mó na cuideacta, go mór mór Herbert ós, áct connacatar láitneac nác raib ionnta áct rppesáin i n-aice Seághan-an-Diomair: Tuáann rdaír na Sapanac cúntur ar a cuairt 7 ar a crut: “Ói falluings buide-bearys do véanmúr daor ar ríleas riar ríor go calam leir, 7 sruais fionn-ruas go crupineac, cam-arpac tar a flinneadnaib ríor go lár a óroma, rúla glara ríadaine aise o’fécac amac ort cómh lonnrac le sac sgréine; corp fuinnta lútmair aise 7 ceann-aigste ván.” Ói na céarta as iarraib raibair o’fásail air féin 7 ar a gallóglaca: Deir a cuairis go raibadar ro ceann-lomnocta, foilt fionna orta, léinteada lúirig ó muineál go glún orta, cpoiceann mactíne tar suailnib sac fíir aca, 7 seárr-tuag cata i láim sac don aca. Níor o’ ionntaoib fearis do cur ar a leicéirib ríú. Ir veall-ratac go raibadar i mbuirigín ártomaca: “Úmaluisiú!” arra Seághan ve gút glórac 7 ní raib an focal ar a véal nuair do ói na gallóglais ar a leat-glúin: Stao ré i scómgar do’n cuatair níosáda mar a raib éilir, agus i éaduigste ar nór péacóige, do érom ré a ceann, do érom ré a glún, 7 do fearaim ré annpoin cómh víneac le gáinne: “O’ fécac ré féin 7 éilir ioir an dá fáil ar a céile: Labair rí i laiveann leir 7 o’ fneasair reirean i go binn-briatrac. Do mol ré a mórdact 7 vudairt ré sur dál a rgeim 7 a crut é, mar ba mín i a ceangsa le mnáib: Níor luig fáil éilir ríam ar a leicéir o’ fear 7 ba binn léi é deit ’sá breasá. Do tearbdáin rí do i n-ainveóin a cómairleóirí sur caicn ré léi, sió go raib na cómairleóirí rin ar tí a cúro folá do vórtac. Dubraodar leó féin go raib sgréim aca anoir nó ríam air, 7 sió sur tuáodar na coingil do ná bainríde leir ar a turur, meafadar, mar ba gnátae, an glar do bualaó air: “Tátaoi ar tí an coingil do bripesá,” ar Seághan go ván: “Leisfear ar n-air tú uair éigin,” ar Cecil leir, “áct ní fuil don am áirigste ceaprigste ’ra coingéall poin!” “Meallao mé,” arra Seághan leir féin, 7 do buail ré ircead go látair éilire 7 o’iarí ré coimirc uirte: “Ní leómtar don bártainn do véanaó vuit,” avéir rí leir, “áct caicfir fanamaint agáinn go fóil.” Ní ríor cionnur do meall Seághan is ba maít léi le n-a n-air é, 7 meartar go raib raágar sgráir ainmíde aici do, 7 ir é iongnac sac leigsteóra sur rísaol rí uairte é fá vepesá ar seall go mbéac ré úmal ví féin amáin 7 san baint ’sá fear-ionac i n-éirinn leir. Veirtear go raib eagla uirte leir o’á scuirctíde i scuirneac é go nvéanraó Muirtir Néill fiait ve Coirdealtbac luineac ó Néill ’na ionac

bright as sunbeams; a well-knit, active frame, and haughty features." There were hundreds of people trying to get a sight of himself and of his gallowglasses. This account says that these latter were bare-headed, with fair heads of hair, wearing shirts of mail from the neck to the knee, each man having a wolf-skin across his shoulders and a sharp battle-axe in his hand. One would not trust the consequences of provoking the like of those fellows. It is probable that they were in the fight at Armagh. "Make your obeisance!" said Shane in a sonorous voice, and the word was not out of his mouth when the gallowglasses were on one knee. He stood close to the throne where Elizabeth sat, dressed like a peacock; he bent his head, he bent his knee, and then he stood up as straight as a rod. He and Elizabeth looked at each other between the eyes. She spoke to him in Latin, and he answered her in sweet-sounding words. He praised her greatness, and he said that her beauty and her form dazzled him, for he had a smooth tongue with women. Elizabeth's eye had never rested on a man like him, and she liked to hear him flattering her. She showed him, in spite of her advisers, that he pleased her, though those same advisers were ready to shed his blood. They said to themselves that they had a grip of him now or never; and although they had agreed to the condition that no one should molest him on his journey, they thought, as was their custom, to close the lock upon him. "Ye intend to break the conditions," said Shane boldly. "You will be allowed to go back some time," said Cecil to him; "but there is no particular time decided upon in that agreement." "They have deceived me," said Shane to himself, and he walked into the presence of Elizabeth and demanded her protection. "They will not dare to do you any injury," said she to him; "but you will have to remain with us for a while." There is no knowing how Shane persuaded her. She liked him to be about her, and it is supposed that she had a kind of animal affection for him, and every reader is surprised that she let him go away from her at last on his promising that he would obey herself alone, and that her Deputy in Ireland should have nothing to do with him. It is said that she was afraid also that if he were put in fetters the O'Neills would make Turlough Luineach O'Neill prince in his stead, and she preferred Shane to *him*. Sussex was gnawing his tongue with rage because they had not taken Shane's head from his body in London, and he sent word to Elizabeth that it was spread abroad through Ireland that Shane had deceived her, great as was her intelligence, and that she had made him

7 'do b'annra léi Seághan 'na eipean. 'Dí Sussex a's cogaint a teangan le buile coirg na'n baineas an ceann de colainn Seághan i lánouin, 7 cuip ré r'gála cum Elíre go raib ré leatca ar fuo Éipeann sup meall Seághan i 'd'a feadap i a h-inntleact 7 sup gnió pí pí ar Ulaó de. 'D'iarr ré ceao uirce é meallao go 'Baile-áta-Cliaó i gcóir greama 'o'fágar aip, áct 'Dí Seághan ró-amapapac 7 níor fad ré i n'gaoir 'do 'Baile-áta-Cliaó, sió sup f'eall Sussex a 'deirb'fúir map m'naoi 'dó áct ceact 'o'a feicpint.

 Caib. 8:


nóm 7 fuil:

Inp an mbliadain 'na 'diaio rúo (.i. 1563) 'do érom Sussex ar cur irceac ar Seághan 7 ar uirge fá talam 'do 'deanaó roir é féin 7 Elír. 'Do cabruis fean-námairce Seághan, na Tír-Conaillig 7 Albanaig Aontuim, le Sussex, 7 'do gluar reirean ó tuair go h-Ulaó inp an Ábrán 1563, áct má gluar 'do gnió Seághan liatpóir coirce de féin 7 'o'a fluas, 7 'Dí Sussex an-buirceac go raib ré 'na cumap teiceao le n'anam. Sgriob Elír cum Sussex ríotcáin 'do 'deanaó le Seághan, map ná raib don maic 'dó deit leir.

'Do gnió Sussex fuo ar Elír, 7 ar an am gcéadna cuip ré féirín ríotcána cum Seághan—ualac fiona mearguigce le nóm: 'D'ól Seághan 7 a linn-tige cuip de'n fion 7 'o'fóbar go mbéao ré 'na pleirt. 'Dí ré a's cómpac leir an mbár ar feao 'd'a lá, 7 nuair 'do cáinig ré cuige féin níor 'b'iongnao go raib ré ar dearg-lapao le feirg 7 sup gléar ré a buircean cum cogair. Leis Elír uirce go raib pí ar buile i 'otaob an feill-deart úo 7 'do f'eall pí go 'otabarao pí ceart 'dó áct a fuaimnear 'do glacao. 'Do glaoaró pí abail ar Sussex. Leis pí uirce sup map fáram 'do Seághan é, áct 'do 'b'é an cúir 'do 'Dí aici ar Sussex sup meat ré. 'Do f'naíom pí ríotcáin 7 capaoar map 'o'eo le Seághan aip, 7 'Dí ré 'na n'is 'o'airíuib ar Ulaó anoir 7 leigao 'dó. Áct map rin féin 'Dí a fuat 'do'n f'all cóm g'éar 7 'Dí ré nam. 'D'a cómarca roin cum ré cairleán ar bhuac loca n-ecac: fear casarca 'do 'deao é 7 ceap ré sup deas ar na Sapanais padaric an cairleán rin 7 'do dairc ré aip "Fuat na n'f'all." 'Deircear sup ceap ré an uair reo ríogáct na h-Éipeann 'do

PART OF A PROCLAMATION CONCERNING
SHANE, THE PROUD

Photographic facsimile from the original



Fraser, W. H.

ON: 10/10/10
10:10:10
10:10:10

STAFFORD, IN JUNE

6-11-64
 6-11-64
 6-11-64

and said it was
to be the better

Anno. . . and
and his brethren
seniors to be an

King over Ulster. He asked her permission to decoy Shane to Dublin in order to get a grip of him; but Shane was too suspicious, and he did not go near Dublin, although Sussex promised him his sister for a wife if he only went to see her.

CHAPTER VIII.

POISON AND BLOOD.

In the year after that (1563) Sussex began to interfere with Shane, and to make mischief between him and Elizabeth. Shane's old enemies, the Tir-Conaill men and the Scots of Antrim, assisted Sussex, and the latter went north to Ulster in the April of 1563; but if he did go, Shane made a football of himself and his army, and Sussex was very thankful that he was able to fly with his life. Elizabeth wrote to Sussex to make peace with Shane, for it was no use for him to be attacking him.

Sussex did as Elizabeth bade him, and at the same time he sent a gift of peace to Shane—a cargo of wine mixed with poison. Shane and his household drank some of the wine, and he was like to have become a corpse. He was fighting with death for two days, and when he recovered it was not surprising that he was in a red flame of rage, and that he prepared his troop for war. Elizabeth pretended that she was furious about this act of treachery, and she promised that she would give him satisfaction if he would only keep quiet. She recalled Sussex. She pretended it was to satisfy Shane, but the cause of complaint that she had against Sussex was that he had failed. She tied the bonds of (pretended) peace and friendship with Shane again, and he was really King over Ulster now, and they let him alone. But for all that his hatred of the stranger was as keen as ever. As a sign of it he built a castle on the shore of Lough Neagh. He was a wittily-spoken man, and he thought that the English would not enjoy the sight of that castle, and he christened it "The Hate of the Strangers." It is said that he thought at that time of taking to himself the kingdom of Ireland, and of clearing the English out of it. But the Irish did not help him. He wrote to the King of France to ask help from him. "If you lend me six thousand men," he said, "I will drive the English out of this country into the sea." He could have got ten times as many as that in Ireland itself if they had been willing to rise with him, but they did not stir a foot.

gádhail cuise féin, 7 na Sapanais do glanao amac airoe: ácc níor cábhruis na h-Éireannaigh leir. Do rghíob ré cum ríis na fíain e aís iarruair congnaim ari. “Má túsann tu dom ré míle fear ar iaracc,” ar reirean, “tíomáinfeao na Sapanais ar an ucir reo irceac ‘ra bfairrige.” Do geobao ré a deic n-oirceao roin i n-Éirínn féin o’a mb’díl leo eirge leir, ácc níor corruigeaoar cor.

Caib: 9:

Lám Dearg Abú!

Muna scabhuigíó Éire linn, mar rin féin caiteam dul ar aghao: Uí an Clann Dómnail reo i n-Doncruim ó uair so h-uair aís cábhruao leir na Sapanais. Amharanna do b’eo na fir calma úo. Tángaoar ó Albain ar cuireao Cuinn Uí Néill 7 a ácar, 7 do cuireaoar fúta i n-Doncruim 7 i n-Dalriada. Ní raib Seághan ráta ‘na aigne fao do díodar ‘ra tír. Do géill-eaoar do 7 do cábhruigeaoar leir don uair amáin, ácc ní raib don ionntaoib aise arua. Dubhaoar leir nác raib don rmaect aise oíta, 7 nác raib ré maectanac oíta cábhruao leir, ácc le n-a oíoil féin. Do ghríoraib bainríogain Elí íao i san fíor. “Seao má’r eao,” aoir Seághan leo, “ghraoair líb abáile. Ní fuil don gno aghamra oib fearua.” Ácc do cuir na h-Albanais colis oíta féin 7 dubhaoar leir so bpanfaoir mar a raib aca san rpleadacar do roin: “Do buaoar ar o’acair-re ceana 7 ar Sussex ‘na ceannta,” aoir na h-Albanais oána.

Do leat Seághan-an-Díomair a cora ar Mac-an-Fíolair, bailis ré a fluaigte cimceall air 7 do búr ré irceac so h-Doncruim ar nóir cuinne fairrige. Duail na h-Albanais leir i n-Gleannaire ‘na noreamaib noirgíreaca 7 do fearuao cat fuilceac eacorta. Tá rean-bócar oia tuar de’n baile rin Dún-adann Duinne, i gconaoe Doncruim, 7 do cuir Seághan-an-Díomair a eac cíorob, Mac-an-Fíolair, ar cor-in-áiríe tar corraib Albanac ann, 7 fá meádon lae ví Clann Dómnail ‘na rraataib rínte cimceall air. Do marbhuigeao annrúo Dongur Mac Dómnail 7 react gceao o’a cuio fear, do gádh 7 do gonaó Séamur Mac Dómnail, 7 do tós Seághan leir Somairle Duíre, an caoirac eile ví oíta: Do b’fárr oóib o’a oíogfaoir a

CHAPTER IX.

Lám bearys abú!

If Ireland will not help us, still we must go forward. These MacDonnells in Antrim were helping the English from time to time. These brave men were mercenary soldiers. They came from Scotland on the invitation of Conn O'Neill and of his father, and they settled in Antrim and in Dalriada (the present counties Antrim and Down). Shane was not easy in his mind as long as they were in the country. They submitted to him and assisted him once, but he had no confidence in them. They told him he had no control over them, and that there was no necessity for them to help him except by their own free will. Queen Elizabeth used covertly to encourage them. "Very well so," said Shane to them. "Get ye away home. I have no further business of ye." But the Scotsmen assumed a threatening attitude, and they said to him that they would stay where they were without dependence on *him*. "We got the better of your father before, and of Sussex besides," said the bold Scots.

Shane the Proud threw his leg over his horse Mac-an-Fhiolar, gathered his hosts around him, and broke in upon Antrim like a wave of the sea. The Scots met him in Glenshesk, in fierce bands, and a bloody battle was waged between them. There is an old road behind the village of Cushendun, in County Antrim, and Shane the Proud galloped his coal-black horse Mac-an-Fhiolar over the bodies of Scotsmen in it, and by the middle of the day the MacDonnells were stretched in rows around him. Angus MacDonnell and seven hundred of his men were killed, James MacDonnell was wounded and taken prisoner, and Shane also took Somerled the Sallow (or Sorley Boy), the other chief over them. It would have been better for them if they had taken his advice and gone off out of his way, and it would have been better for himself too, for it was the remnant of that company who treacherously killed him two years later.

At this time he was only thirty-eight years of age, and there was no man in Ireland of greater reputation and power than he. The English pretended to be great friends with him. They were very glad at first that he had routed the Clan Donnell of Scotland, and they rejoiced with him. Shane understood them right well. Not without reason was that proverb made: "An Englishman's laugh is a dog's grin"

cómaire 7 gneadao leo ar a fúige, 7 do b'feadh do roin leir é, mar do b'iad fúigleac na buirne úo do mairb le feall é féin dá bliadain 'na diao rúo.

Ní raib ré an uair reo áct oet mbliadna déas ar fícto 'd'oir, 7 ní raib don fear i n-Éirinn ba mó cáil 7 cúmaet ná é. Leis na Sapanais oíra go raibadair go móir leir. Bí átar oíra ar oíair gur mill ré Clann Dómnail ó Albain 7 do gáireadair leir. Tuig Seásan go dian maic iad. Ní san fáo do cúmao an fear-focal úo—"Dhanntán maíra gáire Sapanais." "Ír maic an rúo," ar raibran, "Clann Dómnail do beic claoirde mar níor b'fíor. Dúinn cá h-am do cadrócaoir leir na n-Éireannais, áct mar rin féin beic O Néill ró-láoir ar fáo anoir."

Ír truaig ná'r gúio ré caradair le taoireadair Éireann an uair reo. I n' ionao roin érom ré ar a cup 'd'fiadair oíra gúilleao do gíbe oic maic leó é. "Caitrío taoirig Conact a gáin bliadantamail do cadairc domra mar ba gnátao leo do fúctio ULao," ar reirean. D'eitig na Conactais é 7 púead ré go h-obann i ládair tigeapna Cloinn Riocáio, an fear ba tpeire i gConact, 7 mill ré é san puinn duao. Do creac ré Tír Conail inr an mbliadain gceadna (1566), 7 táinig rannrao ar Sapan. Do gúioirao Eir iarla fearn Muineac, Magúioir le h-eirge 'na ágaio, áct do meileao an Magúioir fá mar do meileao brio muilinn uorán coirce.

Do b'e Sydney bí 'na Arúoircír aír ar Éirinn an uair úo i n-ionao Sussex, 7 bí aicne maic aige ar Seásan. Cuir ré ceactaire riasaltair 'd'ar d'ainm Stukeley cuige le h-aicne aír beic réio. "Ná h-eirig amac i na gáio na Sapanac 7 geobair gíbe ní do ceapúigeann uair," ar Stukeley. "Déan-far iarla Tír Eogain díot má'r maic leat é." Cuir Seásan rann ar 7 labair ré go neamatao. "Dreágan ír íeao an iarlact roin," ar reirean. "Do gúioeabair iarla de Mac Cáptais i gcúige Munan, 7 tá buacaili aimpire 7 rin capall ágampáatá cóm maic 'd'fear leir rin. Do meapadair mé crocaio nuair do bí gneim ágaio oim. Ní fuil don muinigin ágam ar buir ngeallamha. Níor iarrar ríocáin ar an mbainríogain áct 'd'iarí ríre oimra i 7 ír ríbre féin do brio i. Do tiomáinear na Sapanais ar an lúbair 7 ar Dúnoroma 7 ní leigreo doio ceact ar n-aí go deo. Ní leomraio Ó Dómnail beic 'na flact aír ar Tír Conail mar ír liomra an áit rin fearoa. Ná díot don meapócall oir gur liomra cuige ULao. Bí mo fínnreap ríomam 'na fúctio uirce: Do buadair i lem' clairdeam 7 lem' clairdeam do coingbeoao i."

[i.e., a preparation for biting]. "It is a good thing," said they, "that the Clan Donnell are defeated, for we never knew when they might help the Irish; but, for all that, O'Neill will be too strong altogether now."

It is a pity he did not make friends with the chieftains of Ireland at this time. Instead of that he began to force them to submit to him, whether they liked it or not. "The princes of Connacht must give me their yearly tribute, as they used to give it to the Kings of Ulster," said he. The Connachtmen refused, and he rushed suddenly upon the lord of Clan Rickard, the strongest man in Connacht, and despoiled him without much trouble. He plundered Tir-Conaill in the same year (1566), and fear fell upon England. Elizabeth incited Maguire, Earl of Fermanagh, to rise against him; but the Maguire was crushed as a millstone would crush a handful of oats.

Sydney was Lord Justice (or Deputy) of Ireland again at this time in place of Sussex, and he knew Shane well. He sent a Government envoy, named Stukely, to him to urge upon him that he should keep quiet. "Do not rise out against the English, and you shall get whatever you want," said Stukely. "They will make you Earl of Tir-Eoghain, if you would like that." Shane snorted, and he spoke defiantly. "That earldom is a toy," said he. "Ye made an earl of MacCarthy in Munster, and I have serving-boys and stable-men that are as good men as he. Ye thought to hang me when ye had a grip of me. I have no trust in your promises. I did not ask peace of the Queen, but *she* asked i. of *me*, and it is ye yourselves that have broken it. I drove the English out of Newry and out of Dundrum, and I will never let them come back. O'Donnell will not dare to be prince again in Tir-Conaill, for that place is mine henceforward. Let there be no doubt upon you that Ulster is mine. My ancestors before me were kings over it. I won it with my sword, and with my sword I will keep it."

Though Sydney was a very brave, courageous man, his heart was in his mouth when Stukely told him this conversation. "If we do not make a great effort Ireland will be gone out of our hand. O'Neill owns the whole of Ulster, and he must be checked," said Sydney to Elizabeth. "Attack him at once," said she. She sent a troop of English over, and Sydney collected men from every quarter of Ireland, English and Irish, for there was many a chief who assisted him. Some of them were sufficiently disinclined for the business; but they had to

make themselves ready for the assistance of England, as they do at this day.

They are coming against you, Shane the Proud, horseman of the sharp sword! Get ready Mac-an-Fhiolar, and arrange your little band of heroes. Ye have nothing but the strength of your own arms, for there is no help nor succor for ye from anyone outside.

The English districts about Dublin were called the Pale. Into the Pale Shane leaped like a thunderstorm. He ravaged and plundered it to the walls of Dublin. He made an attempt upon the English in Dundalk, and he had a fight with Sydney near that town. They were too much for Shane that time, and with some difficulty they repulsed him; but he made havoc among Sydney's troops before he moved off. Sydney continued to press on. He went through Tir-Eoghain, and from that to Tir-Conaill, in spite of Shane; but the latter followed him every inch of the way, and little rest he gave him during the journey. Never did he show better skill in tactics than at that time. Sydney and his numerous army were harassed and wearied by Shane's sudden attacks. He moved close up to them near Derry and gave them battle. A tough fight it was, for many men fell on both sides, and Shane thought the victory was with him; but beware! See this company coming from the West upon him—the stern Tir-Conaill men under O'Donnell, who was always against him—and Shane was defeated at last.

He fell back to the passes of Tir-Eoghain, growling at Sydney. He was so fearless and so confident in himself, that the foreigners were afraid to come near him, and they betook themselves to Dublin again, having got very little by their journey. "I will put the mark of my hand on them yet," said Shane. "Not a creature of them would have gone back if it were not for those villains in Tir-Conaill. There is a swarm of bees there that are worrying and stinging me this long while; but cut the ear off me but I will smoke them out very soon."

CHAPTER X.

CLOUDS AND DEATH.

Shane was preparing himself secretly, and the English were not asleep. They were secretly aiding O'Donnell, and spurring him on against Shane. Hugh was the name of the O'Donnell who was now in Tir-Conaill, for Calvach had lately died. This

Caid: 10:

SĠAMAILL AĠUS BĠS:

B'ì Seághan go foluigteac 'sà ullamúgadh féin 7 ní raib na Sapanais 'na sgoila: Dìodan aĠ cabrúgadh le h-Ó Dòmhnail 1 san fìor, 7 'sà ġrìoradh 1 sgoinnib Seághain. Aod do b'ainm de'n Ó Dòmhnail do b' anoir ar Tìr Conaill, mar cailleadh Calldac le deirdeannaige. Nìor d'fùldair do'n tìr nua do fo eadct eìgin do deánadh 1 uoradh a maġla, mar ba ġnadhac le ġac flait an uair úo. B'ur Aod ipceac go Tìr Eóghain ar órúgadh na Sapanac 7 do epeac pé an caod tìar tuaid oi. Do buid 7 do deapġ aĠ Seághan-an-Dìomair. Dar claidream ġairġe Néill naoi nġiallais, díoltair Ó Dòmhnail ar an sgoġairt reo 1

Do eirid tìrìgceada 7 marcais aĠ tìrall ar ġac aìr do fà dein tìge mór Deinnbhoirb roim eirġe ġrèine 1 uoradh na Dealtaine inr an mbliadhain 1567. Ġrom na coin mór aì uail le teapadh ar teact na rluas, 7 aĠ lúclail 7 aĠ croctadh a n-eapball, mar do fìleadar go mbiaid reilġ aca mar ba ġnadhac. Rit an fìad ruad 7 an macctìpe 1 b'oladh inr na coilltib mór-ucimceall mar fìleadar roin leir le tuigrint an ainmìde go raibtar ar a uorìr.

Nì raib uail 1 reatġ aĠ Ó Néill an cor ro, mar b'ì deadaid aìr cum Ó Dòmhnail do tìròctadh, 7 do buail pé féin 7 a rìòigeacdh tìr mìle fear rìar ó tuaid. Deapfadh daoine pìrreòġada go raib na cáġa aĠ ġrèadais ór cionn tìge Seághain-an-Dìomair an maidean ro, 7 nàr cuailaid pé ceol na cuaidce ná rìobdaireact an loin buid in'oiu.

"nàc uan iad na Tìr Conaillis reo, 7 nàc mór an tìr aĠ uorìd deit 'sà ġcur a rìġe a marbta," ar reirean, nuaìr do connais pé Ó Dòmhnail 7 a buirdean deas ruirde ar aìr an ġàipe ar an ucaod tuaid u'indear Sùilġ 1 n'òan na nġall.

B'ì an caoirde tìrìgce ar an indear 7 do rìlìd Ó Néill ġur ġainm tìr do b'ì ann 1 sgoimnìde. Nìor mar rìn do Ó Dòmhnail: B'ì aìrne maìt aìgerean ar an aìt úo, 7 do toġaid pé 1 1 sgoimair é féin 7 a cuir fear do coraint ar Ó Néill, mar eirġeann an caoirde go tìuġ 7 go h-obann annròo:

Aġur fèac 1 n-àrpann le céile an rìòct do tainis ó deirte mac Néill naoi nġiallais—na Tìr Conaillis ó Conail ġulban 7 na Tìr Eóghainis ó Eóghan, é rìud do b'ur a eoirde le b'òin 1 noiarb Conail nuaìr do marbuisgeadh an curadh roin.

Deirtear nàc raib aon fonn b'ruighe ar Ó Néill nuaìr do

new prince must needs do some act of valor at the beginning of his reign, as was the custom with every prince at that time. Hugh broke into Tir-Eoghain by order of the English, and plundered the north-western part of. Shane the Proud turned black and red with anger. By the champion-sword of Niall of the Nine Hostages, O'Donnell shall pay for this raid!

You would see foot and horsemen traveling from every quarter towards the great house of Benburb before sunrise, in the beginning of May, in the year 1567. The great hounds began to bay with excitement at the approach of the troops, and to jump about and wag their tails, for they thought they were to have a hunt, as usual. The red deer and the wolf ran to hide themselves in the woods all around, for *they* too thought, with the animal's instinct, that they were going to be pursued.

O'Neill had no desire for hunting this time, for he was in a hurry to subdue O'Donnell, and he and his host of three thousand men struck out to the north-west. Superstitious people would say that the jackdaws were screaming over the house of Shane the Proud this morning, and that he did not hear the music of the cuckoo nor the piping of the blackbird to-day.

"Are they not bold, these Tir-Conaill fellows, and is it not a great pity for them to be putting themselves in the way of their death?" said he, when he saw O'Donnell and his little band posted upon Ardingary, on the north side of Lough Swilly, in Donegal.

The tide had ebbed out of the estuary, and O'Neill thought that the sand in it was always dry. Not so with O'Donnell. *He* knew that place well, and he chose it in order to protect himself and his men from O'Neill, for the tide rises strongly and suddenly there.

And see, struggling together, the race that came from the two sons of Niall of the Nine Hostages—the Tir-Conaill men from Conall Gulban, and the Tir-Eoghain men from Eoghen, the man who broke his heart with sorrow after Conall when that warrior was killed!

It is said that O'Neill had no wish to fight when he saw the small army that O'Donnell had against him, and that he would rather that they would have surrendered; but for all that he arranged his men carefully, and he ordered them in companies and troops across the inlet of the sea. O'Donnell made a furious attack on the first party that got across and broke them up. If they had not many men, they were all like wild cats. He did

connaic fé an flúas deas do bi a5 Ó Dómnaili 'na comhb, 7
 sup d'feárr leir dá ngeallfúoir, áct mar rin féin do dearcuis
 fé a cúro fear go cruinn 7 do rciúpaib fé 'na n-opeamaib 7 'na
 n-oiormuib tarrna an cuair fairrge iad. Cú5 Ó Dómnaili fo5a
 fear5ac fá'n 5céad cúro do ffoic anonn 7 do bhir fé iad.
 Muna faid móran fear aise, caic fadais do d'éad iad 5o léir.
 Rinne fé mar an 5céadna leir an darna cipe calma. "Caic-
 fear iad do cup ar join," arfa Ó Néill, 7 do buail fé é féin ar
 ceann cóp capall, áct do phead marcais Uí Dómnaili amac ar
 los air 'nór 5ála 5aoite, 7 d'a feadar é Seághan-an-Diomair ar
 ar éigin do bi fé 'na cumar cor5 do cup leó. D'féac fé
 cimceall air. Di cúro d'a dpeamaib mearg5a tpe n-a céile 7
 a tuillead aca r5ar5a ó n-a céile. Níor cú5 Seághan fá't an
 mearb5aill 5o dpeacaró fé an caoide a5 eir5e - r5eoin a5
 teact ar a cúro fear, 7 Ó Dómnaili le n-a buirdean laoc a5 cup
 oir5a 5o dian. Níor meac cnoide Seághan inr an am5ar áo, 7
 do cnom fé ar éirleac le n-a marcais 5o fia5ain, 7 a- buil ar
 coranáríde annro 7 annru a5 5laodac ar a cinneadna a 5curo
 fear do cóiriu5ad. Do 5nib fé féin iarract ar an flúas do
 bailiú5ad leir i n-eagar cóir, áct ní faid rli5e cum carad aca,
 7 bi cúro aca 5o 5lúnaib i n-uir5e 7 an caoide a5 rómar cim-
 ceall oir5a. Fir ó lár tuata do d'éad a d5urmhór. Táinig
 r5eóin níor mó oir5a 7 bhirfe dár:

Dácad 7 marbúigead trí céad deas fear aca: Do d'é cat
 veirdeannac Seághan-an-Diomair é a5ur an tudaifte da mó do
 tárluig fiamh do. An méro a cuair tpearna plán tar inbeap
 milteac Súil5 do teiceadap leo, a5ur do r5einn a dflait ruar
 coir na hadann a5 cuar5ac áca, a5ur doirín mar5ac leir. Do
 tearbáin Tír Conallac d'ar d'ainm 5ailleabair ac 'fan adainn do
 d'á mile ó páire an buala5 a5ur do cú5 Seághan Ó Néill a cúl
 ar Tír Conaili, allur air, a teanga a5ur a carbaili cóm te, tirm,
 le rmeapóro teine, a5ur cnar na r5óirnais le buairíre aigne.

Di Ó Dómnaili 7 a fáir-fir 5o meirdeac, 7 a dceinnce cnám
 aca d'éir an buair, áct ní faid fíor aca 5o ra5adap a5 déanad
 oibre na 5arapac, obair do teir ar na 5aill rin ar fead cúis
 bliadna deas roime rin, 5r5 sup bailleadap na milte fear 7
 dá milliún púnt cuige.

Ca5 do déanfaib Ó Néill ula5 anoir? Deir leadar na
 Ceir5e Ollamhain 5o faid fé éadcnom 'na ceann dár éir bhuir5ne
 áir5e an 5áire, áct ní fuil 'ra méro rin áct cor cainte. Di an
 cupad úo ró-aigeancaimail 7 ró-láir5ir i 5cnoide 7 a 5copp cum
 cnomac ar plubai5eal a5ur ar cheadais i 5caob bhir5eal don
 bhuir5ne amhain. Ní faid fé dá ficead bliadán d'aoir fóir 7 bi
 mipeac an leomhain i 5comnuir5e aise: D'iar5 cúro d'a

the same to the second brave file. "We must put them out of that," said O'Neill, and he thrust himself at the head of a detachment of horse; but O'Donnell's horsemen rushed out on him from a hollow like a gale of wind, and great as was Shane the Proud it was with difficulty that he was able to check him. He looked around him. Some of his companies were mixed up together, and some of them were separated from each other. Shane did not understand the reason of the confusion till he saw the tide rising and terror coming upon his men, and O'Donnell with his band of heroes pressing upon them severely. Shane's heart did not fail in that moment of distress, and he, with his horsemen, began slaughtering savagely, and galloping to and fro, calling upon his captains to put their men in order. He tried to gather the army together himself in proper order, but they had not room to turn, and some of them were up to the knees in water and the tide flowing up all round them. Most of them were inland men. A fresh panic fell on them and they broke away.

Thirteen hundred of them were drowned or killed. It was Shane the Proud's last battle, and the greatest disaster that ever happened to him. As many as crossed the terrible estuary of the Swilly in safety fled away, and their prince rushed up the side of the river to look for a ford, with a few horsemen. A Tir-Conaill man of the name of Gallagher showed him a ford in the river two miles from the battle-field, and Shane O'Neill turned his back on Tir-Conaill, sweating, his tongue and his palate as hot and dry as a coal of fire, and a lump in his throat from trouble of mind.

O'Donnell and his good men were right merry, and they had bonfires after the battle; but they did not know that they were doing the work of the English—work which it had failed those foreigners to do for fifteen years before that, though they had lost thousands of men and two millions of money in the attempt.

What will O'Neill of Ulster do now? The Book of the Four Masters says that he was light in his head after the fight at Ardingary, but that is only a turn of expression. That hero was too high-minded and too strong of heart and of limb to fall to blubbering and to groaning over the loss of one battle. He was not forty years of age yet, and he always had the courage of a lion. Some of his military officers begged him to yield to the English, but that was not Shane's intention at all. He released Somerled the Sallow (Sorley Boy), whom he had had in captivity as a prisoner of war for two years, and sent him

oifigeada coisair ari gáillead do Sárana áct níor d'é rin intinn Seághan i n-aon cor. Sgaol pé Somairle Duirde do bí mar cime aige le dá bliadain, 7 cuir mar teaccairse go Cloinn Dómnail i n-Albain é as iarraird conganca oíca: Do gailiadar do í, 7 gnió pé féin 7 gáirua marcad ionad coinne leo i mDunabann Duinne, i nAontuim. O' úmhuigeadar go talam do 7 gléaradar pé rúa i gcábn fairsing do. Táinig fear eile ar an lártair leir, o'ár d'ainm Pierce, brataoóir ó Elíre do cuailao cao do bí ar riub: 7 as Seághan: Ní fuil aon rsiubinn le fágail do dearbhuigeann gur tug an captaen Pierce óo viol fola do na hAlbanais, áct tá mhar gear as gac úgdar ari.

A Seághan-an-Diomair, tá do gno déanta.

Deir do námarde féin amain, go raib do lám láirir mar ríat i gcómhuidé as an bfeair lág, 7 nác raib gáuirde ná fear mí-riagalta io' ceannairuib leo' linn. Deir raib, leir, gur d'é do gnát gan riurde cum bíó go mbiaó a ráit de'n feoil do b'feair, mar deirteá, as doct id Cnóro, do ghuinnigead ar do cáirrig: Áct tá deirteá leo' féileact 7 leo' gáirge láirneac, mar tá na hAlbanais go cíocrac as coisairnaig le Captain Pierce inr an gcábn. Ní cloirfir uail de conairc asur ní lean-fair an raib raib tpe coilltib enó na trídca go deó ari. Ní cloirfir rluaisge tír eógan do gáirca ná nio mó, mar tá ríce Albnac ar do cúl a gan fíor uir 7 Pietes o'á ngríogad gur marbuigir a n-áirneada i mbruigín Gleanna cair. Pread io' riurde ó'n mbóro roin a Seághan-an-Diomair 7 féac dia tair viol mar tá an trleag i ngríoract órlais deo' drom leatán.

Asur liúgann an coirpliún amuic ar Spuit na Maoile, 7 bhuireann na tonna bána ar an tcráig le fuaim coir Dunabann Duinne, 7 cearbánann na daoine annrúo capn cloc i los mar a bfuil Seághan-an-Diomair 'na coola le bheir asur trí céat bliadain:

“Seact mbliadna Seapccact cúic céo
Míle bliadain ir ní brécc,
Co báir tSeághin mic mic Cuinn
Ó toirdect Cnóro hi ccolainn.”

Tós Pierce leir an ceann do b'áilne i nEirinn 7 bainead an t-éadac daor de corp díceannta úi Néill: Fuair Pierce a míle púnt mar viol ar an gceann ó'n mbainríogain, 7 buailéad an ceann cáirneac óo ar díorir ar an rínn do b'áirde ar cáirleán Daile-áca-Chiac:

as an envoy to the Clan Donal in Scotland, to ask aid of them. They promised it to him, and he and a guard of horsemen appointed a place of meeting with them at Cushendun, in Antrim. They bowed to the ground before him, and prepared a feast for him in a large tent. Another man came to the place also, whose name was Pierce, a spy from Elizabeth, who had heard what Shane was doing. There is no written evidence to be found which proves that this Captain Pierce gave blood-money to the Scots, but every author has a strong suspicion of it.

Shane the Proud, your business is done.

Your very enemies say that your strong hand was ever as a shield to the weak, and that there was not a robber nor an unruly man in your territories during your time. They say, too, that it was your custom not to sit down to your food until, as you would say, Christ's poor, who gathered on your threshold, had had their fill of the best meat. But there is an end to your generosity and to your valiant deeds now, for the Scots are eagerly whispering with Captain Pierce in the tent. You will never again hear the baying of the pack, nor follow the red deer through the nut-woods of the cantred for evermore. The hosts of Tir-Eoghain will hear your battle-cry no more, for there are twenty Scots behind you unknown to you, and Pierce is nagging at them that you killed their fathers in the battle of Glenshesk. Spring to your feet from that table, Shane the Proud, and look behind you, for the spear is within an inch of your broad back.

And the curlew cries away out on the Moyle Water, and the white waves break soundingly on the strand near Cushendun, and the people there show a cairn of stones in a hollow, where Shane the Proud sleeps these three hundred years and more.

“Seven years, sixty, five hundred
(And) a thousand years, it is no lie,
To the death of Shane the grandson of Conn
From the coming of Christ in the Body.”

Pierce took away with him the most beautiful head in Ireland, and they took the rich clothing from the headless body of O'Neill. Pierce received his thousand pounds from the Queen in payment for the head, and that beloved and lovely head was stuck upon a spike on the highest battlement of Dublin Castle.

(v) CAILÍN NA MBRÁITRE

Séamur ua Dubháil:

Bí cailín fao ó i tici na mbráitire agus ní bíod don teóra leir an méio oibre bíod í a cur roimpi le déanamh.

Ir cuma cao a deao san déanamh agus b'féidir go mbeao pé san déanamh ar feao náite, nuair déarfairde leir an scailín é déanamh, 'ré an fneasra bíod aici i gcóinnirde: "Ó bíor cum é rin a déanamh mé féin." Ceap na bráitire ar tóir go raib cailín anadiceallac aca, agus ir minic a bíoir as molaó an cailín agus as maoidéam airtí le bráitirib eile.

Don lá amáin a táinig sean-bráitair eua ó mainirir eile, agus, nuair a euala pé an t-áir-molaó ar cailín na mbráitire, "Deir fíor asam-ra," ar seiréan, "an bfuil í com maic agus veiréar liom i deit."

"Cosar," ar seiréan le ceann de na bráitirib, "abair leir an scailín teact irteac i reóir na leabair agus, nuair a deir í irici ann, abair léi sur ceart vi na leabair a nige."

"Agus cao cuise go scuirfínn obair óiririge mar rin roimpi? Deao fearis uirtí agus b'féidir go bráirao í rin. Ní fuirir cailín mar i 'fagáil seallaim duit."

"Déan ruo orm," ar' an sean-bráitair:

Do glaois pé ar an scailín agus ní raib í i b'ao as teact, agus, nuair a táinig í, duairt an sean-bráitair léi go bog péir: "Cloirim sur anacailín tú. Ir móir an t-iongnao liom, a b'irio, na leabair reo deit san nige asat fíor."

"Bíor víreac cun é rin a déanamh, mé féin, a acair."

"Ó ní gádo duit é, a b'irio," ar' an bráitair eile go fearb: Ó 'n lá rain go tci an lá inoiu tá Cailín na mbráitire mar ainm ar éinne a bíonn "cun é rin déanamh" i n-ionao é deit déanta:

(f) AN SAO MARA

nó

AR LORG AN DÉARLA:

Séamur ua Dubháil:

Tamall maic ó foir anoir bí daoine 'na gcóinnirde i n-oileán deas i n-íocair na héireann agus ní raib aca act an saeóil: Mar seall air go mbíod daoine fairde as teact ar cuairt ar

THE FRIARS' SERVANT MAID.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

THERE was a servant long ago at the friary, and there were no bounds to the amount of work she used to be about doing.

It did not matter what was left undone, and perhaps it would be without doing for a quarter, when the servant would be asked to do it the answer she always had was, "I was going to do that myself." The friars at first thought they had a very diligent servant, and often they used to be praising the girl, and boasting of her to other friars.

One day an old brother came to them from another monastery, and when he heard the great praises of the friars' servant, he said, "I'll find out if she is as good as she is said to be."

"Whisper," said he to one of the brothers; "tell the girl to come into the library, and when she is inside there, tell her she ought to wash the books."

"And why should I set her such a fool's job? She would be angry, and perhaps she would leave us. It is not easy to get a servant like her, I assure you."

"Do as I tell you," said the old friar.

He called the girl; she was not long coming, and when she came the old friar said to her, soft and smooth, "I am told you are a great girl. I wonder very much, Brigid, that you have those books so long without washing."

"I was just now going to do that myself, father."

"Oh you need not, Brigid," said the other brother, sharply.

From that day to this "the friars' servant girl" is applied to any one who is always going to do the thing instead of having it done.

THE GAD MARA, OR IN SEARCH OF ENGLISH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

A GOOD while ago now there lived people in a little island in a remote part of Ireland and they had no language but Irish. Because wealthy people used to visit the island now and again, the poor people imagined that all they wanted was to have

an oileán anoir agus arís ceap na daoine bocta ná raib uata áct an b6arla o'tógluim agus go mbeoif raib6ir go deo. Leanann an b6ala ceathna móran daoine a ceapann níor mó céille beit aca 'ná bí ag muintir an oileáin:

"Áct cá raib an b6arla le fágáil?" B'in i an ceirt anoir.

Bí 'fíor aca go raib b6arla i n-Éirinn, áct cuata6ar go raib an b6arla 'dob' feárr 'ra 'dóman i m'baile áta Cliat.

Tar éir móran cainte agus comráib focruigea6ar ar duine aca a cur go baile áta Cliat ar lorg an b6arla.

An lá bí an fear ag imteáct ba6 dóib leat gur go hÁimeirice a bí ré ag toul. Bí an lá 'na lá raioir ar an oileán. Táinig muintir an oileáin go léir, ós agus éirionna, go 'tí p6r na héireann agus cuirea6 an fear anonn ar an 'tíir mhóir ar an mbá6 ba mó ar an oileán.

O'fás teactaire an b6arla rlan aca agus o'imtis air go baile áta Cliat. Tar éir a beit tamall 'ra ca6air bí b6arla aige, ba focal, "Good-morrow," agus ceap ré go raib ré i n'am aige fillea6 a baile. Bí ré cuirea6 go le6r ó beit ag coirib6eáct, agus nuair a táinig ré go 'tí féit an éioais i n-aice na fairrige, fuid ré fíor.

Bí na focail go éruinn farta aige, 7 le heagla go mbea6 raib caillte aige, bí6 ré ag ra6 mar pa66rín "Good-morrow," "good-morrow," "good-morrow."

Bí an áimrír fliuc agus bí féit an éioais bog. Go veimín, bí rí 'na tóin ar boga6, agus, nuair a bí an fear boct ag toul trarna, cuia6 ré ar lár agus o' f66air '6 beit báir6e. Tarrainis ré é féin amac i gcuma éicint agus bain ré amac an talam tirim. Áct, mo éreac ir mo cáir! bí an b6arla caillte aige.

Nuair a táinig ré a baile agus nuair o'innir ré a r6eal '6 muintir an oileáin, bí6ar buaib6a6a go le6r, agus 'ré buaib6a6a f6a6 duine aca leir féin gur mhóir an trua6 nac é féin a cuirea6 go baile-áta-Cliat.

Áct cao a bí le veanam anoir? Bí an b6arla caillte i b'féit an éioais agus b'féir6ir go mbéa6 ré le fágáil f6r.

'6o gluair reir6ar '6e muintir an oileáin anonn ar ba6 go 'tí an 'tíir mhóir agus fear an b6arla le n-a gooir. Ceapáin ré dóib cáir caill ré an b6arla i lár na féite.

Érom6ar go léir ar an áit a t66ac agus a taor6a6 agus níor b'f6a6a dóib ag f6a6áil '6'o'n obair reo nuair '6o buail f6a6 mara le6.

"Sin é an focal," "Sin é an focal," ar6ateactaire an b6arla, "f6a6 mara," "f6a6 mara."

English and that they would be rich for ever. The same ailment follows a good many who think they have much more sense than had the people of the island.

But where was the English to be had; that was now the question. They knew there was English in Ireland, but they had heard the best English in the world was in Dublin.

After much talk and discussion they fixed on one of themselves to be sent to Dublin in search of English.

The day the man was leaving you would think it was to America he was going. The day was a holiday on the island. The whole population of the island, young and old, came down to Port Erinn, and the man was put across on the mainland in the biggest boat on the island.

The English delegate bade them farewell, and proceeded on his way to Dublin. After being a short time in the city he had English, "Good morrow," two words, and he thought it was time for him to be returning home. He was tired enough from walking, and when he came as far as "the Left-handed Man's swamp," close to the sea, he sat down. He had the words correctly, and lest he should lose them, he used to be repeating them like a prayer—"Good morrow, good morrow."

The weather was wet and the swamp soft. Indeed it was a regular quagmire; and when the poor man was crossing he went bogging, and was near being drowned. He pulled himself out some way and got to dry land. But, sorrow and distraction, he had lost the English.

When he reached home, and when he told his tale to the people of the island, they were troubled enough, and it is what each said to himself, that it was a pity that it was not he himself that was sent to Dublin.

But what was to be done now. The English was lost in the swamp of the Left-handed Man, and maybe it would be found yet.

Six of the islanders went over in a boat to the mainland, and the "English" man with them. He showed them where he lost the English in the middle of the swamp. They all set to work to dig and shovel the place, and they were not long at the work when they came upon a gad mara, or sea rod.

"That's the word, that's the word," said the messenger, "Gad mara, gad mara."

FÁIT-SGEÁIL

ní macaíró mair go b'rád ar gcúl
 ma'g éigin beir éinal daob' 'r mór mo leam,
 muna dtig liom riúbal, muna dtig liom riúbal,
 muna dtig liom riúbal ar mo páirc-pe féin.

Táinig an trachtóna teit, 7 rin mé riap ar banca breáí fén, ar
 taob' an bócair, agus níor d'fada gur tuit mo coislaí orim.
 Agus im' coislaí connairc mé aifling.

'Do bí mé ag riúbal, mar faoil mé im' aifling, i dtír anaithnó
 nac raib mé ariam noime reó i n-aon tír córmúil léi, bí sí com
 breáí rin. Bí dóicne caola dó-riúbalta ag tuit trío an tír
 áluinn reó, agus do bí páirceanna glara agus féar bog uaitne,
 agus h-uile fórt blát o'd b'facaíó rúil ariam, ag fáir ar gac aon
 taob' de'n bócair. Áct do bí an bócair féin cam corrac clocaí,
 agus bí rrrúilleac ag féircead ari, do loit agus do dail rúile
 na noaoine do bí ag riúbal ann.

Agus níor b'fada go b'facaíó mé fear ós lúthmar láiríor amac
 nótham, ag sabail an bócair mar do bí mé féin. Agus connairc
 mé an t-ógánac ro ag fearam go minic cum an púdaí cihim do
 bí o'd féircead ar an mbócair do cuimilt o'd rúilíó. Agus do
 bí an bócair com h-aihríó agus com clocaí rin gur tuit ré
 anoir agus ari mar bí ré ag riúbal. Agus an uair deirceannac
 do tuit ré níor féar ré éiríge no go dtáinig mair com fada
 leir, agus túsar mo lám' do gur tós mé ar a d'á coir ari é,
 agus duairc mé leir go raib rúil asam nac raib ré gortuigste.
 O'fneasair reircean de b'riat'raib binne blarta nac raib ré gortuigste
 go mór, áct go raib faicéior ari nac dtuicfadó ré go
 deircead a airtir an lá rin, mar do bí an bócair com fadó agus
 com cruaid' rin. Agus o'fneasair mair de an fada do bí le tuit
 aige. Duairc reircean náir b'fada, áct gur mian leir tuit go
 baile-mór do bí cúis mile amac uainn, rúil táinig an oirde ari,
 oir buó mian leir ruo le n'ite, agus leabuir, fáíail, agus san
 an oirde do caiteam amuis ar an mbócair riadain rin.

Agus nuair eulair mé rin do bí iongantair orim, oir bí o'd
 uair de'n lá agáinn fóir, noim luirde na gneine, agus b'fóir do
 duine ar bit do bí com lúthmar láiríor leir an ógánac rin cúis
 míle do riúbal in ran am rin, o'd b'fáíad ré an oirde bócair agus
 o'd riúbalfad ré ar an macaire b'edí réir do bí le n-a taob';
 agus duairc mé rin leir.

"Ná bíó iongantair oir fúm-ra," a deir ré, "oir ní féiríor
 le duine ar bit in ran tír reó an bócair fáíadail. Com clocaí
 cnarac corrac agus acá an bócair, caicéir duine fanamaint ari.

AN ALLEGORY.

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

(Translated by NORMA BORTHWICK.)

THE evening became hot, and I stretched back on a fine grassy bank at the side of the road, and it was not long till I fell asleep. And in my sleep I saw a vision.

I was walking, as I thought in my dream, in an unknown country, such that I was never before in any country like it, it was so fine. There were narrow roads, very bad for walking, running through this beautiful country, and there were green fields and soft green grass, and every sort of flower that the eye ever saw, growing on each side of the road. But the road itself was crooked and uneven and stony, and there was a dusty wind blowing on it that hurt and blinded the eyes of the people that were walking in it.

And it was not long till I saw a young, active, strong man out before me, going the same road as I was myself. And I saw this young fellow standing often to rub out of his eyes the dry dust that was being blown on the road. And the road was so uneven and so stony that he fell now and again as he was walking. And the last time that he fell he could not rise until I came up to him, and I gave him my hand till I raised him up on his feet again, and I said to him that I hoped he was not hurt. He answered in sweet, pleasant-sounding words that he was not much hurt, but that he was afraid he would not come to the end of his journey that day, as the road was so rough and so hard. And I asked him if he had far to go. He said he had not far, but that he wished to go to a big town, that was five miles out from us, before night came on him, for he wanted to get something to eat and a bed, and not to spend the night outside on that wild road.

And when I heard that there was wonder on me, for we had two hours of the day yet before sunset, and it would be easy for anybody who was so active and strong as that young man to walk five miles in that time if he left the bad road, and if he walked on the fine, smooth plain that was beside it; and I said that to him.

"Do not be surprised at me," says he, "for it is impossible for any person in this country to leave the road. As stony and knotty and rugged as the road is, a person must stay on it. If he leaves the road to walk on the fine, smooth plain,

Má fágann pé an bótar le riúbal ar an macaire bheadh sé, iocfaidh pé ar go gear. Tá luét geara ar an mbótar ro agus ar h-uile bótar in ran tiri seo, faigsiúnaid mórna tuda. Is iad na faigsiúnaid seo do rinne gac don bótar ann ran tiri seo agus is oile do rinneadair iad, aet má fágann duine cuiread an bótar le riúbal ar an macaire, leantair é leir an geara tuda ro, agus beirte air, agus tiomáinir nómpa é, go gcuireir ar an mbótar ariú é, gan buideadair do.”

“Aet,” ar fa mire leir an rrainreár, “ní fíorir go bfuil an oiread rin de faigsiúnaid tuda ar gac don bótar in ran tiri le luét riúbailta na mbótar do rmaetugad agus do fáruad mar rin. Nac mbionn luét-riúbailta na mbótar níor iomaomla 'nád an geara tuda ro, agus nac bfeadair ríad an lám uactair fásail oirra, agus bhuiread ardead, in a n-aimdeoin, ar an macaire mín áluinn rin, agus gan fanamaint ar an mbótar gíanna púadair poll-lionmar ro?”

“D'feadairir rin déanam go cinnte,” ar ran rrainreár, “óir bíonn fíde fear láirir ar an mbótar i n-áirí an don geara amáin, aet aet ríor oiradadad ríarad ag an geara tuda, ann ran ríerir or cionn na mbótar, agus is ois leir an luét-riúbail nac bfuil don neart aca na bóirre d'fásdail, agus tar éir gac oit agus oadair agus oáirir d'á otagann oirra ann rna ríuicid millteada malluigte seo, ní' an oirre nád an coráirte aca iad d'fásdail, agus is ois gur ad é rin mar gíall ar an oiradadad do ríar na uoime tuda. Aet is é an ruo is ionganairge aca uile, nac bfuil in ran scu d is mó de na faigsiúnaid seo aet coráirteadad faigsiúnaid; is ríáirde gan bhuig gan rubtaint iad, aet is ois le luét-riúbailta na mbótar gur fuil agus feidil iad, agus go loitiríad ríad an duine fásfar an bótar le n-a scuio arim.”

“Do riúbilamar ar ar n-áirí le céile ann rin, 7 níor bfuad go rabamar com fáruigte rin gur d'éisín uáinn ruide ríor ar an mbótar, agus do gíall an tarir agus an cuire oirrainn go móir. Dubairt mé ann rin leir an ógánad, “Ní déinn com uona ro dá mbeir deod uirge asam.”

“Tá tobair bheadh fíor-uirge,” aubairt sé, “fá dun crainn bheadh úball, ceatamha míle amac nóimáin, aet tá sé ar an tairí arirí de'n clairde, in ran macaire, agus ní olirdeannad é uil com fáda leir.”

Aet do gíall an tarir oirra com móir rin go n'ubairt mé, “Cairí mé ól rí, dá marbóirde ar an móimí mé. Treoirí mé go oit an tobair ro.” Táirí fáiríor ar an ógánad, agus aubairt sé, “Is i mo cómarle uil gan uil ann, aet má r éigean uil, ní bacairí mé tu. Fásfarí mé do cuiradadad nuair

he will pay for it severely. There are guards on this road and on every road in this country—great black soldiers. It was these soldiers who made every single road in this country, and 'tis bady they made them; but if a weary person leaves the road to walk on the plain, they follow him with this black guard, and they catch him and drive him before them till they put him on the road again in spite of him."

"But," said I to the stranger, "there cannot be so many black soldiers on every road in the country as to repress and overcome the people who walk the roads like that. Are not the people who walk the roads more numerous than this black guard, and could not they get the upper hand of them, and break in, in spite of them, upon that smooth, beautiful plain, and not stay on this ugly, dusty road, full of holes?"

"They could do that certainly," said the stranger, "for there are twenty strong men on the road against the one guardsman, but the black guard have scattered a sort of enchantment in the air over the roads, and the travelers think they are not able to leave the roads, and after all the want and trouble and misery that comes on them in these awful, accursed roads, they have not the heart nor the courage to leave them, and probably that is on account of the enchantment that the black fellows have scattered. But the most extraordinary of all these things is that most of these soldiers are only imitation soldiers; they are shadows without force or substance, but the people who walk the roads think that they are flesh and blood, and that they would wound anybody who would leave the road with their weapons."

We walked forward together then, and it was not long till we were so tired that we had to sit down on the road, and thirst and fatigue oppressed us greatly. I said then to the young man, "I would not be so bad if I had a drink of water."

"There is a fine well of spring-water," said he, "at the foot of a beautiful apple-tree, a quarter of a mile out before us, but it is on the inner side of the ditch, in the plain, and it is not lawful to go as far as it."

But the thirst troubled me so much that I said, "I must drink out of it, if I were to be killed on the instant. Lead me to this well." Fear came upon the young man, and he said, "'Tis my advice to you not to go there, but if you must, I will not hinder you. I will leave your company when I come as far as the well. Kill yourself, if you wish; but you shall not kill me."

We rose then, and we walked together till we saw a great,

tiucfar mé com fáda leir an tobair: Marb tu féin, má'r mian leat; áct ní marbócair tu mire."

"D'éirigearann ann rin, agus siublamar le céile, go bfacamar crann mór áluinn as éirige ar an macaire, timcioll fice péirre arcead ó'n mbótar. Cuair mé ruar ar bárr an claidhe do bí ar taoib an bótair, agus connaic mé tobair glan glé-geal fíor-uirge o'd rgeitead amac fá dun an érainn áro áluinn, agus connaic mé bíáta bána agus úbla beaga agus úbla leat-aruir agus úbla móra deargá lán-aruir, as fáir le céile ar an gcraon rin: áct do bí an oiread rin de rmacct agus de rsgannra ar daoine na tíre rin náir bainead oiread agus don uball aca, agus ba léir dam, ar an bfeair fáda fáramail do bí éair timcioll an tobair éom-áluinn rin, nac tóainis don duine i n-aice leir le h-ól: áct nuair connaic mire an méad rin do geit mo éiride i lár mo claidhe, agus duairt mé 's or-áro, "bairt mé cuir de na h-ublaib rin agus óirad mé mo bótair de'n tobair rin, má 'ré an báir acá i n'óan dam."

Agus leir rin o'éirig mé de léim áro éatrom aérac de bárr an claidhe-teorann agus arcead ar an macaire min áluinn. Agus nuair connaic an t-óganac an nio rin, do leig ré orna ar, óir ba dóig leir gur b'é mo báir do bí mé o'd córuigeact.

Agus nuair éainis mire leat-bealaig ior an sclaidhe agus an tobair, o'éirig raigtoir duib, mar beir arpac árobbéal úr-ghánna, ruar, ar an bfeair fáda, agus do tóg ré claidheam mór le mo ceann do rsgolad, mar fáoil mé. Agus do cuairad mé ar mo cúl an rsgreid do cuir an t-óganac ar an mbótar ar, le ceann-fairtior: Nioir lúga 'ná rin an fairtior do bí orin féin, óir ní raib arin ar bit agam le mo córaint: áct do érom mé ar cloic mair mór do bí fá mo cóir, com mór le mo doir féin, agus tug mé toga urcair de'n cloic rin leir an raigtoir árobbéal: Do buail an cloic é, mar fáoil mé, i gceart-lár a éadain, agus cuair pí amac ríro a ceann, amail agus nac raib ann áct rsgáile. Agus ar an móimio nioir léir dam crut ná cuma an rraigtoir, áct do bí ruo gan crut ann amail rlam de'n ceo, agus do leag an ceo rin, agus do rsgar ré ann ran rpeir, agus ní raib dauid eatoraim-re agus an tobair. Cuig mé ann rin nac raigtoir ná fear coirad do bí ann, áct ruo bréagac r rsgáile do rinnead le roairdeact, cum na roairne do rsgannra o'n tobair. Cuair mé go rí an t-uirge agus nioir bac ruo ar bit eile mé: éromar ar an uirge agus o'ólar mo fáit de, agus dar liom-ra go raib ré com mair le pion. Bain mé úball mór dearg de'n érainn ann rin agus o'itear é, agus do bí ré com mair im' beal le mil. Nuair connaic mé rin, glad mé ar an óganac agus duairt mé leir "ceact arcead cugam, óir nac raib dauid

beautiful tree rising out of the plain, about twenty perches in from the road. I went up on the top of the ditch that was at the side of the road, and I saw a pure, bright-looking well of spring-water gushing out under the foot of the beautiful high tree, and I saw white blossoms and little apples and half-ripe apples and large, red, fully-ripe apples growing together on that tree. But there was so much repression and terror on the people of that country that nobody gathered as much as one apple of them, and it was clear to me, by the long-growing grass that was round about that lovely well, that no person came near it to drink. But when I saw that much, my heart leaped within my breast, and I said aloud, "I will gather some of those apples, and I will drink my fill of that well, if it is death that is in store for me."

And with that I rose in a high, light, active jump from the top of the boundary ditch and in upon the smooth, beautiful plain. And when the young fellow saw that, he gave a sigh, for he thought it was my death I was seeking.

And when I came half-way between the ditch and the well, a black soldier arose, like a great, hideous monster, up out of the long grass, and he took up a great sword to split my head, as I thought. And I heard behind me the scream that the young man on the road put out of him, with intense fear. No less than that was the fear that was on myself, for I had no weapon at all to defend myself. But I stooped for a good big stone that was under my foot, as big as my own fist, and I gave a choice throw of that stone at the terrible soldier. The stone hit him, as I thought, in the very middle of his forehead, and it went out through his head, as if he were nothing but a shadow. And on the instant the appearance and shape of the soldier were dim to me, but there was a shapeless thing there like a wreath of mist, and that mist melted, and it dispersed into the air, and there was nothing between myself and the well. Then I knew that he was not a soldier nor a warrior, but an unreal thing and a shadow, made by magic to frighten the people from the well. I went to the water, and no other thing hindered me. I bent down to the water and I drank my fill of it, and in my opinion it was as good as wine. I pulled a big red apple from the tree then and ate it, and it was as sweet in my mouth as honey. When I saw that, I called to the young man, and said to him "to come in to me, for there was nothing to prevent him." As soon as he perceived that, he came in over the ditch himself, and he in great fear, and he made for the well. He drank his fill out of it, and he ate

le n-a dacadó." Com luat agus tug ré rin fá deara, táinig ré féin ardeac tar an sclaire, agus é fá eagla móir, agus rinn ré ar an tobair. D'ól ré a fáit ar, agus d'it ré a fáit de na h-úblaib, agus fineamar riap le céile ar an bfeap bheadh bog, agus coruigeamar as caint. Agus d'fiannuis mé de ainm na tíre rin, "óir" ar fá mire leir, "ir i an tír ir iongantaisge v'd bfuil ar an domhan i."

Torais ré ann rin as inniint rseula na tíre rin dam; agus tudaire ré, "Cá an tír reó 'na h-oileán, agus do cruais Dia i amuis ann ran aigéin móir ar an taobh riap ve'n domhan, an áit a gabann an srian cum a leaptan ann ran oirde. Agus ir i an tír ir áille agus ir glaire agus ir úire i v'd bfuil fá'n ngréin. Agus veir tura sup tír iongantac i, áct ni tuiseann tu leat a h-iongantair go fóill. Agus cá trí ainmneaca uirri, banba agus fódla agus éire."

Nuair eualair mé rin, do tug mé léim, agus buail mé mo ceann le géagán ve'n chann, mar faoil mé,—agus dúirig mé:

Agus ar bporrait mo fáile dam, riú mé mo luide ar an sclaire ar taobh an bótar, roir bail-at-cliat agus bótar-na-bruigne, agus mo cara Diarmuid bán 's am' fáit i m' earra-caib le marde. "S mitio duit deit dul a-baile," a veir ré:

"Óra a Diarmuid," ar fá mire, "ná bain liom: Ni facair mac mátar ariam a leicir v' aipling agus connaic mire." Agus leir rin d'innir mé mo bhuonglóir vó, ó túr go veiread.

"Mairead! mo srád tu," ar fá Diarmuid, nuair bí mé péir, "agus b' fíor vó bhuonglóir: Fáir agus file tu," a veir ré.

"Cionnur rin?" ar fá mire, "minis dam é."

"Ir ar talam na h-Éireann do bí tu san aon amhar," ar fá Diarmuid, "áct do bí tu as riúbal, mar cá na h-Éireannais uile as riúbal, ar na bóitrib do rinne na Sacranais le n-a gcuid oligste agus le n-a gcuid fáiriún féin, agus rin bóitire nac féitir le Gaedéal riúbal oirra san cuirliugad agus san tuicim, san vócar agus san vólar: Áct má tréigean riad bótar an tSacranacair agus an Déarlacair, agus iad do dul ardeac ar a macaire bheadh feurthair féin ni deit' riad as riúbal go cruair ar fead an lae iomláin, mar an t-Éireannac boct rin do connaic tura, le leabuir agus le ruipéar v'fásail ran oirde; áct do facair fá vó níor fairde, i leat an ama: Agus an tobair fíor-uirge rin do connaic tu, an tobair nac leigfead na gáirair tuda rin do na daoim v'ól ar, nac vtuigean tu sup tobair na glan-Gaedeilge é rin, agus cia de Éireannac ólfar vóac ar, bíonn ré mar fíor in a beal, v'd neartugad agus v'd fionnfuarad. Agus an raitiúir vub rin d'éirig roir tura agus chann na n-úball, b' é rin an fáiriún Sacranac, agus nuair buail tu

his fill of the apples, and we stretched back on the fine, soft grass together, and began to talk. And I asked him the name of that country; "for," said I to him, "it is the most extraordinary country of all there are in the world."

He began then to tell me the history of that country, and he said, "This country is an island, and God created it out in the great ocean on the western side of the world, the place where the sun goes to his bed in the night. And it is the most beautiful and the greenest and the freshest country of all under the sun. And you say it is an extraordinary country, but you do not know half its wonderfulness yet. And there are three names on it—Banba and Fodhla and Ireland."

When I heard that I gave a jump, and I struck my head against a branch of the tree, as I thought—and I awoke.

And when I opened my eyes, there I was lying on the ditch at the side of the road, between Dublin and Boharnabreena, and my friend Dermot "Bán" was poking me in the ribs with a stick.

"'Tis time for you to be going home," says he.

"Oro, Dermot," said I, "let me alone. No mother's son ever saw the like of such a vision as I have seen." And with that I told him my dream from beginning to end.

"Musha, man dear!" said Dermot, when I was done, "and your dream was true. A prophet and a poet you are," says he.

"How so?" said I. "Explain it to me."

"'Tis on the soil of Ireland you were without any doubt," said Dermot, "but you were walking, as all Irishmen are walking, on the roads which the English made with their own laws and with their own fashions, and those are roads that a Gael cannot walk on without stumbling and falling, without trouble and distress. But if they leave the road of Anglicisation and of English-speaking, and go in on their own fine, grassy plain, they will not be walking hard all day long like that poor Irishman you saw, to get a bed and a supper at night, but they would go twice as far in half the time. And that well of spring water that you saw, the well that those black sentries would not let the people drink from, don't you understand that that is the well of pure Irish, and whatever Irishman drinks a drink out of it, it is as wine in his mouth, strengthening him and cooling him. And that black sentry that got up between you and the apple-tree, that was the English Fashion, and when you struck him he went out of sight, like a mist, for fashions come like mist, and if a person defends himself from them they

é u'imeis ré ar amharc mar ceo, óir tigeann na fáirimín mar ceo; agus má còrnann duine é féin oirra imeisgeann ríad mar ceo arís. Agus na bláta bána, agus na h-ábla, do connaisc tu ar an gcraobh aró aluinn, rin é an coraó atá as fár ar mácaire na Saebaltaeta, agus má fágann na Saebail na bóitne in ar cuir na Sacpanais iad le dul arcead ar a scalam féin ara, na h-ábla rin nár blar ríad le dá céad bliadan bainfid ríadairir go tius iad. Agus as rin uirt anoir, a Craobhín, mar mhíu sim re u'airling, ar ré: ¶

“M' anam a Dia, a Diarmuid,” ar ra mire, “níl do famail de mhíngceoir ar talam na h-Éireann, agus an céad airling eile beirdear asam i r cúsaó-ra tiucfar me: I r fearr 'n Daniel tu: Dhorcuig orc anoir agus beirimio as dul a-baile.”

T A O I S S A B A I

C A I B I O I L 1:

Bí Taois ua Dhoim 'na Sabai, agus bí a ceapóca ar taois an bótair i n-aice le Dhoicead na Seabaisge, veic míle i scalois tair do Cill Áinne:

Ceapóaisge maic do b'eas Taois. Ní raib 'na parróirde féin, ná b'féoiri i gCiarraide, fearr do b'fearr a cuirfead crúó fá capall ná clár ar céadóa: Ácc mar rin féin, ní raib Taois san a loctaid féin. I r bóca nár cáinís riam lá donais ná marraib ná reicfid Taois ar ríad Cill Áinne, agus i r nó-annam a bí ré as ceac abail epláthóna san beic rúgac go leor, nó b'féoiri ar meirge. Dá ndéarfad don'ne le Taois ar maoin lae an donais, “An bfuilir as dul go Cill Áinne inoiu, a Taois?” ré an fneasra a seobad ré, “Ní fearar,” nó “b'féoiri dom”—’ran am céadna as bualaó buille dá cáir ar an iarrann nó ar an inneoin, com maic i r dá mbéad ré as ráó, “I r móir atá fíor uait.”

Nuair a bí lá an marraib ann bí 'fir as sac uile duine goe raib gnó aise ar an gceapócaín go mb'foearr do fuissead ra bail dá mbad maic leir a gnó beic véanta i gceapc. I r iomda rgeal gneannmar a bí ar ruair na parróirde cimceall Taois agus a cuir oibre maoin lae donais, mar ar cuir ré cairnge i mbeo, lá, i gcapall seagáin léit, agus mar ar poll ré ar móir scuatal clár a bí aise dá cur ar céadóa le Domnall ua Dhuigín:

go away like mist again. And the white blossoms and the apples that you saw on the beautiful tall tree, that is the fruit that is growing on the Plain of Gaeldom, and if the Gaels leave the roads on which the English put them, to go back on their own land again—those apples which they did not taste for two hundred years they shall gather them again plentifully. And there is for you now, Δ Γραοισίν, how *I* interpret your dream," said he.

"My soul to God, Dermot," said I, "there isn't your like of an interpreter on the soil of Ireland, and the next dream I have, 'tis to you I will come. You are better than Daniel. Hurry now, and we will be going home."

TIM THE SMITH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

TIM O'BYRNE was a smith, and his forge was on the side of the road close to Giddagh Bridge, ten miles west of Killarney.

Tim was a good tradesman. There was not in his own parish, nor maybe in Kerry, a man who could better shoe a horse or put a board in a plow. But, for all that, Tim was not without his own faults. It is probable that there never came a fair or market day that Tim was not seen in the streets of Killarney, and it was very seldom he came home in the evening without being pretty merry, or perhaps drunk. If any one would ask Tim on the morning of a fair, "Are you going to Killarney to-day, Tim?" the answer he would get would be, "I don't know," or "Maybe I would"—at the same time striking a blow of his hammer on the iron or on the anvil, as much as if he were to say, "It is much you want knowledge" (How inquisitive you are).

When the fair day came, everyone who had business at the forge knew that he had better stay at home if he wanted a job done well. Many curious stories were through the parish about Tim and his work on a fair morning: how he had put a nail in the quick in a horse of Jack Liah, and how he bored altogether wrong a board he was putting in a plow for Daniel Breen.

“Bí feirmeoir beag ’na comhairle i mbéal na Gearraige uair ainnm do Miceál Crón, áit níor tugadh fuaim ari áit Miceál na gCear. “Dá mbéadh don gnó ag Miceál na gCear ar an gceartócaim ní fádrocaí don lá do tul ann áit lá an donais nó an lá go raib ’fior aise go raib Taois ag tul go Cill Airne nó go Cill Orslan.

San am ro bíod maraíad Cill Airne ar an Satharn agus bíod donac ann an céad luan do’n mí, mar atá anoir.

Mairtin lae donais bí Miceál ag an gceartócaim cun ríoinní fághail dá muca, agus connaic ré ná raib puinn le déanamh ag Taois.

“Ír doca, Taois,” arfa Miceál, “go mbéid tú ar an donac.”

“D’féidir dom,” arfa Taois: “Bí Séamur Tálluúra ag ráb liom inbó go mbéadh ré ag sa áil roir timcheall an t-aon uair déas, 7 dá mbad maic liom tul leir go bfaighinn maraídeáit uair.”

“Má’r mar rin atá an rgeal,” arfa Miceál, “ní’l don maic dom mo céadca a bheir anuas cun é ’cup i o reo.”

“Ní’l, go deimhin; táim san gual, agus caicéir m tul a d’iarrair beagán gual agus ádhar iarrainn.”

Nuair a bí Miceál na gCear ag tul a baile do car ré irteac cun tige Pilib Óis, feirmeoir beag eile bí ’na comhairle i n-aise le Miceál féin.

“Cá raibair, a Miceál?” arfa Pilib:

“Bíor ag an gceartócaim ag féadaint an mbéad an Gabá ullam i mbárac cun pionnai ’cup im’ bádca. Bí t ós ag tatant oim é ’cup cuise inoiu mar ná raib móran le déanamh aise.”

“Nac bfuil ré ag tul go Cill Airne?”

“Cuata é ag ráb go mbéadh iadail ari an t-aral a cup go Cill Orslan a d’iarrair beagán gual.”

“Ír maic liom sur Gabáir irteac eugam: Bíor ag caint le Taois acruíad inbó, agus ’ré dubairt ré liom ná bead am aise don ní a déanamh lem’ céadca go tci Dia Céadcaoin reo eugainn. Tá an aimirir ag pleamnuíad uaim agus san puinn déanta eugam. Sé ir feárr dom a déanamh mo cé adca a bheir cuise anoir ó tá caoi ag an ngaba. Ní beid don’ne ag teac cuise inoiu.”

Do beas Miceál a píopa, agus d’imicis ré ari a baile:

Nuair d’fág Miceál an ceartóca, agus ó ná raib don ní eile le déanamh ag Taois cuair ré irteac cun é féin a beairíad 7 a glanad i gcomair an donais. Ní raib ré áit leat-beairíca nuair do cup Pilib a ceann irteac an uoir ag ráb, “Bail ó Dia annro.”

“Dia ’r Muiré uuit,” arfa Taois, áit ní ó n-a éiríde, mar bí

There was a little farmer living close to the Giddagh whose name was Michael Crone, but he was never called any other than Mick of the Tricks. If Tricky Mick had any job at the forge no day would satisfy him to go there but a fair day, or a day on which he knew Tim would be going to Killarney or Killorglin.

At this time the Killarney market was on a Saturday, and there used to be a fair the first Monday of the month, as now.

One fair morning Mick was at the forge to get nose rings for his pigs, and he saw that Tim had not much to do. "I suppose, Tim," says Mick, "you'll be at the fair?"

"Maybe I would," says Tim. "James Tailor was telling me he would be passing (east) about 11 o'clock, and if I liked to go with him I might have a lift from him."

"If that is the case," says Mick, "it is no use for me to bring down my plow to put it in order."

"No, indeed; I am without coal, and I must go for a little coal and some iron."

When Tricky Mick was going home he turned into the house of Phil Oge, a little farmer who lived close to Mick himself.

"Where were you, Mick?" says Phil.

"I was at the forge to see if the smith would be ready to-morrow to put pins in my harrow. Tim was pressing me to send to him to-day, as he had but little to do."

"Is he not going to Killarney?"

"I heard him say that he should send the donkey to Killorglin for a little coal."

"I am glad you came in to me. I was speaking to Tim yesterday, and he told me he could not do anything to my plow until next Wednesday. The time is slipping from me, and with little done. I had better take my plow to him now, as the smith has leisure. No one will be coming to him to-day."

Mick lit his pipe and went on home. When Mick left the forge, and since he had nothing else to do, Tim went in to shave and clean himself for the fair. He was but half-shaved when Phil struck his head in the door, saying, "God bless all here."

"God and Mary bless you," says Tim, but not from his heart, as he had a notion that Phil did not come without business. "I suppose you're going to town."

"Indeed I am not; I have something else to do besides street-walking," says Phil.

tuarim aise náir éainis Pilib san gnó; “ir dóca go bfuilir as toul ar an tpráio.”

“Ní’lim, go déimhin; tá a málairt de gnó agham ná rpráioig-eact,” arfa Pilib:

“Ir iomda lá beir tú ar taoib an teampaill, a Pilib.”

“Má’read féin, ré ir ceart dom mo díceall a déanam an fáio atáim ar an raogal ro, 7 anoir bað maic liom dá gcuirfeá mo céacda i dtreo dam. Cím nac bfuil tú ró-gnótao.”

“Ir triaig liom, a Pilib, nac féoir liom don ní a déanam leo’ céacda inoiu—ní’l don gual agham, asur tá iacall oim toul go Cill Áinne dá iarraid.”

“Ní gábað duic don trioblóio a beir oir mar gceall air rin; tá málin gual ra trucaill agham.”

“Droo-éirí oir féin ir do céacda,” arfa Taois fá n-a fiac-laib. “Cao tá le déanam ar do céacda, a Pilib?”

“Tá clár a cupr air, cupaid a cupr ar an roc, 7 é cupr beagán ra bfo. Teartuigeann beagán cupaidé ó bairi an cóitair 7 caiteir bolca nua a déanam do’n iaca.”

“Ní’l don cupaid agham aet don rmuicín amáin a gceallar a cupr ar rann-aicín do Seagán Séamuir,” arfa an Gabá:

“Tá lán mo dóctair cupaidé agham-ra ra baile,” arfa Pilib: “Dí-re as baint an tfean-cláir do’n céacda; beao-ra ar n-air leir an gcupaid san moill.”

“Duð maic liom, dá mb’féoir liom é, do gnó a déanam inoiu, aet do rgoil cor m’úiré nbe nuair a bíor as cupr iarrainn ar roe le Seagán Dheac, asur beir iacall oim cor nua cupr ann. Bíor cun cor a bneit abaille liom inoiu ó’n donac.”

Fear beag canncarac do b’ead Pilib óg. Connaic ré go maic sur a d’iarraid leir-rgeil do déanam do bí Taois Gabá, asur bí a cócal as éirge.

“Sé mo tuarim, a Taois,” ar rfean ra veiréad, “nac bfuil don fonn oir m’obair do déanam. Bað cóir go mbéad mo cuio airgí-re cóim maic le hairgead mícil na gclear, aet cím nac mar rin atá an rgeal, asur ó tá mo cor ar an mbócar tá gairne eile ra párróir-re cóim maic leat-ra.”

“Déan do roga ruo; ní’lim-re a’ bmaic ar do cuio airgí, a rganndóir! Beir leat do fean-céacda pé aic ir maic leat,’ arf an Gabá:

“Ir maic é mo buideacar, a Taois; aet ir dóig liom go mb’feair duic fanamaint ra baile ná beir ro’ mairín lacaige ar rpráio Cill Áinne, as caiteam do cóo’ airgí 7 do fláinte.”

“Ir cuma duic-re, i n-ainm an diaibail! Ní hé do cuio airgí-re a bim as caiteam, a rpráinlógín. B’féoir nac é gac don Gabá bead cóim bog leat ir bíor-ra as déanam cupaidé roo’

"You'll be many a day beside the church, Phil."

"Even so, I ought to do my best while in this world; and now I would like you to put my plow in order for me. I see you are not very busy."

"I am sorry, Phil; I cannot do anything to your plow to-day. I have no coal, and I am obliged to go to Killarney for it."

"You need not trouble about that, I have a bag of coal in the cart."

"Bad luck to you and your plow," says Tim, under his teeth. "What has to be done to your plow, Phil?"

"It wants a board, to steel the sock, and to put it a little in the sod. The point of the coulter wants a little steel, and you must make a new bolt for the rack."

"I have no steel but one little scrap I promised to to put on a furze spade for Jack James," says the smith.

"I have plenty of steel at home," says Phil. "You be taking the old board off the plow and I'll be back with the steel without delay."

"I would like if I could to do your job to-day, but the handle of my sledge split yesterday when I was putting tires on a wheel for Jack Brack, and I must put a new handle on it. I was going to bring home a handle from the fair."

Phil Oge was a cantankerous little man. He saw clearly that it was trying to make excuses Tim the Smith was, and his choler was rising.

"It is my opinion, Tim," says he at last, "that you have no intention of doing my work. One would think my money would be as good as Tricky Mick's; but I see that is not how the case stands, and as my foot is on the road, there are other smiths in the parish besides you."

"Do as you like; I'm not depending on your money, you fright. Take your old plow to where you please," said the smith.

"How well I am thanked, Tim, but I do think it would be better for you to stay at home than to be puddle-trotting on the streets of Killarney, spending your money and your health."

"You need not care a damn. It is not your money I am spending, you mean little creature. Maybe 'tis not every smith would be as easy with you as I have been, making shoes for your 'crock' out of your gathering of old iron. Be off now, and maybe you would pick up an old horseshoe on the road," and with that Tim shut the door.

fean-ghosa ar do bailiúgaó fean-iarrainn: Iméis leat anoir, agus b'féidir go fágá fean-éirí capall ar a' mbótar," agus leir rin do dhán Caois an doim.

Bí Pilib as cur de gur bain ré amac ceapóca áro-a'-Cluigín. B'é an gaba bí i n-áro-a'-Cluigín fear ós a bí camall maít ó foim 'n-a príncipeac as Caois Gaba. Ó v'fás ré Caois bí ré camall dá aimir i gCorcais i bliathain nó dó i nAldain. Duac-aill ciallmair do bí ann i ceapócaí maít. Eogan Ua Laoisair do b'ainm dó: Ní raib móran fáilte aige roim Pilib nuair do connaic ré é as teact, agus ní mó 'ná rin bí aige roimhir nuair d'innir Pilib dó ar an gcairmir do bí roir é féin i an fean-gaba.

Dubairt an gaba ós le Pilib go raib easla air ná béad caoi aige ar don ní do véanam le n-a céadó go dtí veiread na reachtmaine. Níor maít leir Pilib v'eiteac, act bí fáil aige ná béad Pilib fáil le feiteam com fáda rin agus go mbéad ré as breit a céadó leir ar n-air go dtí Caois nó go dtí gaba éigin eile, act ní raib don maít dó ann.

"Fágad-ra annro mo céadó," arfa Pilib, "dá mb'éigean dom fuireac leir go ceann coiscirí ó 'noiu, i tar éir an aoire béil a fuairéar ó Caois Gaba an lá ro ní baosáil dó go brat arís pinginn uaim-re."

"Anoir, a Pilib," arfa Eogan, "dá a fíor asat go maít nac bfuil Caois ró-duideac díom-ra i dtaoib teact annro, agus nílim a ráb act an fíunne nuair a veirim go mb'feair liom go mói ná fágad-ra ceapóca Caois cun teact cun mo ceapócan-ra."

"Ar an fíunne ir córa ra a beit," arfa Pilib, "act veirim leat muna mbéad don gaba eile ar ro go catair Corcais ná faisead Caois Ua Dhoim don ní le véanam uaim-re."

Bí a réarún féin as Eogan Ua Laoisair. Ní raib do clainn as Caois Gaba act don ingean amáin. Ní raib í act 'n-a gearr-cáile as dul ar ríon nuair do bí Eogan 'n-a príncipeac as a natar. Bí í ana-ceanamail ar Eogan, agus níor v'áon iongnad é. Duac-aill gádmair ruidilceac do bí ann; níor bfeair leir beit 'meas duac-aill eile mar é féin 'ná beit i lár fagata páirí agus gleo aca do cuirfead allairí or. Mar gheall air reo ní raib leand 'ra baile gan beit ceanamail ar an ngaba ós, agus díodair go léir go han-uaigneac nuair v'fás ré Caois Ua Dhoim. Da mó an t-uaigneac do bí ar Neilli bis a' gaba 'ná ar don'ne eile nuair d'iméis Eogan, agus áoin í go fuireac 'ná díad.

D'fár Neilli ruar 'n-a cailín veir gárcamail. Do caillead a mátar nuair bí í react mbliadhna déas v'áoir, agus ó b'ar a mátar 'í Neilli bí mar dean-tige as Caois, agus ní mirde a ráb go raib í 'n-a mnaoi-tige maít. Ní raib ar pobal na Tuaithe

Phil continued on his way till he came to the forge of Ard-a-Clugeen. The smith at Ard-a-Clugeen was a young man who had been a good while ago an apprentice with Tim the Smith. Since he left Tim he spent part of his time in Cork, and a year or two in Scotland. A sensible young man was he, and a good tradesman. Owen O'Leary was his name. He had not much welcome for Phil when he saw him coming, and he had less for him when Phil told him of the row between himself and the old smith. The young smith told Phil that he was afraid he would have no time to do anything to his plow until the end of the week. He did not like to refuse Phil, but he was hoping that Phil would not be satisfied to wait so long, and that he would be taking his plow back to Tim, or to some other smith, but it was all in vain.

"I'll leave my plow here," says Phil, "if I had to wait for it till this day fortnight; and after the abusive language I got to-day from Tim the Smith, from this day forward there is no chance of his ever again receiving a penny from me."

"Now, Phil," says Owen, "you know very well Tim is not too thankful to me for coming here, and I am but telling the truth when I say that I would much rather you did not leave Tim's forge to come to mine."

"It is the truth which should thrive ('Tis in the truth the luck ought to be)," says Phil; "but I tell you, that if there was not another smith from this to the city of Cork, Tim O'Byrne would get nothing to do from me."

Owen O'Leary had his own reasons. The only family Tim the Smith had was a daughter. She was but a little girl going to school when Owen was an apprentice with her father. She was very fond of Owen, and little wonder. He was an affectionate, soft-natured boy. He would as soon be in the midst of a pack of children, who would deafen you with their noise, as with other lads like himself. On this account there was not a child in the village who was not fond of the young smith, and they were all very lonesome when he left Tim O'Byrne. The smith's little Nelly was more lonely than anyone else when Owen went away, and she cried bitterly after him.

Nelly grew up to be a pretty, graceful girl. Her mother died when she was seventeen years of age, and from the death of her mother Nelly was housekeeper to Tim, and it is not amiss to say that she was a good housewife. There was not a man in the Tuogh flock who had a prettier stocking than Nelly's

feair ba deire rtocha 'nád acair Neilli, agus ar fon go raib Taois 'n-a Gabda, agus san cpoiceann nó-geal air, ní raib léine an trág-airt féin níor síle 'nád a léine ar maidin Dia Domhnaigh.

Ir beas an t-iongnad nuair táinig Eoghan Ua Laochair abairle go noubairt ré leir féin go mbéad Neilli ós mar mnaoi aise, agus ir dóig liom go raib ríre ar an aigneab céadna, áct níor mar rin do'n tcean-Gabda. Ní raib don deabab air cun cleamhnair do véanam dá ingin, mar bí a ríor aise go maic go mbéad ré an-leatlamac san Neilli, áct i n-a aigneab féin baó maic leir, dá mbéad fonn pórtá uirí, go mbéad Séamur Táillúra mar cliamain aise.

Bí feirm beas talman as Séamur, áct ba minice é Séamur as an gcearúcaín, a ríor 'n-a béal aise agus é as réirdeab na mbuilg do'n Gabda, nó a' buabab do nuair do bí Taois as cur cruabab ar ríinn nó as véanam cruabab do capall, 7, ar nóir Taois féin, bí an-dóil aise i ríabirdeab. Bí trí ríabairlí do aise agus cúpla colpac, 7 iad go léir ar cógáil ar teact na Máirta. Ní raib rílib i bfab cap éir imteacta nuair do bí Séamur Táillúra agus a tceapall as dorpas an Gabda:

"Bfuil cá ullam, a Taois?" arfa Séamur:

"Táim i ngiorpac do," arfa Taois; "níl asam le véanam áct mo bhróga do cur orm; bhorcuig ort, a Neilli; cá an bhrós rin maic go leob anoir. Cá bfuil mo capabab? Ná bac leir a' ríabán. Anoir, a Séamur, táim ullam."

"Nac bfuil tura a' teact linn, a Neilli?"

"Nílim, a Séamur, go fóill; b'féir ar ball go ríabáinn féin le coir mairie Cróin, agus beir a' t-apal asáinn."

"Ir feárr buic teact linn-ne. Dá olcar mo capall, ir feárr é 'nád arailín mairie."

"Go raib maic asat, a Séamur. Do geallar do mairie ríreab léi. Béam i n-am go leob i gCill áirne; níl puinn le véanam asam-ra ar an donac."

"Beata duine a toil," arfa Séamur, agus ar ríabab leob:

Nuair a bídopas tamall beas ar a' mbócap dubairt Taois le Séamur, "Ar buail rílib ós umac?"

"Níor buail; cab 'n-a taob?"

"Bí ré annro tamall beas ó foim le n-a céadna: Do geallar do, cá reactmáin ó foim, go mbéinn ullam Dia Céadaoin; áct ní beab ré pártá san teact cúgam ar maidin, agus mé cap éir mícil na gCear do leigint abairle mar geall ar ná raib don gual asam. Bí gac ne reab asáinn le 'n-a céile go ríabamap aríon feárgac. D'áruig rílib a céadna leir, agus ir dóca ná beir rtoab leir go mbuailfeab ré ceapóca Eogáinín Uí Laochair."

"Raib Miceál na gCear as an gcearúcaín ar maidin iníu?"

father, and though Tim was a smith, and without a very white skin, still the priest's alb on Sunday morning was no whiter than his Sunday shirt.

It is little wonder that when Owen O'Leary came home he said to himself that he would have young Nelly for a wife; and I think she was of the same mind; but such was not the case with the old smith. He was in no hurry to make a match for his daughter, for he knew very well he would be badly off without Nelly; but in his own mind he wished, if she had a notion of marrying, that he would have James Tailor for a son-in-law.

James had a little farm of land; but James was oftener at the forge, his pipe in his mouth, and he blowing the bellows for the smith, or sledging for him when Tim would be steeling a spade, or making shoes for horses, and like Tim himself he was very fond of street-walking. He had three little tatters of cows, and a couple of heifers that were lifting (ready to fall with hunger) on the coming of March.

Phil had not long gone when James Tailor and his cart were at the smith's door.

"Are you ready, Tim?" said James.

"I'm near it," says Tim. "I have but to put on my shoes. Hurry on, Nelly. That shoe is all right now. Where is my cravat? Never mind the looking-glass. Now, James, I am ready."

"Are you not coming, Nelly?"

"I am not, James, yet awhile. Maybe by and by, I would go with Mary Crone, and we shall have the ass."

"You had better come with us. Bad as my horse is, he is better than Mary's little donkey."

"Thank you, James. I promised Mary to wait for her. We shall have time enough in Killarney. I have not much to do at the fair."

"Have your own way," says James, and away with them.

When they were a short time on the road Tim said to James, "Did you meet Phil Oge?"

"No. Why?"

"He was here awhile ago with his plow. I promised him a week ago that I should be ready on Wednesday, but he would not be content without coming to me this morning, and I after letting Tricky Mick home because I had no coal. We had every second word with each other until we were both angry,

"Ná bfuilim, tar éir a ruid leat go raib cun ruo éigin do véanam le 'n-a céadua."

"Díod seall," arsa Séamur "supab é Míceál do cuir i gceann dílib ceact eusac."

"Ar m'anam 7 san dhoic-ní ar m'anam, go mb'féidir go bfuil an ceart asat, agus má'r mar rin atá an rseal nára fada go bfaid Míceál torab a deas-oibreaca. Dúdar le Míceál féin na raib don gual asam, agus eus dílib máilin guail 'n-a trucaill leir. San amhar 'ré Míceál bun a' cubairte."

"Ní cuirfinn cairir é."

"I'r dóig liom féin ná beab ré rárta san déit as véanam miorfáir imear gcomharan," arsa Taois:

"I'r fíor duit rin. Ar cuairidí cao do vein ré ar domhnall Ruab? Bí domhnall as dul le roc go dtí ceapóca na Ceapaise nuair táinig Míceál na gCear ruar leir, agus é as dul a d'iarraíó ruid móna ó'n bpoirtac:

"'Cá bfuil tú as dul?' arsa Míceál:

"'Táim as dul leir reo go dtí an ceapóca cun é cuir bláire beas 'ra bfuil. Támaoio as treabab páircín na gCloic, 7 i'r ana-deacair i treabab le roc atá beagán ar a bfuil."

"'Cait do roc 'ra trucaill agus tar irteac tú féin: i'r móir an ní anró na marcaideaca."

"'Go raib maic asat, a mícil; agus b'féidir ó táim leat-lámaic go bfaid an roc as an gceapócam; abair le Tomár é cuir fíor-beagán 'ra bfuil."

"'Déanfao é rin agus fáilte,' arsa Míceál, agus d'iompuig domhnall Ruab abairle. Act cao do vein an cleairde act a ruid leir a' ngaba roc domhnall do cuir beagán eile ar an bfuil, 7 ruid go raib a céadua go móir níor meara ná bí ré."

"Lá eile bí Míceál a d'iarraio fleagáin tall ar an nGort mDuirde. Car ré irteac i n'orar Séamur maol. Bí Séamur 'n-a fúide ar ríol ar asar an d'orar irteac as cuir caoibín ar a bfuil. Ó bí an lá go han-brocallac, agus Séamur as cuir allair de, do bain ré de féin a peirbic agus éicé ré ar érica é i dcaoir éir do'n d'orar. Do deas Míceál a díor agus bí ré as gabáil dá cuio breartaideaca, mar ba gnátaic leir. Tar éir leat-uair nó mar rin do d'uir ré díor i n-aice an d'orar. D'fan ré as an d'orar tamall beas agus a lám ar an leat-d'orar. D'féac ré ar an gcrúca, as leigint air go raib náire air. 'S amhar,' ar reirean, 'do cuir Máire anonn mé fácaint a bfaid-aíne iaraic na ruo rin (an peirbic) cun ceair do cuir as gort ann."

"Bí Séamur Maol ar deas-buile, agus léim ré 'n-a fúide, act má léim bí Míceál imigte: Do caic Séamur a caráir leir,

and I suppose he will not stop now until he reaches Owney O'Leary's forge."

"Was Tricky Mick at the forge this morning?"

"Am I not after telling you that he was, to get something done to his plow?"

"I'll bet," says James, "that it is Mick put it into Phil's head to come to you?"

"On my soul, and not putting anything bad on my soul, I believe you are right, and if such is the case, I hope it won't be long until Mick gets the reward of his good works. I told Mick himself I had no coal, and Phil had a little bag of coal in the cart with him. Without doubt Mick is the root of the mischief."

"I would not put it past him."

"I think myself he would not be happy if he were not making mischief between neighbors," says Tim.

"'Tis true for you. Did you hear what he did to Daniel Roe? Daniel was going with a sock to the Cappagh forge, when Tricky Mick overtook him as he was going for a rail of turf to the bog."

"Where are you going," says Mick.

"I am going with this to the forge, to put it a little bit in the sod." We are plowing the little stony field, and it is very hard to plow it with a sock a little out of the sod.'

"Pitch the sock into the cart and come in yourself. It is a good thing to get the lift.'

"Thank you, Mick; and maybe, as I am very short of hands, you would leave the sock at the forge. Tell Tom to put it just a little in the sod.'

"I will do that and welcome," says Mick, and Daniel turned home. But what did the trickster do, but tell the smith to put Daniel's sock a little more out of the sod, so that his plow was far worse than before.

"Another day Mick was looking for a slaan over at Fortbee. He turned into the house of James the Bald. James was sitting on a stool opposite the door putting a patch on his shoe. As the day was sultry and James sweating, he took off his wig and hung it on a hook behind the door. Mick lit his pipe, and he was, as usual, going on with his pranks. After half an hour or so he moved down near the door. He stayed at the door a little while, with his hand on the half-door. He looked at the hook, pretending that he was ashamed. 'It is how,' says he, 'Mary sent me over to see if I could get the

áct, i n-ionad Míclil do bualaí leir an gearúir, d'aimris ré corcán móir bí ar iaráct ag a mhaoi cun ollan do dachuá. Úrúil éogan na laosáine 'na ceapdaige maít ? ”

“Cá b'fior dam-ra roin,” arfa Caois, 7 ní go ró-míur; “áct ní dóis liom suab é feabhar a ceapdaídeáct' atá ag tairiac na ndaoine cuise; 'ré a cuio blaídar meallann iad. Bí an teanga go pleamain niam aige. Dáó cuma liom dá gcuirfead ré ruar do féin ag D'roicead na leamha nó tíor ar a Mianur, áct ir dóis liom-ra sur móir an náine do teáct 7 ceapda do cur ruar cóm atcúmair dam agur tá ré 'noir.”

CABIDIL 11:

Captaí na daoine ar a déile,
áct ní captaí na cnuic ná na pléidte.

Nuair do buail an beirt Cill Áinne b'éigean dóib deoc beir aca i dtis Séamuir Uí Dhuígin 'ra Spáio Nuair, agur níor b'fada dóib go raib b'raon eile aca i Spáio na gCeapc nuair capad orra beirt nó tríúr eile agur tar orra. Ní raib leat an lae caíte nuair bí an gada rúgac go leór.

Ní raib Neillí i b'fad ar a' r'ráio sur connaic pí a hatair agur é ar leat-meirge. Ir gairio do bí pí féin agur an cailín eile ag déanam a ngnóta: Nuair do bíodar ullam cun teáct adáile do dein Neillí a díceall a hatair do meallad léi, áct ní raib maítear di beir a tatant air; d'fan ré féin agur Séamuir ar an r'ráio go dtí tuitim na hoirdce agur go raíodar araon ar meirge nó i ngnóiríáct do.

Bí capailín beag cnearta ag Séamuir Cailiúra: Bí an bótar péir agur an oirdce geal, 7 dá mbéad an beirt fáirta leir an méir do bí ólta aca nuair fáirtaí r'ráio Cill Áinne déad an r'geal go maít aca, áct ní raíodar. Nuair tángadar go D'roicead na leamha bí deoc le beir aca, 7 nuair bí an gada ag teáct amac ar an dtuicail tuit ré ar fleairg a d'roma ar an mbótar, agur 'fan am céadna do cuir ruo éigin an capail ar r'íubal: Cuair an pot t'earna láime Cairis. Do r'gnead an fear doct cóm géar rin sur iú na daoine amac cuise, agur nuair connacadar é rinne ar an mbótar faoileadar go raib a lámh b'irte, áct ní raib.

Dá móir an ní go raib an doctúir 'n-a cómnaide ar taoid an bótar ag D'roiciúin na Spioisige; bí ré ag baile: Tar éir féadaint ar lámh an gada 'ré tuidair an doctúir, “Ní'l don énam b'irte, áct beir ré tamall go mbéir gnerdm agat ar capar, a Cairis.” Do b'fior dóran; bí an gada ráite gan don níó do déanam map geall ar a lámh.

loan of that thing (the wig) to set a hen hatching in it.' James the Bald was mad; he jumped up, but if he did Mick was gone. James threw the hammer after him, but instead of hitting Mick with the hammer, he struck a big pot which his wife had borrowed to dye wool in. Is Owen O'Leary a good tradesman?"

"How do I know?" says Tim, and not sweetly; "but I don't think it is the excellence of his workmanship that is drawing the people to him; his blarney, that coaxes. He has always the slipping tongue. I would not mind had he set up at Laune Bridge, or below at Meanus, but I do think it is a shame for him to come and set up his forge so near to me as it is now."

CHAPTER II.

"People meet, but hills and mountains don't."

When the two reached Killarney they must have a drink in James Breen's house in the new street, and it was not long until they had another drop in Hen-street, where they meet three others with a thirst on them. Half the day was not spent when the smith was tipsy enough.

Nelly was not long in town when she saw her father, and he half-drunk. Herself and the other girl were but a short time doing their business. When they were ready to come home Nelly did her best to coax her father with her, but it was useless trying to persuade him. Himself and James stayed in town till nightfall, and until they were both drunk, or near it.

James Tailor had a gentle little horse. The road was good and the night bright, and had the pair been satisfied with what they had drunk when they left the town of Killarney things would have been well with them, but they were not satisfied. When they came to Laune Bridge they were to have a drink, and when the smith was coming out of the cart he fell on the flat of his back on the road, while at the same time something caused the horse to move. The wheel passed over Tim's hand. The poor man screamed so bitterly that the people ran out to him, and when they saw him stretched on the road they thought his hand was broken, but it was not. It was a great matter (it was fortunate) that the doctor was living close to

Láir na báraí táir éir lae an donais, agus daoine as teacht go dtí ceardúca Cairis bí ré buaibhanta go leor. Cuir ré rásaíla cun sáda na Cearpaige bí an-muintearúla leir i gcómharrde, as féadaint an scuipfead ré a mác cuise ar fead feacthaine cun go mbéad an aise ar fear éigin eile do folácar.

'Sé an fheadra fuair an teactaire go rabhadar ró-leat-láimh ar an gCearpaige, áct b'féidir i nveirfead na feacthaine go mbéad an fear ós ábalta ar dul ar fead lae nó do cun cabrusad le Caois.

"An rpreallairín rusaig," arfa Caois, nuair a cuaila ré cad vubairt a duine muintearúla, "tá fíor aham-ra go maic cad tá 'n-a ceann; áct déir an rásaí go cruaidh orim-ra nó rapócau-ra é." Nuair cuaila Eoghan úa laogaire cad do tuit amac ar ádair Neilli níor b'faoi go raib ré as vopar tise an sáda. Ní raib móran fáilte as Caois roimhir; áct rap ar fás ré an teinteán bí caob eile ar a' rásaí.

"Ír cruas liom," arfa Eoghan, "cuira beir mar 'taoi, i san don'ne asat áct tú féin. An féidir liom-ra don níó do véanam duit?"

"Ní feadair," arfa Caois; "ír dóca go bfuil do dócain le véanam asat féin, agus déir níor mó asat anoir ó cáim-re mar a bfuilim.

'An té bíonn fíor buailtear cor air,
 agus an té bíonn fuar óltar veoc air.'

"Ní déir i b'faoi fíor, le congnam 'Dé; agus mó lámh ír m'focal duit nac bfuil don traintt orim-ra obair a b'eit uait-re. Mar a bfuil don sáda eile asat fíor cuipfead-ra mo p'innctíreac cuasat san moill."

"Go raib maic asat," arfa Caois, as cur láime rlan amac agus as b'eit gheim daingean ar lámh Eoghan.

Nuair bí an sáda ós as imteact rus Neilli ar lámh air agus avubairt "Mile veannact ort. Díor a' cuimneam ort; bí fuil aham leat, áct bí easla orim dá vtiocfá féinís go mbéad m'ádar ró-foirgead leat, mar bí fíor aham go maic ná raib ré ró-buirdeac díot."

"Ní móir ír féidir liom a véanam, áct véanfad mo díceall; agus tá 'r asat-ra, a Neilli, go nvéanfaínn móran ar do fon-ra."

"Cáim go han-buirdeac díot, a Eoghan," arfa Neilli, i luirne 'n-a cionnacaid.

Cuaid an sáda ós ádailé 'r níor b'faoi táir éir imteact' do go dtáinig Séamur Táillúra irteac. Bí Neilli as an vopar.

"Cannor tá t'ádar, a Neilli?"

little Spiddogue Bridge. He was at home. After looking at the smith's hand the doctor said "there was no bone broken, but it will be a while before you can handle a hammer, Tim." 'Twas true for him. The smith was three months without doing anything, owing to his hand.

Next morning after the fair, and people coming to Tim's forge, he was troubled enough. He sent a messenger to the Cappagh smith, who was always very friendly with him, to see if he would send his son to him for a week, until he had time to provide some other man.

The answer the messenger got was that they were very busy at Cappagh, but perhaps at the end of the week the young man might be able to go for a day or two to help Tim. "The little sooty sweep," says Tim, when he heard what his friend said, "I know what is in his head, but it will go hard with me or I'll be even with him."

When Owen O'Leary heard what had happened to Nelly's father it was not long until he was at the smith's door. Tim had not much welcome for him, but before he left the hearth there was another side to the story. "I am sorry," says Owen, "to see you as you are, with no one but yourself. Can I do anything for you?"

"I don't know," says Tim. "I suppose you have plenty to do yourself, and you will have more now since I am as I am."

"He that is down is trampled;
He that is up is toasted."

"You won't be long down, please God, and my hand and word to you, I do not covet the taking of your work from you. If you have no other smith yet, I will send my apprentice to you without delay."

"Thank you," says Tim, putting out his sound hand and firmly grasping the hand of Owen.

When the young smith was leaving Nelly caught him by the hand, saying, "A thousand blessings on you. I was thinking of you, but I feared that even if you did come my father would be too surly with you, for I know very well he was not too thankful to you."

"It is not much I can do, but I'll do my best, and you know, Nelly, I would do much for your sake."

"I am very grateful to you, Owen," says Nelly, and a blush on her countenance.

"Tá 'r aghat go maic cannor tá ré, a Séamur. Tá ré 'na luige ar a leabair agur tá eagla orm go mbéid ré ann go fóill. Duail fuair cuige; cáim-re ag dul a d'iarrair cana uirge ó'n adainn."

"Ó'fan Séamur tamall maic agur nuair bí ré imcigte do glao-aig Caois ar Neilli cun deoc uirge fuair do tabairt dó. "Suir ar a' gcataoir go fóill, a Neilli, a cuir; tá ruo éigin agham le ruid leat."

"Do fuir Neilli ar an gcataoir ag caoi na leabta, aet gan cuinne aici cao do bí 'n-a ceann."

"Tá eagla orm go mbéad im' maircinead," a Neilli, i n-eapball mo faogail; aet baó cuma liom dá bfeicinn cur agur do teinteán féin aghat. Ir uóca dá mbéad go faiginn-re cuinne uair ann."

"Cáim ráta mar a bfuilim," arfa Neilli; "agur 'uaoib curá beir io' maircinead, ní mar rin a beir an rgeal aghat, le congnam de."

"B'féoir rin, a graid; aet mar rin féin baó maic liom dá bfeicinn tá pórtá."

"Ní'í don fonn pórtá orm-ra, a átair, agur dá mbéad féin ní anoir an t-am cun beir ag cuinneam air."

"Cáim-re dul i n-aoir, aet baó mór an ráram aignio orm é dá mbéad-ra i u'ait big féin. Tá feirm deas deap ag Séamur Táillúra, ní'í cior tnom air, 7 tá fíor agham náe bfuil cailín eile 'ra párróir do b'feair le Séamur a beir mar mnaoi aige 'ná tá féin."

"Cáim an-buirdeac do Séamur. Ní le hearbair mna tige a beir ré ag pórtá; tugann a mátair aige uor na buaid agur leatann a beiróir an t-aoileac ar na prátá. An bean-treabta aet uair anoir?"

"Ó'rgail Caois a fáile. Ní raib don cuinne aige ná bead a ingean ráta le Séamur do pórtá. Bain a noubairt rí an t-andal de agur ní raib' fíor aige cao do b'feair do do ruid aet i gceann tamall noubairt ré—

"Saoilear, a Neilli, go raibair féin agur Séamur Táillúra muinteapda go leor le céile."

"Cáimio, ar fon náe bfuilim ró-buirdeac de 'uaoib oibre an lae moe."

"Goó é an leigear a bí aige air?"

"Dá mbéad ré 'ra baile ag tabairt aige dá gno féin, 'n-ait ba córa do beir, tiocfa-ra baile liom-ra, agur ní beirdeac mar átaoi inu."

"Caoi ró-éruaid ar Séamur boet, a Neilli. Cipeann tá gur minic a tagann ré cun congnam a tabairt uor-ra nuair a bí"

The young smith went home. It was not long after his departure when James Tailor came in. Nelly was at the door.

"How is your father, Nelly?"

"You know very well how he is, James. He is lying in bed. I fear he will be there awhile yet. Go up to him; I am going for a can of water to the river."

James stayed a good while, and when he was gone Tim called Nelly to bring him a drink of cold water. "Sit on the chair awhile, Nelly dear, I have something to say to you."

Nelly sat in the chair beside the bed, but without any notion what was in his head.

"I am afraid I shall be a cripple, Nelly, in the end of my life; but I would not mind if I saw you in possession of your own hearth. I suppose if you had it, I would get a corner from you in it."

"I am content as I am," says Nelly, "and as to your being a cripple, that is not how the case will be with you, with God's help."

"Maybe so, Nelly, my dear; but all the same, I wish I saw you married."

"I have no notion of marrying, father, and, even if I had, this is not the time to be thinking of it."

"I am getting into age, and it would be a great satisfaction to my mind if you were in your own place. James Tailor has a nice little farm, there is not a heavy rent on it, and I know that there is not another girl in the parish he would rather have for a wife than yourself."

"I am very thankful to James. It is not for want of a housekeeper he will marry; his mother minds the cows, and his sister spreads the manure on the potatoes. Is it a plow-woman he wants now?"

Tim opened his eyes. He had no notion that his daughter would not be ready to marry James. What she said took his breath away, and he did not know what he had better say, but after awhile he said—

"I thought, Nelly, that you and James were very friendly with each other."

"We are, though I am not too thankful to him as to the work of yesterday."

"How could he help it?"

as cup iarrainn ar rocaib nó nuair a bionn obair trom mar rin ioir lám' asam."

"D'fearra dó go mór aise a tabairt dá páirte beag talman. Nác minic ió' beal 'An ré bionn 'n-a bpoiceirbireac dó féin, bionn ré 'na feirbireac maic do na daoine eile.'"

"Iz beag a faoilead, a Neilli, ná déanfa ruz orm."

"Dá maic liom ruo a déanam ort, a acair; áct mar a mbé rú ar talam a' doimain áct é féin amháin ní déinn mar céile aise Séamur Táillúra."

Le n-a linn rin o'fás Neilli an reómra, agus do gol rí go fuigead ar fead tamail.

Nuair o'fás Séamur teac an gaba bí ré fára go leór. Saoil ré ná raib anoir le déanam aise áct ruz agus an "páiréar" do breic abail leir cun Neilli an gaba do pórao. Bí ré san tobac agus éar ré irceac i riopa Seagáin an leara cun bliúre tobac do ceannac.

"An fíor," arfa Seagáin an leara, "sur bair an gaba a lám as teac ó Cúil Áine ariér?"

"Ní'l ré fíor agus ní'l ré bréagac," arfa Séamur. "Ní'l a lám bairce, áct tá rí goirceice com mór rin go bfuil eagla orm ná déir don maic ann go deó. Tá an fear doct buadarca go leór, áct 'ré an ruo iz mó tá cup air anoir, san Neilli beic pórao."

"D'fearra duic féin i pórao, a Séamur. Ní fuláir nó tá mairle beag ariéir as Taois, agus tá Neilli 'n-a cailín cailmair."

"D'féirir go b-pórfainn," arfa Séamur, agus o'imicis ré air abail.

Lá ar na bárac bí ré leatca ar fuio na parróirte go raib cleamnar déanta ioir Séamur 7 ingin an gaba.

Ar fead reactmaine tar éir goirceice láime Taois do dein Eogan Ua Laoisair agus a pincireac obair an dá ceapócan cun go bfuair Taois gaba ós ó baile an Muilinn. Iz beag laete ruz na reactmaine ná raib Eogan tamail as ceapócan Taois agus tamail beag as caint le Taois féin agus d'féirir le Neilli.

Nuair táinig an gaba eile ó baile an Muilinn o'iarf Taois ar Eogan teac anoir agus air nuair a beao am aise, agus táinig go minic. Nuair bíod an beir 7 uine aca ar gac taob do'n teine iz mó ruo do bíod aca as cup tré 'na céile, 7 Neilli i mbun a ngnóca féin timceall na cipóineac. Nuair fuair Eogan rgeala go raib cleamnar rocair ioir Neilli agus Séamur Táillúra bí iongnao air, áct dúbairt ré leir féin má'r mar rin do bí an rgeal ná raib ré ceairt do-ran a beic com minic irceac 'r amac i

"If he were at home attending to his own business, where he ought to be, you would have come home with me, and you would not be as you are to-day."

"You are too hard on poor James, Nelly. You see it is often he comes to give me help when I am putting tires on wheels, or when I have other similar heavy work on hands."

"It would be much better for him to mind his little bit of land. Have I not often heard from your own mouth, 'He who is a bad servant for himself is a good one for others'?"

"I little thought, Nelly, that you would not obey me."

"I would like to obey you, father; but if there was but him alone on the face of the earth, I would not be the partner of James Tailor." With that Nelly left the room, and she cried bitterly for awhile.

When James left the smith's house, he was satisfied enough. He thought that he had nothing to do but to go and bring home the lines in order to marry the smith's Nelly. He was without tobacco, and he turned into John of the Lis to buy a bit of tobacco.

"Is it true," said John of the Lis, "that the smith broke his hand coming from Killarney last night?"

"'Tisn't true and 'tisn't lying," said James. "His hand isn't broken, but it is hurt so much that I am afraid it will never be any use. The poor man is troubled enough, and the thing that is troubling him most is Nelly to be unmarried."

"You'd better marry her yourself, James. It isn't possible but Tim has a bit of money, and Nelly is a sensible girl."

"Maybe I would," said James, and went on home.

Next morning it was spread all over the parish that there was a match made between James and the smith's daughter. For a week after the injury to Tim's hand Owen and his apprentice did the work of the two forges until Tim got a young smith from Milltown. There were few days during the week that Owen wasn't at Tim's forge, and a little time talking to Tim himself, and maybe to Nelly.

When the other smith from Milltown came, Tim asked Owen to come now and again when he had time; and he often came, when the pair of them used to be one at each side of the fire. They used to discuss many things while Nelly was about her own business in the house. When Owen heard the news, that a match was settled between Nelly and James Tailor, he was surprised; but he said to himself, if that was the case, it wasn't right for himself to be in and out so often at the forge

uicis na ceapócan: D'imicis lá nó dó mar seo i sam cupar as
Eoghan ar an gceapócan. Arís Taois le Neillí:

"A bfeaca tú Eoghan mórú nó móé?"

"Ní feaca," arís Neillí.

"Cá fúil agam nac bfuil don mí air: Ní raib ré annró 'mí ó
atruisad 'nóé; ní feadar cao cá á coimead."

"Ní'l fíor agam-ra," aodairc fíre, áct bí ampar ací, mar
cuala fí rgeal an cleamhair.

Ir dóca ná raib Eoghan ró-farta i n'aisnead: Bí fonn ir farr-
cear air. Dao máit leir cupar do tabairt anonn go ceapócan
Taois, áct mar rin féin bí deasán náire air géillead go raib
buaðairt air. Bí fé as oðair go dian, áct ba cuma dó deit
dionaoim nó gnóac, níor d'féoir leir pórad Neillí do cup ar
a ceann.

Tuádnóna an tarra lá, nuair do bí veiread le hobair an lae
asur an ceapóca dúnta, buail Eoghan trearna na páirceanna,
asur bí fé as cup de go uáms ré amac ar an mbócar i n-aisce
uige na ceapócan. Bí Neillí as an uopar:

"Canonr cá t'atair, a Neillí?" arís Eoghan:

"Cá fé uil i bfeadar. Tar ircead. Ní'l fé leat-uair ó bí
fé as caint or: Bí iongnad air go raðair cómh fada san bualaó
ircead cuige."

"Ní déad as uil ircead anoir, a Neillí: Tá deaðad orm."

"'N é rin Eoghan, a Neillí?" arís an sáda:

"'Sé, a atair."

"Cao 'n-a taob nac bfuil fé teact ircead?"

"Deir fé go bfuil deaðad air, a atair."

"Aðair leir teact ircead. Cá gnó agam de."

Do buail Eoghan ircead:

Arís an sáda, "Cá raðair le reactmain? Bíor cun rgeala
cup anonn cúgat féacaint cao a bí or."

"Ó! ní raib ploc orm, áct go raðar an-gnóac, asur sup
faoilear go mbéad ruo éigin eile dúr scur tré 'n-a céile 'na
ríd a deit a cuimneam orm-ra."

"Áct go mbéad mo lám bacac plán agam air, asur buirdeacar
le Dia cá fí uil cinn go máit, ní déad don mí as cup buaó-
arfa orainn."

"Go deimhin, ní cúir buaóarfa an rgeal asaid, áct a malairt,
asur go n-éirigíó dúr bpórad lid," arís Eoghan, asur toct 'n-a
cnoide:

"Aru goó é an pórad?" arís Taois Sada:

"Nac bfuil Neillí asur Séamur Táillíura le deit pórtca i
nóidair an Capaisir?"

"Fiaprais do Neillí féin an fíor é nó bfeas?"

house. A day or two passed in this way without Owen taking a turn to the forge.

Says Tim to Nelly, "Did you see Owen to-day or yesterday?"

"I did not," says Nelly.

"I hope there's nothing wrong with him. He wasn't here since 'ere yesterday. I don't know what's keeping him."

"I don't know," says she; but she had a suspicion, for she heard the tale of the match.

It is likely Owen wasn't very easy in his mind. He was between hope and fear. He would like to take a turn over to Tim's forge; but for all that, he was a little ashamed to admit his trouble of mind. He was working hard, but it was all the same to him whether idle or busy, he couldn't put Nelly's marriage out of his head.

On the evening of the second day, when the day's work was finished and the forge shut up, Owen went over across the fields, and was going ahead until he came out on the road close to the forge house. Nelly was at the door.

"How's your father, Nelly," says Owen.

"He's improving. Come in. It isn't half an hour since he was speaking of you. He was wondering you were so long without dropping in to him."

"I won't be going in now, Nelly, I'm in a hurry."

"Is that Owen, Nelly?" says the smith.

"'Tis, father."

"Why isn't he coming in?"

"He says he is in a hurry, father."

"Tell him to come in. I want him."

Owen walked in.

Says the smith, "Where have you been this week past? I was going to send over a message to see what was wrong with you."

"Oh, there wasn't a bit wrong with me, but that I was very busy, and that I thought you would have other things to bother you than for you to be thinking of me."

"Were my lame hand but better again, and, thank God, it is going on well, there would be nothing troubling me."

"Indeed, your case is not a case of trouble, but the opposite, and I hope the marriage will be prosperous," said Owen, with a load at his heart.

"Why, then, what marriage?" said Tim the Smith.

"Are not Nelly and James Tailor to be married after Lent?"

"Ask Nelly if it is truth or falsehood."

"An fíor é, a Neillí?"

"Ní'l, aSur ní déir go deo," arsa Neillí, aSur amac an doiar léi.

An fear camail níor labair don'ne do'n deire focal:

"B'féidir, a Chaird," arsa Eogan, "go scabairfá Neillí dam-rá?"

"'Sé í fearra duit an deire rín a cur cuici féin."

aSur do cuir, aSur ní gá do inniint cao é an freasra fuair ré ó Neillí. Bí an páiríroie as magad rá Séamur Tállíara; áit fuair ré rtoróisin deas ó Sleann na sCoileac ná raib ríó-ós áit go raib ríce púnt rpréir áicir.

CAOS RÁ

Altairí—deafness.

Rabalíní bó—miserable cows.

Ar cógáil—"lifting," not able to lift themselves owing to winter want.

Gac ar a fear ór gac re fear—every second word, "one word borrowed another."

Ír gearr = ír gearr = ír gearr—soon, very soon.

Ar m'anam—by my soul. The m is aspirated.

Paipéar—dispensation from banna.

Múile deas airgid—a little lump of money.

Toct 'na óiríde—a load at his heart.

Sean-ghoza—an old, worthless horse.

"Is it true, Nelly?"

"No, and it never will be," says Nelly, and out the door with her.

For awhile neither of the pair spoke a word.

"Maybe, Tim," says Owen, "you'd give Nelly to me?"

"You'd better put that question to herself."

'nd he did, and it is needless to tell the answer he got from Nelly.

The parish was laughing at James Tailor; but he got a little stump from Glennagolagh, who wasn't too young, but who had a fortune of twenty pounds.

AICTRISE AN REACÚRAIS:

A Ríḡ tá ar neim 'r a cnuḡais Áḡam,
'S a cuipḡar cáḡ i bḡeacáḡ an úḡaill;
Oḡ! rḡḡeacáḡaim oḡḡ anoiḡ, oḡ Áḡo,
O iḡ le ḡo ḡḡáḡa tá mé ḡḡ ḡúil.

Tá mé i n-áoiḡ, áḡḡ ḡo cḡḡon mo ḡláḡ;
Iḡ iomḡa lá mé ḡḡ ḡul amúḡ,
ḡo cuḡḡ mé i bḡeacáḡ anoiḡ naoi ḡḡḡáḡ,
Áḡḡ tá na ḡḡáḡa ar láim an Uainḡ.

Nuair ḡi mé ḡḡ ḡ'olc iáḡ mo ḡḡeḡḡe;
ḡuḡ ḡóḡ mo ḡḡeḡḡ i ḡcléiḡ 'r i n-eacḡḡannḡ;
ḡ'ḡeapḡḡ liom ḡo ḡóḡ ḡḡ imiḡḡ 'r ḡḡ ḡl
Ar maiḡḡin ḡóḡḡḡḡḡ ná ḡḡḡḡḡ cum Áiḡḡḡḡḡḡ.

Níor ḡ'ḡeapḡḡ liom ḡuḡḡe 'n áice cailín ḡiḡ
Ná le mḡḡḡḡ ḡóḡḡa ḡḡ céilḡḡeacḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ;
ḡo mḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡóḡḡa ḡo ḡi mé ḡḡḡḡḡḡ
Áḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ no ḡóḡḡe níor leiḡ mé ḡḡḡḡḡ.

ḡeacáḡ an úḡaill, mo cḡḡḡ 'r mo leun!
Iḡ é mḡḡ an ḡḡḡḡḡḡ mḡḡ ḡeall ar ḡeirḡḡ;
Áḡḡ ḡ'ḡ coḡḡ an cḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡ mḡḡe ḡíor,
Muna ḡḡóḡḡḡḡḡ íorḡ ar m'anamḡḡḡḡḡḡ.

Iḡ oḡḡ, ḡḡḡḡḡḡ! tá na coḡḡeacḡa ḡóḡḡ;
Áḡḡ ḡiúḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡóḡḡ mḡ mḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡ;
ḡḡḡ nḡḡ ḡuail anuḡḡ ar mo cḡḡḡḡḡ ḡóḡ,
A Ríḡ na ḡlḡḡḡe 'ḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ m'anamḡ.

* *Literally*: O King, who art in Heaven and who createdst Adam, and who payest regard to the sin of the apple, I scream to Thee again and aloud, for it is Thy grace that I hope for. I am in age, and my bloom has withered, many a day am I going astray, I have fallen into sin more than nine fathoms (deep), but the graces are in the hands of the Lamb.

When I was young, evil were my accomplishments, great was my

RAFFERTY'S REPENTANCE.

[From Douglas Hyde's edition of "Songs ascribed to Rafferty," page 856.]

O King of Heaven, who didst create
The man who ate of that sad tree,
To Thee I cry, oh turn Thy face,
Show heavenly grace this day to me.*

Though shed be now our bloom of youth,
And though in truth our sense be dull,
Though fallen in sin and shame I am,
Yet God the Lamb is merciful.

When I was young my ways were evil,
Caught by the devil I went astray;
On sacred mornings I sought not Mass,
But I sought, alas! to drink and play.

Married or single, grave or gay,
Each in her way was loved by me,
I shunned not the senses' sinful sway,
I shunned not the body's mastery.

From the sin of the apple, the crime of two,
Our virtues are few, our lusts run free,
For my riotous appetite Christ alone
From His mercy's throne can pardon me.

Ah, many a crime has indeed been mine,
But grant to me time to repent the whole,
Still torture my body and bruise it sorely,
Thou King of Glory, but save the soul.

delight in quarrels and rows. I greatly preferred playing or drinking on a Sunday morning to going to Mass. I did not like better to sit beside a young girl than by a married woman on a rambling-visit awhile. To great oaths (I was) given, and lustfulness and drunkenness, I did not let (pass) me by. The sin of the apple, my destruction and my grief! it is that which destroyed the world on account of two. Since gluttony is a crime I am down (fallen) unless Jesus shall have mercy on my poor soul.

Ὁ ἑλαιοῖς ἀν λά ἀ' ῖρ νιορ τὸς μέ ἀν φάλ,
 Νὸ ζυρ ἰτεαὸτ' ἀν δάηρ ἀνν ἀρ εὐαρ τῷ, ὡαί,
 Ἀετ ἀ λῖρ-μῖς ἀν ἑηρτ, ἀνοῖρ πέρὸ μο ἑάρ;
 Δ' ῖρ λε ῖρρὺτ na η̄σῖάρα ῖρρὺε μο ῖρρὺτ:

Ἰρ λε ὡο ῖρῖάρα ὡο ῖρῖαν τῷ Μάηρ,
 Δ' ῖρ ῖαορ τῷ Ὠαῖρὸ ὡο ῖρῖνne ἀν ἀετῖς;
 Ὠο εὐς τῷ Μαοῖρe ῖρῖαν ὀ' n ῖρῖάτῶ,
 'S τὰ ερὸεῖς τῶ λῖρῖορ ζυρ ῖαορ τῷ ἀν ῖαῖρῖοe:

Μαρ ἰρ ῖεαεὶ μέ naε νῖεαρῖna ῖρὸρ,
 Νά ῖρῖάρ μὸρ ὡο Ὠα na Μῖρῖe,
 Ἀετ ῖάτ μο ὡρὸῖn τὰ μο εοῖρεαεῖ ῖρῖῖam;
 Μαρ ῖεὸῖτ μέ ἀν ῖρὸρ ἀρ ἀν μέαρ ἰρ ῖρῖοe:

Δ ῖρῖς na ῖρῖοῖρ τὰ λῖn ὡe ῖρῖάρα,
 'S τῷ ῖρῖnne ὡeῖρ ἀ' ῖρ ῖρῖοn ὡe' n ῖρῖς;
 Λe ὡeῖςῖan ἀρῖῖn ὡο ῖρῖαρ τῷ ἀν ῖρῖαῖς,
 Ὠε! ῖρῖεαρῖῖῖῖ ῖρῖῖῖ ἄζυρ ῖρῖῖῖῖῖ ῖρῖe:

Ὠ ἀ ῖορα ἑρῖορτ ἀ ὡ' ῖρῖῖῖῖῖ ἀν ῖρῖῖ;
 Δ' ῖρ ὡο ἄὡῖαεῖ, μαρ ὡο ὡῖ τῷ ὡῖῖῖ;
 εὐῖρῖῖῖ εὐῖρῖῖῖ* m' anama ἀρ ὡο ῖρῖῖῖ,
 Δ' ῖρ ἀρ ὡῖῖῖ μο ὡῖῖῖ na τῶῖῖῖῖ ὡῖῖῖ εὐῖῖ:

Δ Ὠῖρῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖρῖῖῖῖῖῖ, mῖῖῖῖῖ ἀ' ῖρ mῖῖῖῖῖῖ;
 ῖρῖῖῖῖῖ na η̄σῖῖῖῖῖ, ἄῖῖῖῖῖ ἀ' ῖρ naῖῖῖῖ,
 εὐῖρῖῖῖ eοῖῖῖῖῖ m' anama ἀρ ὡο λῖῖῖῖ,
 Ὠ τὸς μο ῖρῖῖῖ, 'ῖρ ὡeῖῖ μέ ῖαορῖ:

* "εὐῖρῖῖῖ" ῖ ῖConnactῖῖῖ, ῖ n-ῖῖῖ "eοῖῖῖῖῖῖ." .7. ὡῖῖῖῖῖῖ.

It is on me, alas! that the great crimes are, but I shall reject them if I live for a while (longer), beat down everything upon my body yet, O King of Glory, but save my soul. The day has stolen away, and I have not raised the hedge, until the crop in which Thou delightedst was eaten. But, O High King of the Right, settle my case, and with the flood of graces wet mine eye. It was by Thy graces Thou didst cleanse Mary, and didst save David who made repentance, and Thou broughtest Moses safe from drowning, and, O Merciful Christ, rescue me. For I

The day is now passed, yet the fence not made,
The crop is betrayed, with its guardian by;
O King of the Right, forgive my case,
With the tears of grace bedew mine eye.

In the flood of Thy grace was Mary laved,
And David was saved upon due repentance,
And Moses was brought through the drowning sea,
—O Christ, upon me pass gracious sentence.

For I am a sinner who set no store
By holy lore, by Christ or Mary;
I rushed my bark through the wildest sea,
With the sails set free, unwise, unwary.

O King of Glory, O Lord divine,
Who madest wine of the common water,
Who thousands hast fed with a little bread,
Must I be led to the pen of slaughter!

O Jesus Christ—to the Father's will
Submissive still—who wast dead and buried,
I place myself in Thy gracious hands
Ere to unknown lands my soul be ferry'd.

O Queen of Paradise, mother, maiden,
Mirror of graces, angel and saint,
I lay my soul at thy feet, grief-laden,
And I make to Mary my humble plaint.

am a sinner who never made a store, or (gave) great satisfaction to God or to Mary, but, cause of my grief! my crimes are before me, since I sailed my scud (*aliter* score) upon the longest finger (*i.e.*, put things off).

O King of Glory, who art full of grace, it was Thou who madest beoir and wine of the water; with a little bread Thou didst provide for the multitude, oh, attend to, help, and save me. O Jesus Christ, who didst suffer the passion and wast buried, because Thou wast humble, I place the shelter of my soul under Thy protection, and at the hour of my death turn not Thy back upon me.

'Nnoir cá mé i n-aoir 'r ar bhuac an báir;
 'S ir gearr an rpar go ucéigim i n-áir;
 Acé ir gearr go veiréannac ná go bráé,
 Agus fuasraim páirt ar Rí na n'Óal:

Ir cuaille san maic mé i scoirnéall fáil,*
 No ir cormúil le báó mé a cáil a rtiár,
 Do bhuirfiúe arceac a n-ágar capraiz 'ra 'bfráiz†
 'S do deiréacó uá bácaó 'r na conncaio fuar.†

Δ forá Crioirt a fuair báí Dia n-Doine;
 Δ 'óiriz áir ann do ríiz san loct,
 Nac cú cúg an trliz le aitriz do 'óéanarh,
 'S nac deas an rmuáineacó do rinnear oit!

Do cárla, ar ucúr, míle 'r oet gceuo;
 An ríce go deacé, i gceann an do-óeas,
 Ó'n am cuirling Crioirt do reub an gearaio;
 Go uci an bliadain a nvearuaio Reaδούραις an aitriz:

* Aliter, "ir cuaille cori mé i n-éavon fáil," G.

† = fairrige. Aliter, "ar bhuac na trá."

† Aliter, "Deiréacó 'r bácaó 'r a cáilíreacó a rniá"; aliter, "reól," aliter, "rúbal"; acé 'o ágariz mé an líne le comfuaim do 'óéanarh."

O Queen of Paradise, mother and maiden, mirror of graces, angel and saint, I place the protection of my soul in thy hand, O Mary, refuse me not, and I shall be saved.

Now I am in age, and on the brink of the death, and short is the time till I go into the ground, but better is late than never, and I appeal for kindness to (or perhaps, "I proclaim that I am on the side of") the King of the elements.

I am a worthless wattle in a corner of a hedge, or I am like a boat

Now since I am come to the brink of death
And my latest breath must soon be drawn,
May heaven, though late, be my aim and mark
From day till dark, and from dark till dawn.

I am left like a stick in a broken gap,
Or a helmless ship on a sunless shore,
Where the ruining billows pursue its track,
While the cliffs of death frown black before.

O Jesus Christ, who hast died for men,
And hast risen again without stain or spot,
Unto those who have sought it Thou showest the way,
Ah, why in my day have I sought it not !

One thousand eight hundred years of the years,
And twenty and twelve, amid joys and fears,
Have passed since Christ burst hell's gates and defences,
To the year when Raftery made this Repentance.

that has lost its rudder, that would be beaten in against a rock in the ocean, and that would be a-drowning in the cold waves. O Jesus Christ, who didst die on a Friday, and didst rise again as a faultless King, was it not Thou who gavest me the way to make repentance, and was it not little that I thought about Thee ? There first happened one thousand and eight hundred (years), and twenty exactly, in addition to twelve, from the time that Christ descended, who burst the gates, until the year when Raftery made the "Repentance."

AN CÚIS D'Á PLÉIR:

(Leir an Reachtóir.)

Éirighíde ruar tá 'n cúrra ag teannadó lú,
 Díod cloirdeam a' r pleas agus i bfaodan gear;
 I r gearr uaid an Cúis, tá 'n dáta caite,
 Mar rghíob na hAbróail na naoim 'r an cléir;
 Tá an coinneall le múcad tug lúiteir lafra leir,
 Ádt céiríó ar bui nglúnaid a' r iarraid atcuinge,
 Gúiríó an tUan 'r béiríó an lá ag na Catolcais,
 Tá an Mhúman tre lafra 'r an Chúir d'á pléir:

Tá 'n dá Chúise Múman ar riubal, 'r m rcaofaio
 So leagtar dóib deachmá a' r cior dá réir, †
 'S dá tucsfairde dóib congnam a' r éire [do] fearam
 Dheir' gáiríó lág a' r gac beanna réir.
 Dheir' gáill ar a g-cúl, a' r gan teadt ar air aca,
 Agus 'Orangemen' brúigte i gcúmar* gac baile 'gaimn
 Dheirdeam a' r Júp† i otead cúirte ag na Catolcais'
 Sacra na marb, 'r an croidin ar ghaeéal:

* Sghriobta "ingdeoin" 'ran MS. mar labairtear i gConnactaib é.

† 'S é "coirte" an t-ainm ceart coitíonn ádt veirí an Reachtóir "Júp" le "comharra," no com-fuaim, do déanam le "cúl" agus "brúigte."

* *Literally*: Rise ye up, the course is drawing near to you, let ye have sword and spear with sharp edge, not-far-off from you in the [mystic number] "Five," the date is expired, as have written the apostles, the saints, and the clergy. The candle is to be quenched which Luther brought lit with him, but go ye on your knees and ask a petition. Pray ye the Lamb and the day shall be won by the Catholics, Munster is on fire, and Cúis dá plé—i.e., the cause is a-pleading.

† This would make it appear that Raftery composed his song in 1833 or 1834, since the tithe war did actually come to a successful issue in 1835, and in the same year Thomas Drummond inaugurated a new régime at Dublin Castle.

‡ Pronounced "Koosh daw play," which means "the cause a-pleading."

§ The two provinces of Munster are afoot, and will not stop till tithes be overthrown by them, and rents according, and if help were given

THE "CUÍS DÁ PLÉ."

(By RAFTERY.)

(From "The Religious Songs of Connacht.")

Rise up and come, for the dawn is approaching,*
 With sword, and with spear, and with weapon to slay,
 For the hour foretold by the saints and apostles,
 The time of the "FIVE"† is not far away.
 We'll quench by *degrees* the light of the Lutherns.
 Down on your *knees*, let us pray for the Southernns.
 God we shall *please* with the prayers of the Catholics.
 Munster's afire and Cúis dá plé.‡

There's a fire afoot in the Munster provinces;§
 It's "down with the tithes and the rents we pay."||
 When we are behind her, and Munster challenges,
 The guards of England must fall away.
 Though Orangemen grudge our lives, the fanatics,
 We'll make them budge, we accept their challenges;
 We'll have jury and judge in the courts for Catholics,
 And England come down in the Cúis dá plé.

them and [we were] to stand by Ireland the [English] guards would be feeble, and every gap [made] easy. The Galls (*i.e.*, English) will be on their back, without ever returning again, and the Orangemen bruised in the borders of every town, a judge and a jury in the court-house for the Catholics, England dead, and the crown on the Gael.

|| From this verse it appears that some at least of the peasantry, even at that early period, distinctly associated the struggle against tithes with the idea of a possible struggle against rents. Very few appear to have seen this at the time, though Dr. Hamilton, the collection of whose tithes led to the sanguinary affair of Carrickshock, in Kilkenny, where no less than 28 of the police were killed and wounded, said to the spokesman of a deputation of the peasantry who waited on him, "I tell you what it is, you are refusing to pay tithes now; you will refuse to pay rents by and by." To which the spokesman of the peasantry retorted, "There is a great difference, sir, between tithes and rents; we get *some value* for the rents, we get the land anyway for them; but we get no value at all for the tithes." The incredibly bitter feelings engendered by the struggle at Carrickshock, in 1831, found vent in an English ballad, founded on an Irish model, one verse of which I heard from my friend Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, D.C., who was once private secretary to John O'Mahony, and author of the "Life of Meagher," who was himself "raised" in that neighbourhood. This verse struck me as being so revoltingly savage and at the same time so good a specimen of

Déir agaimn faoi Chárz pléarácá 'r cuirteacta,
 Ói a'r imirte a'r rporc uá réir,
 Déir maipe 'sur bíat agur fár ar éannaid,
 Snuat 'sur rnar agur vruét ar feur:
 Feicirí ríó fán a'r neam-áir ar Shacranaig;
 Ár námáir le fán agur leasat a'r lear (?) orra;
 Ceinnteaáa cnám ann sac áir ag na Catolcaig,
 'S nac rin i san brabad (?) an Chúir 'o'd pléir:

Ir iontá fear breáí faoi an trát ro teilgte*
 O Chorca go h-innir 'r go Daile Roircé,
 Agur buacailiúe bána le fán ag imteaet
 O fúir Chille-Chainnig go "Dantú Dae."
 Aet ionpócair an cáir a'r déir lám maic agaimn-ne
 Seapfáir an máir ar clár na h-imirte;
 Uá breicfínn-re an fára o Phortláirge go Dúrra 'rma
 Sheinnfínn go veimín an Chúir 'o'd pléir:

*Labairtear an focal ro mar "eilte." Ir focal coitíonn i gConnactaib é.
 Ir ionnann "bí ré teilgte" agur "Chuar breiteamhar na cúirte 'na agar."

Irish vowel-rhyming, that it were a pity not to preserve it. It runs thus, as well as I can remember it—

"Oh, who could desire to see better sporting,
 Than the peelers *groping* among the rocks,
 With skulls all fractured, and eyeballs *broken*,
 Their fine long *noses* and ears cut off!
 Their roguish *sergeant* with heart so *hardened*,
 May thank his heels that so nimbly ran,
 But all that's past is but a *token*,
 To what we'll show them at *Slieve-na-man!*"

It is worth mentioning that the Kilkenny peasants who made this desperate attack gave their words of command in Irish, and, no doubt, felt that they were the "Gael" once more attacking the "Gall."

When Easter arrives we'll have mirth and revelry,*
 Eating and drinking, and sport, and play,
 Beautiful flowers, and trees, and foliage,
 Dew on the grass through the live-long day.†
 We'll set in amaze the Gall and the Sassenach,
 Thronging the ways they will all fly back again,
 Our fires shall blaze to the halls of the firmament,
 Kindling the chorus of *Cúis dá plé.*

[There are many fine men at this moment a-pining
 From Ennis to Cork, and the town of Roscrea,
 'And many a Whiteboy in terror a-flying
 From the streets of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay.
 But there's change on the cards and we'll now take a hand again,
 Our trumps show large, let us play them manfully,
 Boys, when ye charge them from Birr into Waterford,
 It is I who shall lilt for you the *Cúis dá plé.*‡

Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, almost the best of our Anglo-Irish novelists, prophesied of the landlords who looked on quiescent during the tithe war: "Never mind, their time will come; rents will be attacked as tithes are now, with the same machinery and with like success." "His prophecy," says his brother, W. R. Lefanu, "was laughed at." Long after, one who had heard him said to him, "Well, Lefanu, your rent war hasn't come." All he said was, "'Twill come, and soon, too," as it did.

* By Easter we shall have revelry and company, drinking and playing, and sport according; there shall be beauty and blossom and growth on trees, fairness and fineness and dew upon the grass. Ye shall see falling-off and contempt on the Sassenachs, our enemy precipitated, and overthrow and defeat (?) upon them, bonfires in every art, (i.e., point of the compass) for the Catholics, and is not that, and nothing over, the *Cúis dá plé.*

† The Celtic imagination of this verse, and its "revolt against the despotism of fact," is characteristic in the highest degree of the Irish peasant.

‡ There is many a fine man at this time sentenced, from Cork to Ennis and the town of Roscrea, and White Boys wandering, and departing from the street of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay. But the cards shall turn, and we shall have a good hand; the trump shall stand on the board we play at. If I were to see the race on 'hem [i.e., them driven to fly] from Waterford to Birr, I would sing you indeed the *Cúis dá plé.*

Éirighíde ruar; a'r gluaíde uile;
 Céiríde ar an gcnoc agus glacaís d'ur ngleur;
 As Dia tá na gráda a'r déir ré 'n d'ur gcuirídeacta;
 Díot aghaid meirneac, ir b'pédg an rgeul é:
 Gnótócairí ríó an lá ann gac díro de Shacranaís;
 Duailíó an clár 'r déir na cáiríó teact eugaid;
 Ólaíde ar láim, anoir, ríáinte Raifteiríó,
 'S é cuirídear dáoiríó baill ar an gCúir u'a pléir:

* Rise up and proceed all of you, come upon the hill and take your equipment, God has the graces, and He shall be in your company. Let ye have courage; it is a fine story [I have to tell you], ye shall gain the

Up then and come in the might of your thousands,
Stand on the hills with your weapons to slay ;
God is around us and in our company,
Be not afraid of their might this day.
Our band is victorious, their cards are valueless,
Our victory glorious, we'll smash the Sassenachs,
Now drink ye in chorus, "Long life to Raftery,"
For it's he who could sing you the Cúis dá plé.*

day in every quarter from the Sassenachs. Strike ye the board and the cards will be coming to you. Drink out of hand now a health to Raftery; it is he who would put success for you on the Cúis dá plé.

IS FADA O CUIREAD SIOS

(Leir an Reachtóir.)

Iz fada ó cuiread ríor go dtiocfaid ré 'ran traozal
 Go ndéirfeá fúil 'r go ndéirfeá réleá;
 Do réir mar tsiob na naoim i mbliadain an naoi* tá 'n
 baosál

Má géillimid do'n tsiobóir naoim;
 An balla deantar fúar m fanann ré a bfaí fúar;
 Sgiobann ré ó'n vpo: "foundation,"
 Ait an ait a ndéaró an t-aoi m corócaró cloc ar coró,
 Tá an cappaiz faoi 'na fúar nac bpleurfaró:

Iz fíorfaró rean an Chóir do faoilead cádar anuar
 Ait ré meafaim-re zur nro nac féoir,
 Tá naoim beadar le n-a bfuac agur Crioit [vo] ceur an fúar
 A'f congócaró fúar na h-uain le céile:
 Adaltanur 'r vruir do coraiz an fseul ar vruir;
 Agur hannaí an t-óit do tréiz a céile;
 Ait viozalcar iú a'f fúar ar "Orangemen" go luat
 Nac bfuair ariam an "confacration."

* Iz coróil go fúar an tsean-cappaingheait reo i g-cuine ag an Reachtóir.

Nuair cáilíear an leóman a naor
 'S an pócanán breac a bfuí,
 Seinnfó an cláiréat go binn binn
 Ioir a h-óit agur a naoi.

Iz coróil go meafaim re an tsiobóir agur rean-cappaingheait le
 céile! Labairtear "baosál" mar "baoséal" ann ro, ait "naoim" mar
 "naeim." Dá bfuirfead ré v'a pann deantar ré "baosál" ve "baosál"
 agur "naoim" ve "naeim"!

* No doubt Raftery is alluding to the old prophecy scarcely yet forgotten, which may be thus translated:—

"When the tawny Lion shall lose its strength,
 And the bracket Thistle begin to pine,
 Sweet, sweet shall the wild Harp sound at length,
 Between the Eight and the Nine."

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SAID ?

(BY ANTHONY RAFFERTY, OF THE CO. MAYO.)

How long has it been said that the world should be bled,
 And blood flow red like a river?
 In the year of the "NINE," when the crimson moon shall shine,
 (It stands written in the Scripture for ever).
 The wall that has been built where no blood-cement is spilt
 Slips forth from its uncertain foundation,
 But where blood has gone and lime, it shall stand through tide
 and time,
 As a bulwark and a rock to the nation.†

Everlasting is the court that they thought to make their sport;
 But that court can stand wind, rain, and weather?
 St. Peter is on guard, with Christ to watch and ward,
 And to gather all his lambs in, together.
 Adultery and lust began the game at first,
 When Henry the Eighth ruled the nation;
 But shout and rout pursue that bloody Orange crew,
 Never favored by our Lord's consecration.‡

Literally: "When the Lion shall lose his strength and the speckled thistle his vigor, the harp shall play sweetly, sweetly, between the Eight and the Nine." In another poem of his called the "History of the Bush," he alludes to a prophecy that the "Gaeles would score a point in the 29th year."

† *Literally:* It is long since it was set down that it would come into the world that blood should be spilt and slaughter made, according as the saints wrote, in the year of the Nine is the danger, if we submit to the Holy Scripture. The wall which is built cold [*i.e.*, without mortar] it does not stay long up, it slips from the bad foundation, but where the lime went, a stone shall not move out of it forever; the rock is under it settled, which shall not burst.

‡ Everlasting and ancient is the Court that it was thought to bring down, but 'tis what I think, that it is a thing impossible, St. Peter is at its brink (*i.e.*, by its side), and Christ, whom the multitude crucified, and they will keep the lambs together. Adultery and lust began the story first, and Henry VIII. who forsook his consort, but vengeance, running and rout [fall] speedily on the Orangemen, who never got the consecration.

Whene'er ye rise or lie, think upon God on high,
And practise all his virtues—we need them—
This strange world changes fast, as change both wind and blast ;
From a small thing may arise our freedom.
Elizabeth, who thought Faith might be sold and bought,
And who harassed all the just of the nation,
In chains she now is tied with Luther at her side,
They are paying for their "Reformation."*

Dear God! but this is play! they thought to burn and slay,
But their courage ebbs away down to zero ;
Their William clad in mail, who left in chains the Gael,
They shall never again see that hero.
A bell is rung in Rome, it says our triumph's come,
With bonfires, and music, and cheering,
Since George is on the throne the Orangemen make moan,
They run cold in every bone—they are fearing! †

O Christ for us who died, *we* never sold Thy bride,
Do not see us set aside we beseech Thee ;
But they who sing the praise of Luther's crooked ways,
Shall their impious petitions reach Thee !
The Orangemen assert that our clergy are but dirt,
Insulting us since Luther's arrival ;
May treachery and shame be their lot who bear the blame
Of turning into English the Bible.‡

† Oh, God! is it not great the sport, the lot that thought to burn us, how they had to deny their vote? And William, who began the fight, and who put the Gael out of their way, they shall see him no more prepared [for fight]. A bell shall be struck in Rome, there shall be bonfires and music in every little and in every great [place] throughout Erin. Since George came to the throne the Orangemen are under grief, and without power to blow their nose.

‡ O Jesus crucified on tree, do not see the people put down who never sold the woman who reared thee, on any consideration; but Luther and his crooked way, and the family that believe in him, is it not a bad right that they should get submission. If it is true for the Orangemen, there is no use for the clergy in their talk, and the proof of that, Ireland has to read, that it is injustice, murder and treachery, and the deception (?) of the children of the Galls that turned the Bible over into English.

ᵑᵁᵁᵁᵁᵁ ᵑᵑᵑ, ᵑᵁᵁᵁᵁ ᵑᵑᵑᵑ, ᵑᵐ ᵁᵑᵁᵑᵑᵁᵁᵁ ᵑᵑ ᵑᵁᵁ ᵑᵑᵁᵑᵑᵁᵁ
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ᵑᵁᵁ ᵑᵁᵁᵁᵁᵁᵁᵁ ᵑᵁᵁ ᵁᵁ ᵁᵁᵁᵁᵁ ᵁᵁ ᵑᵁᵁᵁᵁᵁ ᵁᵁᵁᵁᵁᵁ ᵁ ᵑᵁᵁ
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 '[ᵑ] ᵁᵁᵁᵁ ᵑᵐ ᵑᵁᵁᵁᵁᵁ ᵁᵁ ᵑᵁᵁ ᵑᵁᵁᵁᵁ ᵁᵁᵁ ᵑᵐ ᵁᵁᵁᵁᵁ
 ᵁᵁᵁᵁᵁᵁ ᵁᵁ ᵑᵁᵁ ᵑᵁᵁᵁᵁᵁ ᵑᵁᵁᵁᵁᵁ.

*= ᵁᵁ ᵑᵁᵁᵁ ᵁᵁᵁᵁᵁ "ᵑᵁᵁᵁᵁᵁ."

*I heard, unless it be a lie, that it shall come in the world that a
 master of learning shall be placed in every corner. There is nothing in
 the case but a scheme deceiving the flock from us, and refuse ye the
 works of Luther. Believe in the clergy and go not exchanging grass,
 [i.e., remain on your own pasture] or ye shall lose the Son of God and
 His power, and this ship that went to ruin (?), if ye go into it of a
 leap, it will turn and ye shall be underneath it.

I heard, if it be true, a rumor strange and new,
That they mean to plant schools in each corner;
The plan is for our scaith, to steal away our faith,
And to train up the spy and suborner.
Our clergy's word is good, oh seek no other food,
Our church has God's own arm round her;
But if ye will embark on this vessel in the dark,
It shall turn in the sea and founder.*

But thanks be to the Lord, Father Bartley is our sword,
Set fast in our midst as a nail is;
'Tis he shall guard the sheep, his clan was not for sleep,
He will stand against the Burkes and the Dalys.†
The Gall is on our tracks, like wolves that rage in packs,
They seek to tear the lamb from the mother;
But O'Kelly is our hound, and to hunt them he is bound,
Till we see them fall to tear one another.‡

The man who weaves our frieze, the cobbler who tells lies,
They read learned authors now!—cause for laughter—
Their Bible on their lips and at their finger tips!
But they'll pay for it all hereafter.
A blind unlettered man expounds to you his plan,
Rafferty, whose heart in him is burning,
Who bids ye all to know that none to heaven can go
On the strength of their Luther's learning.§

† The Dalys of Dunsandle, no doubt.

‡ Render thanks to God, Father Bartley [i.e., Bartholomew] is in the West, and he will keep guard over the sheep, he is of the race that in battle or conflict never sold the passion [perhaps a mistake for "sold the pass"], and he will stand against Burkes and Dalys. The children of the Gall are after us, as it were wolves upon the mountains, that would be seeking to steal the lamb from the mother; but O'Kelly will hunt them without hound, horse, or bridle, by the will and the power of the King of the Graces.

§ There is not a weaver of lawn or frieze, or a cobbler after his day, that does not be picking lies out of authors, their Bible on the top of their fingers, assuring and perjuring; but they shall pay at the end of the case. A man without sight, without learning [it is] who expounds to you the story, Rafferty, who listened to all that was said, and who says that to the heaven of God no one shall ever go who will be pleading with the books of Luther.

malluḡaḡ an bōeir ar ṣacsanaib;

(leir an "nḡeasán ḡlar.")

Δ Ὀia ḡur ḡoirio
 an uair 'r an lá
 Δ ḡfeicḡimio ṣacraṇa
 leasṡa ar lár!

Δ Ὀia ḡur ḡoirio
 an lá 'ḡur an uair;
 Δ ḡfeicḡimio i
 Δ'r Δ cḡoide-re ḡo ruar.

ḡo ruar Δ'r ḡo cḡapta;
 'S i cḡáirṡe ḡan ḡriḡ;
 ḡan cor ann Δ lámaib
 ḡan cor ann Δ cḡoide:

ḡainḡioḡain bí innṡi;
 ḡainḡioḡain ḡan ḡrón;
 ácc ḡainḡimio oi-re
 ḡo póill Δ cḡóin.

ḡeíṡ an ḡainḡioḡain áluinn
 ḡo cḡáirṡe Δ'r ḡo ōubáṡ;
 Óir ḡeobair ḡi cḡúciugáḡ
 an lá rin, Δ'r luáṡ;

luáṡ na fola
 ōo ōóirṡ ḡi 'na ḡruṡ;
 fuil na ḡreap bân
 Δḡur fuil na ḡreap ōub;

luáṡ na ḡcḡoide rin
 ōo ḡur ḡi ḡo ciug;
 cḡoide bí bân
 Δḡur cḡoide bí ōub;

luáṡ na ḡcnám
 tá ō'á mbánugáḡ anōib;
 cnámá na mḡân
 Δḡur cnámá na n'Ōub;

luáṡ an ōcḡair
 cḡur ḡi ar bonn,
 luáṡ na ḡriáḡar
 ḡḡaon ḡi le fonn;

THE CURSE OF THE BOERS ON ENGLAND.

(TRANSLATED BY LADY GREGORY.)

O God, may it come shortly,
The hour and this day,
When we shall see England
Utterly overthrown.

O God, may it shortly come,
This day and this hour,
When we shall see her
And her heart turned cold.

It is she was a Queen,
A Queen without sorrow;
But we will take from her,
One day her Crown.

That Queen that was beautiful
Will be tormented and darkened,
For she will get her reward
In that day, and her wage.

Her wage for the blood
She poured out on the streams;
Blood of the white man,
Blood of the black man.

Her wage for those hearts
That she broke in the end;
Hearts of the white man,
Hearts of the black man.

Her wage for the bones
That are whitening to-day;
Bones of the white man,
Bones of the black man.

Her wage for the hunger
That she put on foot;
Her wage for the fever,
That is an old tale with her.

Luac na mbaintreabac
 O'fás ri san fih,
 Luac na nḡairḡiḡeac
 Cuir ri ar bior.

Luac na nōilleac̃ta
 O'fás ri fá c̃r̃aḡ,
 Luac na nōibireac̃
 Cait ri ar fān.

Luac na n-Invianac̃
 (Truaḡ a ḡcār),
 Luac na n-ḡirpiceac̃
 Cuir ri cum báir.

Luac na n-ḡireannac̃
 Céar ri ar c̃roir,
 Luac ḡac̃ c̃inir̃
 O'a nḡearnaib ri ḡḡmōir.

Luac na milliñ
 Oo lúb ri 'r' o' b̃riir,
 Luac na milliñ .y
 Fá oc̃ur̃ anoir.

Δ ḡigearna ḡo ḡc̃uic̃ir̃
 r̃ ar mullaḡ a c̃inn
 Mallac̃t na nḡaoine
 E Do tuit le n-a linna

Mallac̃t na ruarac̃
 A'r mallac̃t na mbeaḡ,
 Mallac̃t na n-anḡfann,
 A'r mallac̃t na laḡ.

Mi ḡirceann an ḡigearna
 le mallac̃t na mōr,
 Ac̃t ḡirḡir̃ Sé cor̃ōce
 le oḡna faoi ḡeoir.

ḡirḡir̃ Sé cor̃ōce
 le caoineac̃ na mboct,
 'S tá caointe na m̃l̃c̃ir̃
 O'a ḡḡaoileac̃ anoc̃t.

Her wage for the white villages
She has left without men ;
Her wage for the brave men
She has put to the sword.

Her wage for the orphans
She has left under pain ;
Her wage for the exiles
She has spent with wandering.

For the people of India
(Pitiful is their case) ;
For the people of Africa
She has put to death.

For the people of Ireland,
Nailed to the cross ;
Wage for each people
Her hand has destroyed.

Her wage for the thousands
She deceived and she broke ;
Her wage for the thousands
Finding death at this hour.

O Lord, let there fall
Straight down on her head
The curse of the peoples
That have fallen with us.

The curse of the mean,
And the curse of the small,
The curse of the weak
And the curse of the low.

The Lord does not listen
To the curse of the strong,
But He will listen
To sighs and to tears.

He will always listen
To the crying of the poor,
And the crying of thousands
Is abroad to-night.

Éireodáir na caointe
 So Dia, tá fuar,
 Ní fada go rroirfir
 Sác mallacé a éuar.

Béir cámaéc, an lá ri
 As sác uile deór
 Long-cogair do bácaó
 'S an bfairrige móir:

Asur tuicpro, mar mallacé,
 So trom ar an luéc
 O'fás airne 'na fárac
 A'r bórais go boéc.

CUMHA ÉIROIÖE CAILIN:

Donncaó na Dargáin u'airfir, 7 Taós na Donncaó do éuir ríor.

A Dómnaili Óis, má téidir ear fairrige
 Deir mé féin leat, ir na déin do dearmar,
 Ir béir asat féirín lá donais ir margar,
 Ir ingean Rios Sreige mar céile leaptá asat.

Má téidir-re anonn tá comarca asam ort;
 Tá cúl fionn asur dá fúil glara asat
 Dá cocán déas id' cúl buíde bacallac,
 Mar déaó béal-na-bó nó rór i ngarraithe:

Ir déideanaó aréir do labair an sádar ort;
 Do labair an naorac 'ra' curraicín doimín ort;
 Ir tu id' "caogaire donair" ar fuo na scoilte;
 'S go radair san céile go brác go bfaair me:

Do geallair dam-ra, asur o'innir bréas dam,
 So mbeiré romam-ra as cró na scaorac;
 Do leigear fear asur trí céaó glaoúac eúgar,
 'S ní bfuair ann acé uan a' méilid:

Do geallair dam-ra, ní ba deacair uuit;
 Loimgear óir rá éuann-reoil airgí;
 Dá baile déas do bailcib margar;
 Ir éuir bréas aolba coir taob na fairrige.

That crying will rise up
To God that is above;
It is not long till every curse
Comes to His ears.

Every single tear
Shall have power in that day,
To whelm a warship
In the great deep.

And they shall fall for a curse
Heavily upon the people
Who have left Africa a waste
And the Boers in poverty.

1901.

THE GRIEF OF A GIRL'S HEART.

O Donall og, if you go across the sea, bring myself with you and do not forget it; and you will have a sweetheart for fair days and market days, and the daughter of the King of Greece beside you at night.

It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

You promised me, and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked; I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you, and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.

You promised me a thing that was hard for you, a ship of gold under a silver mast; twelve towns with a market in all of them, and a fine white court by the side of the sea,

'Do g'ealllaí' d'ám-ra, ní nár d'féirí;
 'So d'ciubríá laiminne do Ćroicean éirí d'ám;
 'So d'ciubríá d'róga do Ćroicean éan d'ám;
 Ír culaí' d'o'n Ćríoda ba d'aoirne i n'Ćírinne:

Á 'Domnaill Óis, d'féarr duit mire d'gac
 'Ná bean uasal uaidreac íomarcac;
 'Do Ćríófaínn bó d'gac do-géanainn cuisean duit;
 Ír, dá mbad Ćruaid é, do buailfínn buille leat:

Oĉ, oĉón, d'gac ní le hocpar,
 Uiríarba bí, 'ois, ná coúlaca,
 Íá n'vair d'ámra beic canaíde Ćríuáí;
 Áĉ g'rád fí' óis ír é d'neorí' so follur me!

Ír moĉ ar mairínn do Ćonnac-ra an Ć-óisféar
 Ar muin Ćapall d'gac d'áil an d'óí;
 Níor d'ruir ré liom ír níor cuir ré Ćríó' oim;
 'S ar mo Ćarab d'baile d'ám 'r ead do g'ilear mo d'óí:

'Nuair Ćéirí-íe fínn so Tobar an Uairí,
 Suirí' fíor d'gac d'éanam buadairí,
 Nuair Ćím an r'ogal ír ná fíicim mo buacailí;
 So raib r'gail an ómair i mbairí d'g'raí:

Sí' é an 'Domnac do Ćugair g'rád duit;
 An 'Domnac d'íreac íom 'Domnac Ćáí;
 Ír mire ar mo g'íuim d' léigead na páí;
 'S ead bí mo dá íuim d' fíor-Ćadairí an g'rád' duit:

Ó! adé, d' mairínn, Ćadairí mé fínn do;
 Ír Ćadairí d' fíuim d'gac do'n Ćr'ogal so léir do;
 Éirí' fínn d'gac íarí' d'éirí,
 d'gac ná g'ad íarí' ná aníar im' éileamí:

D'adairí mo mairínn liom g'an Ćadairí leat
 Ínóu ná i mbairíeac ná 'Dí 'Domnaí;
 Ír oí' an Ćr'ac do Ćug í' r'ogal d'ám;
 'S é "d'ánad an d'orair é Ćar éirí ná r'ogal:"

Tá mo Ćroíde-íe Ćom d'ub le d'áí;
 Ní le g'ual d'ub d' d'ad i g'Ćáí;
 Ní le bonn d'róí' d'ad ar hallaí' d'ána;
 'S g'ur d'ínn lionn d'ub d'íom of Ćíonn mó f'áí:

'Do d'áí' íom, ír do d'áí' íarí' d'íom;
 'Do d'áí' íomam, ír do d'áí' im' d'áí' d'íom;
 'Do d'áí' g'ad, ír do d'áí' g'ran d'íom;
 'S ír í' d'íom m'g'la g'ur d'áí' 'Dí d'íom!

You promised me a thing that is not possible, that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish ; that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird ; and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

O Donall óg, it is I would be better to you than a high, proud, spendthrift lady : I would milk the cow ; I would bring help to you ; and if you were hard pressed, I would strike a blow for you.

O, ochone, and it's not with hunger or with wanting food, or drink, or sleep, that I am growing thin, and my life is shortened ; but it is the love of a young man has withered me away.

It is early in the morning that I saw him coming, going along the road on the back of a horse ; he did not come to me ; he made nothing of me ; and it is on my way home that I cried my fill.

When I go by myself to the Well of Loneliness, I sit down and I go through my trouble ; when I see the world and do not see my boy, he that has an amber shade in his hair.

It was on that Sunday I gave my love to you ; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion ; and my two eyes giving love to you for ever.

O, aya ! my mother, give myself to him ; and give him all that you have in the world ; get out yourself to ask for alms, and do not come back and forward looking for me.

My mother said to me not to be talking with you to-day, or to-morrow, or on the Sunday ; it was a bad time she took for telling me that ; it was shutting the door after the house was robbed.

My heart is as black as the blackness of the sloe, or as the black coal that is on the smith's forge ; or as the sole of a shoe left in white halls ; it was you put that darkness over my life.

You have taken the east from me ; you have taken the west from me ; you have taken what is before me and what is behind me ; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great that you have taken God from me !

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"Anonimous" which the poet was in exile on the Continent for many years during the years of exile. The name Eric Ivansson is distinguishable and was pronounced as "Ivansson". The poet was born at Orskov, West Norway, about 1780 and died in the century. In spite of the years and various obstacles he succeeded in acquiring an income and

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE.

(By DONCADAH MAC CONMARA. CIRCA 1736.*)

(Translated by Dr. Sigerson in "Bards of the Gael and Gall.")

Air: "Uileacan Dub O."

Take my heart's blessing over to dear Eiré's strand—
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 To the Remnant that love her—Our Forefathers' Land!
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 How sweet sing the birds, o'er mount there and vale,
 Like soft-sounding chords, that lament for the Gael,—
 And I, o'er the surge, far, far away must wail
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O.

How fair are the flowers on the dear daring peaks,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 Far o'er foreign bowers I love her barest reeks,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 Triumphant her trees, that rise on ev'ry height,
 Bloom-kissed, the breeze comes odorous and bright,
 The love of my heart!—O my very soul's delight!
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Still numerous and noble her sons who survive,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 The true hearts in trouble,—the strong hands to strive—
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 Ah, 'tis this makes my grief, my wounding and my woe
 To think that each chief is now a vassal low,
 And my Country divided amongst the Foreign Foe—
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

In purple they gleam, like our High Kings of yore,
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 With honey and cream are her plains flowing o'er,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 Once more I will come, or very life shall fail,
 To the heart-haunted home of the ever-faithful Gael,
 Than king's boon more welcome the swift swelling sail—
 For the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

on the Continent, a mastery of classic and foreign languages. Besides short poems, he wrote a mock-heroic *Æneid*, detailing his adventures. In his old age he became blind, and the Irish teachers and pupils in Waterford, with old-time liberality and appreciativeness, laid a tribute on themselves for his maintenance,

Sgairpeann an bhrúct ar sheathar agus fear ann;
 Ar dán-chnoic Éireann óg;
 Agus tagairt rin uola curtha ar feusaid ann;
 Ar dán-chnoic Éireann óg:
 Bualar agus ratha i ngleanncaid ceo
 'S na rrocta 'ran t-ratha a' labhairt ar neoin;
 A'r uirge na Siúire a' bhrúct 'na fíorí,
 Ar dán-chnoic Éireann_óg:

Ir orgailte fáilteac an áit rin Éire,
 Dán-chnoic Éireann óg!
 Agus coraid na ríainta a mbáir na déire;
 A mbán-chnoic Éireann óg:
 Da binne 'na meura ar téadaid ceoil;
 Seinn 'sur géimnead a laos 'r a mbó,
 Agus taitneam na gréine oíca doirí 'r óg
 Ar dán-chnoic Éireann óg:

The dew-drops sparkle, like diamonds on the corn,
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Where green boughs darkle the bright apples burn
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Behold, in the valley, cress and berries bland,
Where streams love to dally, in that Wondrous Land,
While the great River-voices roll their music grand
Round the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Oh, 'tis welcoming, wide-hearted, that dear land of love!
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

New life unto the martyred is the pure breeze above
The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

More sweet than tune flowing o'er the chords of gold
Comes the kine's soft lowing, from the mountain fold,—
Oh, the Splendor of the Sunshine on them all,—Young and Old.
'Mid the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

SEADNA'S THREE WISHES.

FROM SEADNA (SHAYNA), BY FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

(BY THE FIRESIDE—PEG, NORA, GOBNET, LITTLE SHEILA,
KATE BUCKLEY.)

NORA.—Peg, tell us a story.

PEG.—I'd like that. Tell a story yourself.

GOBNET.—She is no good, Peg; we prefer your story.

SHEILA.—Do, Peg; we will be very quiet.

PEG.—How well you did not keep quiet last night, when I was telling "The dog with the eight legs."

SHEILA.—Because Kate Buckley would not stop, but pinching me.

KATE.—You lie! I was not pinching you, you little hag!

GOB.—Don't mind her, Kate. There was no one pinching her, but she pretending it.

SHEILA.—But there was; and only that there was I would not screech.

NORA.—Tell Peg that you won't screech now, and she will tell us a story.

SHEILA.—I won't screech now, Peg, whatever will happen to me.

PEG.—Well, then, sit here near me so that no one can pinch unknown to me.

KATE.—I'll engage the cat will pinch her. You little hussy, we would have a fine story but for yourself and your screeching.

GOB.—Whist! Kate, or you'll make her cry, and we'll be without a story. If Peg is made angry she will not tell a story to-night. There, now, Peg, everyone is mute, expecting a story from you.

PEG.—There was a man long ago and the name that was on him was Seadhna, and he was a shoemaker. He had a nice well-sheltered little house at the foot of a hill, on the side of the shelter. He had a chair of *soogauns* which he himself made for himself, and it was usual with him to sit in it in the evening when the work of the day used to be completed, and when he sat in it he was quite at his ease. He had a *malvogue* of meal hanging up near the fire, and now and then he used to put his hand into it and take a fist-full of the meal, and be chewing at his leisure. He had an apple-tree growing outside his door, and when he used to be thirsty from chewing the meal, he used to put his hand into that tree and take one of the apples and eat it.

Cait. D'fearr liom-ra an mhin; ní bainfeadh an t-uball an t-ocraí de dhíne.

Job. D'fearr liom-ra an cácaoir; 7 cuirfinn péig i n-a fúrda innici, aís innirint na rseul.

Peg. Ír maic cum plámáir táb, a Jobhuic.

Job. Ír fearr cum na rseul turá, a Pheg. Cionnurf o'imicis le Seadhna?

Peg. Lá dá raib ré aís véanam brós, tús ré fé nveara ná raib a tuille leatáir aise, ná a tuille rnaíte, ná a tuille céireac. Bí an caoirín véirdeanac fuar, 7 an gneim véirdeanac curca; 7 níorb fuláir do vol 7 aódar do folácar ful a bfeutorad ré a tuille brós do véanam.

Do gluar ré ar maíoin, 7 bí trí ríllinge 'n-a póca, 7 ní raib ré aet míle ó'n ucis 'nuair buail dhíne doct uime, aís iarrad véirce: "Tabair dom véirce ar fon an tSlánuisteora, 7 le h-anmannaid do mharb, 7 tar ceann do pláinte," ar an dhíne doct. Thús Seadhna rílling do, 7 annan ní raib aise aet dá rílling. Dubairt ré leir féin go mbféir go nveanrad an dá rílling a shó.

Ní raib ré aet míle eile ó baile 'nuair buail bean doct uime, 7 i cor-noctuiste. "Tabair dom congnad éigin," ar ríri, "ar fon an tSlánuisteora, 7 le h-anmannaid do mharb, 7 tar ceann do pláinte." Do glac rhuaisé ví é, 7 tús ré rílling ví, 7 o'imicis rí. Do bí aon rílling amháin annpoin aise, aet do tiomáin ré leir, a bpat air go mbuailfeadh rianf éigin uime do cuirfeadh ar a cumur a shó a véanam. Níorb fáda sup carad air leand 7 é aís ful le fuact 7 le h-ocraí. "Ar fon an tSlánuisteora," ar an leand, "tabair dom ruo éigin le n-íte." Bí tús órca i ngar dóib, 7 do cuaid Seadhna irceac ann, 7 ceannuig ré bric aráin 7 tús ré cum an leind é. 'Nuair fuair an leand an t-arán o'acruis a deald; o'fár ré fuar i n-díne, 7 do lar folar ionganacac 'n-a fúilib 7 'n-a ceanacac; i ucneo go ucáinic rganrad ar Sheadhna.

Sile. Dia linn! a Peg, ír dóca sup tuic Seadhna doct i luige:

Peg. Níor tuic; aet má'r ead, ba víceall dó. Chom luac asur o'fear ré Labairt, dubairt ré: "Cao é an radar dhíne turá?" asur ír é rneagra fuair ré: "A Sheadhna, tá Dia burdeac díot. Dingéal íreac míre. Ír mé an tríomad h-dingéal sup túsair véirce do anvou ar fon an tSlánuisteora, 7 anoir tá trí shuíde asat le fagáil ó Dia na glóire. Iarr ar Dia aon trí shuíde ír coil leat, 7 geobair iad; aet tá aon comairle amháin agamra le tabairt duic,—ná vearmuio an Trócaire."

SHEILA.—Oh, my goodness! Peg, wasn't it nice?

PEG.—Which is it; the chair or the meal or the apple, that was nice.

SHEILA.—The apple, to be sure.

KATE.—I would prefer the meal. The apple would not take the hunger off a person.

GOB.—I would prefer the chair, for I would put Peg sitting in it telling the stories.

PEG.—You are good for flattery, Gobnet.

GOB.—You are better for the stories, Peg. How did it go with Seadhna?

PEG.—One day as he was making shoes he noticed that he had no more leather nor any more thread nor any more wax. He had the last piece on, and the last stitch put, and it was necessary for him to go and provide materials before he could make any more shoes. He set out in the morning and there were three shillings in his pocket, and he was only a mile from the house when he met a poor man asking for alms. "Give me alms for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health," said the poor man. Seadhna gave him one shilling, and then he had but two shillings. He said to himself that possibly two shillings would do his business. He was only another mile from home when he met a poor woman, and she barefooted. "Give me some help," said she, "for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health." He felt compassion for her and gave her a shilling, and she went away. He had one shilling then; still he went on expecting that he would meet some good fortune which would put it in his power to do his business. It was not long till he met a child and he crying with cold and hunger. "For the sake of the Saviour," said the child, "give me something to eat." There was a stage house near them and Seadhna went into it, and he bought a loaf of bread and he brought it to the child. When the child got the bread his figure changed. He grew up very tall, and light flamed in his two eyes and in his countenance, so that Seadhna became terrified.

SHEILA.—Oh! God help us! Peg, I suppose poor Seadhna fainted.

PEG.—He did not, but then, he was very near it. As soon as he could speak, he said, "What sort of person are you?" The answer he got was, "Seadhna, God is thankful to you. I am an angel. I am the third angel to whom you have given alms to-day for the sake of the Saviour. And now you have

“Ásur an nbeirfir liom go bfaigead mo shuíde?” arfa Seathna: “Deirim, san amhar,” arf an t-aingeal. “Tá go maic,” arfa Seathna, “tá cataoir beas deas fúsan agham ‘ra baile, 7 an uile dailcín a tagann arcead, ní fuláir leir suíde innce. An ceo uine eile a fuirfir innce, áct mé féin, go sceanclaíó ré innce!” “Faire, faire! a Sheathna,” arf an t-aingeal; “rin suíde bheas imcigte san cairde. Tá dá ceann eile aghat, 7 ná dearmáid an trócaire.” “Tá,” arfa Seathna, “mealbóisín mine agham ‘ra baile, 7 an uile dailcín a tagann arcead, ní fuláir leir a dhoran a fácaó innce. An ceo uine eile a cuirfir lám ‘ra mealbóisín, áct mé féin, go sceanclaíó ré innce,—feuc!” “O a Sheathna, a Sheathna, ní l fars aghat!” arf an t-aingeal. “Ní l aghat anoir áct don shuíde amháin eile. Iarr trócaire Dé do t’anam.” “O, ír fíor duit,” arfa Seathna, “da dúbair dom é dearmáid. Tá crann beas uball agham i leat-taobh mo dhoruir, 7 an uile dailcín a tagann an treo, ní fuláir leir a lám do cup i n-áirde 7 uball do ríataó 7 do bheic leir. An ceo uine eile áct mé féin, a cuirfir a lám ‘ra crann roin, go sceanclaíó ré ann—O! a d’aoine!” ar reiréan, aghat fairscead ar shuíde, “nac agham a beir an ríóir orra!”

‘Nuair táinig ré ar na tritíob, d’feuc ré fuar 7 bí an t-aingeal imcigte. Dein ré a macctnamh aghat féin ar fead camail maic, 7 ré deiréad fíar cail, dúbairt ré leir féin: “feuc anoir, ní r don amadán i n-éirinn ír mó ioná mé! Dá mbeiréad tríd ceangailte agham um an taca ro, uine ‘ra’ cataoir, uine ‘ra’ mealbóisín, 7 uine ‘ra’ crann, cat é an maic do dearmáir fan domra 7 mé i bfaó ó baile, san biaó, san deó, san aghat aghat?” Ní cúirge bí an méirín cainte fáidte aghat ná tu, ré fé n’dear ór a cómair amac, ‘ran aghat a raib an t-aingeal-fear fada caol dúb, 7 é aghat glinneamhaint aghat, 7 teine ceadra aghat tead ar a dá fúil ‘n-a ríreacáid nime. Bí dá dúbairt aghat mar beiréad ar pocán fadair, 7 meisioll fada liat-ghorm fadair aghat, eirboll mar beiréad ar madaó ruad, 7 crúb ar cóir leir mar crúb cairde. Do leat a beul 7 a dá fúil ar Sheathna, 7 do ríat a cáint. I scean camail do labair an fear dúb. “A Sheathna,” ar reiréan, “ní gá duit don eagla do beic ort ríom-amra; ní lim ar tí do díogbála. Da mian liom cairde éigin do dearmáir duit, dá nglactá mo cómairle. Do éoiréar tú, anoir beas, dá ráó go fadair san biaó, san deó, san aghat. Cuid-ráinn-re aghat do dúbairt duit ar don cóingíoll beas amháin.” “Ásur sceanclaíó tré lár do fairsce!” arfa Seathna, 7 táinig a cáint dó; “ná feutorá an méirín do ráó san uine do millead leó’ cuir glinneamhna, pé h-é tú féin?” “Ír cuma duit cia h-é mé, áct deiréad an oiréad aghat duit anoir ásur ceannócaíó

three wishes to get from the God of Glory. Ask now of God any three wishes you please, and you will get them. But I have one advice to give you. Don't forget Mercy." "And do you tell me that I shall get my wish?" said Seadhna. "I do, certainly," said the angel. "Very well," said Seadhna. "I have a nice little *soogaun* chair at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to sit in it. The next person that will sit in it, except myself, that he may cling in it!" "Oh, fie, fie! Seadhna," said the angel; "there is a beautiful wish gone without good. You have two more. Don't forget Mercy!" "I have," said Seadhna, "a little *malvogue* of meal at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to stick his fist into it. The next person that puts his hand into that *malvogue*, except myself, that he may cling in it, see!" "Oh, Seadhna, Seadhna, my son, you have not an atom of sense! you have now but one wish more. Ask the Mercy of God for your soul." "Oh, that's true for you," said Seadhna, "I was near forgetting it. I have a little apple-tree near my door and every *dalteen* that comes the way makes it a point to put up his hand and to pluck an apple and carry it away with him. The next other person, except myself, that will put his hand into that tree, that he may cling in it!—Oh! people!" said he, bursting out laughing, "isn't it I that will have the amusement at them!"

When he came out of his laughing fits and looked up, the angel was gone. He made his reflection for a considerable time, and at long last he said to himself, "See now, there is not a fool in Ireland greater than I! If there were three people stuck by this time, one in the chair, one in the *malvogue*, and one in the tree, what good would that do for me and I far from home, without food, without drink, without money?"

No sooner had he that much talk uttered than he observed opposite him, in the place where the angel had been, a long, slight, black man and he staring at him, and electric fire coming out of his two eyes in venomous sparks. There were two horns on him, as there would be on a he-goat, and a long, coarse, greyish-blue beard, a tail as there would be on a fox, and a hoof on one of his feet like a bull's hoof. Seadhna's mouth and his two eyes opened wide upon him, and his speech stopped. After a while the black man spoke: "Seadhna," said he, "you need not have any dread of me. I am not bent on your harm. I should wish to do you some good if you would accept my advice. I heard you just now say that you were without food, without drink, without money. I would

an oirlead leatair agus coimeadofaib' as obair eá go ceann trí mbliadain nbeus, ar an scoingíoll ro—go dtiocfaid liom an uair rin ? ”

“ Agus má réitíodh leat, cá fágfaid an uair rin ? ” “ Cá beas duit an deiridh rin do cuir, 'nuair beid an leatair foighe 7 beiríodh as gluairead ? ” “ Taidh seirbhíreac—bíodh asat, feiceam an t-airgead. ” “ Taidh-se seirbhíreac, feuc ! ” “ Do cuir an fear uib a lámh 'n-a póca, 7 tarrainis ré amac rparán mór, 7 ar an rparán do leis ré amac ar a bair capn beas d'ór breas buíde. ”

“ Feuc ! ” ar seirdean ; 7 fin ré a lámh 7 cuir ré an capn de píoraib' gleoróte gléineamla ré fáilidh Sheathna doict. “ Do fin Seathna a d'á lámh, 7 do leatadair a d'á lazar cum an óir. “ Go réidh ! ” ar' an fear uib, as tarrainis an óir cuise ardeac ; “ ní'l an maraib' deanta fóir. ” “ Bíodh 'n-a maraib' ! ” ar' Seathna.

“ San ceir ? ” ar' an fear uib. “ San ceir, ” ar' Seathna.

“ Dair dhíis na mionn ? ” ar' an fear uib. “ Dair dhíis na mionn, ” ar' Seathna.

[An oirde na d'iaidh rin.]

Nóra. Seath !—a feg—cámaid an nro—arí—cá fadóir oim—bíodh asat—bí eadla oim—go mbeirdeat an rseul ar ruidal rómam, 7 go mbeirdeat cuib de caillte asam.

Feg. Am' dhíadair go d'fámaid leat, a Nóra, a laois. Ní'l i fadó ó cáinidh Sobhuic.

Sob. Mar rin do bí cuise on asam d'á deunam, 7 d'éigín doim-rá uib ríar leir an im go beul an fadair, 'nuair bíodh as teact a baile an cómhgar, do cuir an oirde oim, 7 geallaim duit gur baineadh ríad aram. Bíodh as cuimníuad ar Seathna 7 ar an óir 7 ar an bfeir nroib, 7 ar na ríreacáib' bí as teact ar a fáilidh, 7 mé asat ríad a mbeirinn beirdeanac, 'nuair cógar mo ceann 7 cad do cífinn acat an ríad 'n-a fearam ar m' asat amac

give you money enough on one little condition." "And, torture through the middle of your lungs!" said Seadhna, as soon as he got his talk, "could you not say that much without paralysing a person with your staring, whoever you are?" "You need not care who I am; but I will give you as much money now as will buy as much leather as will keep you working for thirteen years, on this condition, that you will come with me then."

"And if I make the bargain with you, whither shall we go at that time?" "Will it not be time enough for you to ask that question when the leather is used up and we will be starting?" "You are sharp-witted. Have your way. Let us see the money." "*You* are sharp-witted. Look!" The black man put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a large purse, and from the purse he let out on his palm a little heap of beautiful yellow gold.

"Look!" said he, and he stretched his hand and he put the heap of exquisite glittering pieces up under the eyes of poor Seadhna. Seadhna stretched both his hands, and the fingers of the two hands opened for the gold.

"Gently!" said the black man; "the bargain is not yet made."

"Let it be a bargain," said Seadhna.

"Without fail?" said the black man.

"Without fail," said Seadhna.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things?" (shrines: *hence* oaths) said the black man.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" said Seadhna.

(NEXT NIGHT.)

NORA.—There!—Peg—we are here—again—. There's a *saothar* on me—. I was running. I was afraid—that the story would be going on before me, and that I would have some of it lost.

PEG.—Indeed, Nora, my dear, we would wait for you. It is not long since Gobnet came.

GOB.—Yes, for we were making a churn, and it was necessary for me to go west with the butter to Beul-an-Ghearrtha; and when I was coming home the short cut, the night fell on me, and I promise you that there was a start taken out of me. There was not the like of it of a jump ever taken out of me. I was thinking of Seadhna, and of the gold, and of the black man, and of the sparks that were coming out of his eyes, and I running before I would be late, when

—An Gollán! ar an gceud amarc dá dtugas air, do tuidhainn an leabair go faid adarca air!

Nóra. A diarmair, a Gobnait, éir do deul, 7 ná bí dár mboorad leo' Gollánaib 7 leo' adarcaib. Adarca ar an nGollán! feuc air rin!

Gob. D'éirir, dá mbeirteá féin ann, sup beas an fonn mazar do beirtead ort.

Sile. Feuc anoir! cia atá as coris an rseil? D'éirir go gcuirfead cáit ní buacalla oim-ra é.

Cáit. Ní cuirfid, a Sile. Táir do' cáilín maic anocht, 7 tá ana-cion asam ort. Mo shábh i rin! Mo shábh am' éiríde ircis i!

Sile. Sead go dínead! fan go mbeir fearis ort! 7 b'éirir ná déarfá "Mo shábh i rin!"

Nóra. Seo, reo! rtaoib, a cáilíníde. Míre 7 mo Gollán fa nveair an obair reo. Cait uait an rtoca roin, a péis, 7 rtaoil eugainn an rseil. An bfuair Seathna an rparán? Ir iomda uaine bí i rioct rparáin d'fagáil 7 nac bfuair.

Péis. Com luat 7 tuidhaint Seathna an focal, "dár bhris na mionn!" do táinig atreugad shé ar an bfeair noub. Do noct ré a fiacla fíor 7 rruar, 7 ir iad do bí go dlúite ar a céile. Táinig fóro cionáin ar a deul, 7 do teip ar Seathna a deunam amac cia 'co as gáiríde bí ré nó as orannceugad. Acc 'nuair d'feuc ré ruar ioir an dá fáil air, ba dóbair go dtuicfad an rganntad ceuthna air a táinig air i uorac. Do tuig ré go maic nac as gáiríde bí an díolmhuinead. Ní feacair ré ruam roime rin don dá fáil ba meara 'ná iad, don feucaint ba malluighe 'ná an feucaint do bí aco, don clár eudain com dúir, com oroc-aigeanca leir an gclár eudain do bí ór a gcionn. Níor labair ré, 7 do rin' ré a dícea i san a leigint air sup tug ré ré nveara an orannceugad. Le n-a linn rin, do leis an fear túb an t-ór amac air ar a bair, 7 do cómairim.

"Seo!" ar reiréan, "a Seathna. Sin céad punt asat ar an gceud ríillins eugair uait inoiu. An bfuilir díolta?"

"Ir móir an bheir i!" arfa Seathna. "Dad cóir go bfuilim."

"Cóir nó eugcór," arfa an fear túb, "an bfuilir díolta?" 7 do gheiruis 7 do bhorruis ar an orannceugad.

"Ó! cáim díolta, cáim díolta!" arfa Seathna, "go faid maic asat-ra."

"Seo! má 'reath," ar reiréan. "Sin céad eile asat ar an dapa ríillins eugair uait inoiu."

"Sin i an ríillins eugair do'n mnaoi a bí cor-noctuighe."

"Sin i an ríillins eugair do'n mnaoi uarail ceuthna."

I raised my head, and what should I see but the thing standing out overright me—the *Gollan*! On the first look I gave it I'd swear there were horns on it.

NORA.—Oyewisha, Gobnet, whist your mouth, and don't be bothering us with your *Gollans* and your horns. Horns on a *Gollan*! Look at that!

GOB.—Maybe if you were there yourself, 'tis little of the inclination of fun would be on you.

SHEILA.—See, now! who is stopping the story? Maybe Kate Buckley would put it on me.

KATE.—I will not, Sheila; you are a good girl to-night. I am very fond of you. My darling she is! My darling in my heart within she is!

SHEILA.—Yes, indeed! Wait till you are angry, and maybe then you would not say "my darling she is."

NORA.—Come, come! stop, girls. I and my *Gollan* are the cause of this work. Throw away that stocking, Peg, and let us have the story. Did Seadhna get the purse? Many a person was on the point of getting a purse, and did not.

PEG.—As soon as Seadhna uttered the words—"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" a change of appearance came on the black man. He bared his teeth above and below, and it is they that were clenched upon each other. A sort of low sound came out of his mouth, and it failed Seadhna to make out whether it was laughing he was or growling. But when he looked up between the two eyes on him, the same terror was near coming on him that came on him at first. He understood well that it was not laughing the "lad" was. He never before then saw any two eyes that were worse than they, any look that was more malignant than the look they had, any forehead as evil-minded as the forehead that was above them. He did not speak, and he did his best to pretend that he did not notice the growling. At the same time the black man let the gold out again on his palm and counted it.

"Here!" said he, "Seadhna, there are a hundred pounds for you for the first shilling you gave away to-day. Are you paid?"

"I should think I am."

"Right or wrong!" said the black man, "are you paid?" and the growling became sharper and quicker.

"Oh! I am paid, I am paid," said Seadhna, "thank you!"

"Here! if so," said he, "there is another hundred for you, for the second shilling you gave away to-day."

“Má ba bean uafal í, cao do bheir cor-noctuighe í, 7 cao do bheir sí mo rílling do bheir uaim-re, 7 san aham aet rílling eile i n-a uiaib?”

“Má ba bean uafal í! Tá mbeirdeas a fíor aet! Sin í an bean uafal do mill mife!”

Le linn na b’ocail rain do fáil do, do táinig eirí cor 7 lám air, do ríad an b’annatán, do luis a ceann mar ar a muineál, o’feuc ré ruar inr a’ r’péir, táinig o’nuic báir air 7 clóid cuirp ar a ceannaduib.

‘Nuair donnaic Seathna an iompáil lí rin, táinig iongnab a éiríde air.

“Ní fuláir,” ar reirean, so neamhguiréac, “nó ní hé reo an céad uair aet a’ a’neactain teact táirri ríúo.

Do léim an fear uib. Do buail ré buille dá éiríde ar an ucalam, i u’reo sup eirí an fód do bí fé cor Seathna.

“Ciorrúad or!” ar’ eirean. “Éirí do beul no b’ar’ar eú!”

“Sadaim párbúin aet, a uine uafail!” ar’ Seathna, so mo’adail, “ceap’ar so mb’ éirí sup b’raon beas do bí ólta aet, o’fáil r’ sup tugair céad punt mar málairt ar rílling uam.”

“Cúrbainn—7 react scéad dá u’iof’ad liom baint ó’n uairde do rin’ an rílling céadna, aet ‘nuair tugair uair i ar ron an tSlánuigheora, ní féirí a cairde do lot coróde.”

“Aet,” ar’ Seathna, “cao ir gá an maic do lot? Ná fuil fé com maic aet cairde na ríllinge úo o’f’adail mar tá ré?”

“Tá an ioma’ cainte aet—an ioma’ ar fáil. Dubart leat do beul o’ éiríteact. Seo! rin é an r’ar’án ar fáil aet,” ar’ an fear uib.

“Ní héirí, a uine uafail,” ar’ Seathna, “ná beirdeas uairín na haimpíe ann. Ir ioma’ lá i u’rí bliaonad uéas. Ir ioma’ b’rós beirdeas uenta aet uine i scateam an méir rin aimpíe, 7 ir ioma’ cuma i n-a n-oir’ead rílling do.”

“Ná bíod ceirí or,” ar’ an fear uib, aet cur r’muta gáir ar. “Tair’ing ar com sup i n’éirínn 7 ir maic leat é. Beir fé com ceann an lá uéir’ead 7 tá fé in’u. Ní ueró puinn gnóta aet de ar rain amad.”

"That is the shilling I gave to the woman who was barefooted."

"That is the shilling you gave to the same gentlewoman."

"If she was a gentlewoman, what made her barefooted? and what made her take from me my shilling, and I having but another shilling left?"

"If she was a gentlewoman! If you only knew! she is the gentlewoman that ruined me!"

While he was saying those words a trembling of hands and feet came on him. The growling ceased. His head leaned backwards on his neck. He gazed up into the sky. An attitude of death came on him, and the stamp of a corpse came on his face.

When Seadhna saw this deadly change, the wonder of his heart came on him.

"It must be," said he, in a careless sort of way, "that this is not the first time with you hearing something about *her*."

The black man jumped. He struck a blow of his hoof on the ground, so that the sod which was under Seadhna's foot trembled.

"Mangling to you!" said he; "shut your mouth or you will be maimed!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Seadhna, meekly; "I thought that perhaps it was a little drop you had taken, and to say that you gave me a hundred pounds in exchange for a shilling."

"I would, and seven hundred, if I could succeed in taking from the good which that same shilling did; but when you gave it away for the sake of the Saviour it is not possible to spoil its good for ever."

"And," said Seadhna, "what need is there to spoil the good? May you not as well have the good of that shilling as it is?"

"You have too much talk; too much altogether. I told you to shut your mouth. Here! there is the purse entirely for you," said the black man.

"I suppose there is no danger, sir," said Seadhna, "that there would not be enough for the time in it. There is many a day in thirteen years. 'Tis many a shoe a man would have made in the lapse of that portion of time, and many a way he would want a shilling."

"Don't be uneasy," said the black man, putting a bit of a laugh out of him. "Draw out of it as hard as ever you can. It will be as plump the last day as it is to-day. You will not have much business of it from that forward."

“ NÍ AR DÍA A DUIŌEACÁS.”

Do tarruais Diarmuid a dúirtin dúb doinn ar a póca, 7 do fín cuige i, 7 7'imeis 7 do cuairt seirdean annsan go meacalacán teinead do bí ar bair na trídá, beirdear ar meacán airtí 7 réirdear, réirdear í go tréan ciug tearuibe; áct ód tréine a anáí 7 ód ciuga a réirdear, ní raib maic do ann; réirdear airtí 7 airtí eile níor tréine, níor ciuga, níor tearuibe ná ceana, áct do bí a gnó 'n-a fárac airtí, mar do bí an tear ion éas airtí an rpréis. Beirdear ar rpréis eile 7 réirdear fúici go feargac fuinneamail fíocmar, 7 a fúile ar dearglarad, 7 féiteanna a muiníl cómh acuisge rin go radavair í neact a bpléargta: doob' fánac do a réirdear ámh. Beirdear ar an rpréis 7 caitear írteac í gcoimleactan an cuain í, as rad, “Go réirdear mádar an áirdeirreóra tú mar teimr!” 7 tugtar buille ód coir deir do'n cuir eile do'n teimr 7 rcairdear ar fuo an dáin í. Do connaic an cuir eile é víreac doinn le n-a linn rin, 7 do cuirdear don ulaó-gáirteis ámhain arca do cógpad na maip ar a n-uaisib. Éirigir uile—an méir a'f' nac raib í n-a fearam víob—7 tagair í n-a címcíoll, as lúbaruag le leactan-gáirne 7 as rcairdear ar a lán-vícioll. Beirdear buine ar rpréis, buine eile ar rpréis eile, 7 mar roin víob riar ríor go hearball címcíoll, an deas 7 an móir, an t-ós 7 an t-aoirca; 7 reo as réirdear íad, ar éndá a vícioll, as cnút le teimr 7 tear do cuir airtí í n-gac rpréis, 7 é riar oirca, do bús gur rgar teoúact le gac rmeacair víob deas nac o lúib laóair.

“Ácá teine im' rpréis-re,” arca neac éigin.

“Séir leat a buacáil!” arca Donnall. “Cá bfuil cá?—réir leat go ttagad cúgat.”

Do léim ré de lúit-préir 7 cáinic í n-a aice—“Séir! réir, a víadail!” ar reirion, “7 ná leis an rmeacair ion eug—réir!—ar do báir réir!”

Do leis an buacáil rcairca 7 do rtor de'n tréirdear.

“Cairdeán orú, a víadail!” ar reirion.

Do cuic an buacáil ar dáiníó gáirí; beiríor féin ar an rpréis, le amplad 7 airtí cun gail, dógcar a órúós 7 caitear an rpréis uad víaríact. Cuic rí ar an mbán; níor bús rí ámhact. Cuirdear a órúós í n-a déal le coir na píopa.

“Tarruais! tarruais anoir!” arca áillteoir éigin í n-a mearg.

Do bí ré ar buile,—beiríor ar an rpréis le n-a láim cílé, 7

THE THANKFULNESS OF DERMOT.

BY PATRICK O'LEARY.

DERMOT drew his dark-brown *dudeen* from his pocket and handed it to him, and he went then to a smouldering fire which was at the top of the strand. He catches a dying coal of fire out of it and blows, blows it strong, quick, fierce; but though strong his breath, and though quick his blowing, it was in vain for him. He blows again and again stronger, quicker, fiercer than before, but his labour was of no avail, for the heat had died in the ember. He seizes another ember and blows it angrily, lively, wrathfully, his two eyes flaming, and the veins of his neck swelled to such an extent that they were ready to burst; his blowing was to no purpose, however. He catches the ember and flings it into the centre of the harbour, saying, "May the devil's mother blow you for a fire!" and deals a blow of his right leg to the rest of the fire and scatters it about the *bawn*. The others saw him just at that very moment, and they raised one wild, ringing shout that would wake the dead out of their graves. They all rise—such of them as were not standing—and they gather round him, breaking their sides with broad mirth, and laughing their level best. One catches up an ember, another another, and so on of all the rest from first to last, small and big, young and old, and they set to blowing as well as ever they could, fain to put fire and heat again into each ember, and it impossible, for warmth had parted from each little coal of them all but a few.

"There is fire in my coal," said someone.

"Blow on, my boy!" said Donal. "Where are you?—blow on till I come to you."

He jumped quickly and came to his side. "Blow! blow, you devil!" says he; "and don't let the little ember die—blow!—for your life, blow!"

The boy laughed and stopped blowing.

"Fetch it to me, aroo, you devil!" says he.

The boy burst into a fit of insuppressible laughter; himself seizes the coal through greed and burning desire for a smoke; he burns his thumb and throws down the coal all of a sudden. It fell on the *bawn*; but it did not break though. He puts his thumb in his mouth along with the pipe.

"Smoke! smoke now!" says some arch fellow in the crowd.

He was raging mad. He seizes a coal with his left hand and blows it so furious that sparks flew from it. He blows

férbheas cónh haircinnneac fonn i sup rpréac fl. Sérbheas aipr 7 léimeas fmeacaro do'n deas lafar ipceac i n-a uct, mar do bi duillac a léimeac ar leacab, 7 uógar é lárreac. Do con gab ré greim ar an rpréas áh, 7 brúgar an lafar ríor i mbéal na píopa 7 cappaigear, cappaigear, cappaigear. ar cuma sup gearr go raib deacac as éiríse go sorm glóiríar n-a flamar-cróib of cionn a cinn.

Annran do bi ré ar a corl. Do furo na daoine go léir as bhercnuagab ar an mór as luagab of a gcómar, 7 é as ceact ipceac go mear. Do bi Dómnall as uirúab a píopa 7 gan don uine as cur cuise ná uaró. Níor d'fada sup éiríse rcaic dá píopa áhac, do cappaig ré i dáir nóríse ar éndh a uicil, ac níor d'fú uic feucaint ar an ngal deas dáir do bi as ceact amac airt. Annran do cur ré rsguag ar féin, ip ríobdeas ná'r ceangail a déal ioccar dá déal uactair le uic cappaigear ac ní raib bríse i n-a gno.

"Fagab uine éirín réceoir dom—ar fon Dé fagab!" ar reirion, 7 do luis ré níor uúluigce ar an uactair; i n-agaró deit as daint an tralacair ar poll na píopa, ip ámlaró bi ré as a uainnuagab ann—gan coinne leir gan áhíreac. faoi ueríor, 'nuair do fuair ré an réan rgarca le n-a faochar, 7 go raib as uil de, dá tréine luis re cuise, do cós ré an uirú ar a déal, 7 do glaró go haircinnneac ar uine éirín, réceoir u'fagabail do. U'incíse rpuir nó ceactair de duacailiróib go ruis páir do bi lán de tráicniróib, ac do bi ré rceanníse maic uaróram. U'fan reirion as feicíomh orra go uicocfardoir car n-air, anoir as cur na píopa ion a déal, 7 aipr as a daint ar, 7 aipr eile as rácar a lúirín innici u'feucaint a raib mochal an ceair incíse airt. 'Nuair do cuair fuil car feiceamantair aise, do léim ré féin car élorde ipceac; reo as cuartac é anonn 'r anall, 7 bíor ar a fúil le fagarit cun fagabála, dá mb'féiríor. Do bi raic ion áiríomh aip fá ceann camail—fuair ré bpo cuibearac reamair, 7 do rácuíse i gcró na píopa é go cararó. Annran cúg ré foza faoi n-a cappaig, ac u'fan an bpo mar a bi, 7 ní corríócar ar a lúirínacab. Do tréall ré an ac-uair, ac d'é an rgal céatona é. i n-deiríor rgarca do, bíor an tráicnín go caillce aip, ipcís i gcró na píopa. Do léim ré i n-a caoir uirle car élorde, ní raib fulas (=fulang) na foiríne aise, 7 do caic an uirú fad a upcar amac annran mair móir. Ní raib méam ar donneac le heagla brúighe, mar do bi toza an eolair aca go léir ar Dómnall, 7 cad é an fagar b'ead é, 'nuair do deiréar ré amuis leir féin. U' fan na daoine go léir i n-a ríur go

again, and a spark of the red flame jumps into his breast, for the front of his shirt was open, and it burns him immediately. He kept his hold on the coal though. He bruises the flame down into the mouth of the pipe, and draws, draws, draws, in a manner that soon smoke was rising blue and glorious in wreaths above his head.

Now was he perfectly happy. All the people sat looking at the seaweed rocking right before them, while it was coming in fast. Donal was smoking his pipe, and nobody interfering with him. But it was not long till his pipe grew sulky; he pulled it, of course, as best he could, but it would not be worth your while to look at the little dying fume that was coming out of it. He then put a long neck on himself, the lower lip all but adhered to his upper lip through the strain of pulling, but his work was to no purpose.

"Let someone get a '*cleaner*' for me—for God's sake, let him!" says he, and he applied himself more earnestly to pulling, but instead of taking the dirt out of the hole of the pipe, he was only fastening it in it—unwittingly, of course. At last, when he found success separated from his labour, and that he was failing, though energetically he set about it, he took the *diuid* out of his mouth, and called furiously to somebody to fetch him a '*cleaner*.' Three or four boys went to a field that was full of *trahneens*, but it was a good distance from him. He remained behind waiting till they should come back, now putting the pipe in his mouth, again taking it out, and again thrusting his little finger into it to ascertain whether the feeling of heat had left it. When at length he could bear this waiting no longer, he himself jumped in over a fence, he commences searching hither and thither, and his eyes blazing through madness for finding, if possible. Luck was his in a little while. He got a pretty thick *brobh* and shoved it quickly into the tube of the pipe. He then tried to pull it back, but the *brobh* remained as it was, and would not move from its place. He tried again, but it was the very same as before. In the end of the pulling, the *trahneen* meanly broke *on him* inside in the tube of the pipe. He jumped out over the fence blazing mad; he could not keep his passion in check, and he threw the *diuid* as far as he could cast it into the great sea. There was not a tittle out of anybody for fear of a quarrel, for they all knew Donal full well, and what manner of man he was when he would happen to be ill at ease within himself.

ceann réaltaí, 7 ar an bfead ro bí an múr as uiridh leir an tseadís go bog rí. Táinig don tonn aithne, i ndeireadh na dála, do líon an cuan ruar go baic le múr ríogógaí fada deas. Do phead Dómnall i n-a coilg-fearam 7 do cáit é féin ar a shuasa anuas ar cearn do'n múr 7 do bí as a réitíocht le fuirre, 'nuair seo irtead tonn eile, do cuair lea'rtuar de 7 rí ra feuo reirion cuimneam ar don-níó (áit ar an múr) do ríuab ar léi amac é ríu ríu fead. Do déic 7 do rísead ar còdair, níct ní raib breir deaibair ar donne'—níó náir d'iongnab—dul b'fúntar a caillte cun eirion do faorab.

“Cuirimir iarrair ar céir ruar go tís Dairmuir léic,” arfa ríuab ríuab.

“Deiread re báite ríu a ríuicíde lea'rtíse ruar,” arfa ríuab ríuab.

“Cuir an raicín amac 7 b'feuo go n'greamóad ré é,” arfa Míceál ós.

Le n-a linn rín do lúis an báiteadán 7 do glaoir i n-áit a cinn 'ra guta as iarrair cabra, as ráb, “Ar rón Dé 7 raor mé! raor mé! a daoine, raor mé! ó a Dia, tá m báite! raor mé, raor mé órá!” Níor ríuab ré do deir as callaíocht mar rín, mar do bí uéad maic aige.

“Ráad 7 ríuab amac cuise,” arfa Dairmuir Mac Amhlaoir.

“Ná tairíu,” arfa na daoine go léir i n-aon béal.

“Ráad,” ar reirion. “Ní deiread a cuillead as feucaint ar annraí amuis, as ríuab bair ar ar ríuab.”

Rug Míceál Meata ruar ar b'ollac a léinead 7 ríuab, “Mair, go deirín ní ríuab, ír fada ruar go ríuab amuis.”

“Bos díom,” arfa Dairmuir, “bos do ríuab díom.”

“Ní bosad,” arfa Míceál Meata, “ní beas a bfuil caillte 7 ríuab-íre ríuab.” Díríuab donn do déic Dómnall de caoirísead amuis. “Ní' donne' caillte ríuab,” arfa Dairmuir. “Bos díom, a deirín lea, bos díom;” áit ní bosad. Do ríuab reirion é féin uad 7 do cáit de a cuir éadais 7 do léim irtead 'ran ríuab 7 'ran ríuab; do ríuab amac cun Dómnall do bí beas nac ríuab 7 do ríuab irtead leir é ar cuma éirín go ríuab an ríuab. Cuir Dómnall i laige 'mar ar go ríuab ar an ríuab ríuab 7 'fan inntí go ceann i b'ad. Nuair táinig ré cuise féin, ríuab ríuab éirín leir ríuab ríuab do b'íuab do b'íuab le Dia i ríuab náir báit é.

All the people remained sitting for some time, and during that time the seaweed was drawing near the strand slowly and gradually. One wave came at long-last which filled the harbour up to the brim with branchy, long, red seaweed. Donal jumped to his feet, and flung himself on his hunkers down on a heap of seaweed, and was freeing it in a great fuss, when in comes another wave which went above him, and before he could think of anything (except the seaweed) it swept him clear out. He screamed and shrieked for help, but there wasn't too much haste on anybody—a thing not to be wondered at—to go at the peril of his life in order to save him.

"Let us send up for a rope to Dermot Liath's," said Pierce Power.

"He would be drowned before one would reach half-way up," says Paddy Buidhe.

"Put out the rake, and perhaps he would catch on to it," says Mick Oge.

Just then, the drowning man screeched and called with erect head, and at the highest pitch of his voice, imploring aid, saying, "For God's sake and save me! save me! O men, save me! O God, I am drowned! save me, save me, oroo!" He never stopped but calling thus, as loud as he could, for he was long-winded.

"I'll go and swim out to him him," says Dermot MacAuliffe.

"Don't," said all the people in one voice.

"I will," said he. "I won't be any longer looking at him there outside, dying before our very eyes."

Meehawl Meata seized him by the bosom of his shirt, and said, "Wisha faith you won't. It is long, indeed, till I'd think of letting you out to him."

"Let me go," says Dermot MacAuliffe; "loose your hold of me."

"I won't," says Meehawl Meata; "there is enough lost, and let you stay inside." Just then Donal screamed with a shrill shriek outside. "There's nobody lost yet," says Dermot; "let me go, I tell you, let me go," but he wouldn't. He tore himself from him, divested himself of his clothes, and jumped into the sea and into the seaweed, swam out to Donal, who was nearly exhausted, and dragged him with him, some way or other, to the beach. Donal fell into a faint just as he reached the dry ground, and remained in it a long time. When he came to himself, somebody said to him that he ought to

“Ná bí im doórád,” ar reiríon; “má táim rábáilte, ní ar Óia a buirdeacáir, mar ní mór do bí ré im cúram; o’fásrao annran amuis mé go mberóinn báitte, múcta, 7 ir beas an gearraduaid do cuirfead ré air aileir, geallaim-re dúit; áct beirdeao buirdeac do Óiarmaio MacAdhlaoib, an fear glan s’lánta, cuair 1 n-eineac a cailíte cun mé faoraó. Δ! a duine, má táim rábáilte,

Ní ar Óia a buirdeacáir!”

SEATRÚN CÉITINN:

[Leir an Aitair O Duinnin.]

Ní’l don ugdar do pinne an oiread le Céitinn cum léigeanann ir litrigheact do congáil beo 1 meafz na n-daoinead, go mórmór daoine leacta moza. Níor d’eao sup rcpíod Seatrún reandair ró-deact, ró-cinnnte, áct sup cuir ré le céile 1 n-don bolz amáin na cuairigirde do bí le fagbáil ar éirinn inr na reanleadruid. Ní raib cuairigz eile le fagbáil com veap, com fuinnnte ir do leat ré ar fuair na tíne. Ní raib doinne ’n-a rcoláire rozanta ná raib eolar aige ar rtdár Céitinn, ir ní raib cpíocnuzaó véanta ar rcoláire 1 rcoil go mbead macramail véanta aige do’n “b’fopar feara.” 1 meafz na vtuactac rimpirde ní leompaó doinne ampar do cup ar an gcunntar tugann Céitinn ar gabáil na héireann le parrtolan, ir leir an gcuid eile do’n tpeid rin tar lear. Ní leompaó doinne réanaó sup cpéim-eao fadéal glar le naçar nime, ir sup cneapuz Maoir a cnead ’ran éisipt le fearcaib Dé. Bíodar na daoine realduigte o’fírinne na rgeal rain, ir bí a n-up-mór ’n-a mbéal aca, ir ní raib ván ná laoir san tagairt éisín vop na móir-gairgíóib ar ar t’ráct Céitinn. Ir vóiz linn muna mbead sup rcpíodad an “fopur feara” ná bead cuimne na rean-airgíre, ná ainmeaca na rean-flait, ná éacta na leoman leat com abair 1 n-aigheao na n-daoinead ir bíodar leit-céao bliadan ó foim.

Ir fíor, go veimín, go raib na neite reo 1 leadruid eile ar ar tóz Seatrún iao, áct ní’l up-mór vop na leadruid reo le fagbáil 1 noiu. Do cailleamar iao, ir tá an “fopur feara” ’n-ar meafz, san focal, san litir ag tearcadáil uair. Tamall ó foim ir ar éisín do bí duine uaral 1 gcúigeao Mumhan ná raib a macramail do’n “fopur feara” go ceanamail 1 scoiméao aige. Bí

return thanks to God since he was not drowned. "Don't be bothering me," says he; "if I am saved, God is not to be thanked for it, for 'tisn't much He was in my care; He would leave me there outside till I'd be drowned and suffocated, and it is little it would affect Him, I assure you; but I will be thankful to Dermot MacAuliffe, the good, decent man, who in the face of his being lost went to save me. Why, man alive, if I am saved,

God is not to be thanked for it!"

GEOFFREY KEATING.

Extract from "Irish Prose," by Rev. PATRICK S. DINEEN.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent, and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips, and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written, the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time

fé a5 na daoineib docta com maic leir na huairib. I r cuimhin linn féin figeadóir doct do mair i nIarlach Ciarrarthe, nár mór i tceannta doctain na hoirde do bí 'n-a feild, do cairbeáin dom a macramail do Céitinn go ceanamail, carra i linn-éadac, i r san dul a5 páirte breic ari, ná díogbail ar bit do déanam dó. Da gail le leabhar naomta é ar a mear, i r nior díomaoim do bí an leabhar pain, mar i r blarta cruinn do bí tuairis ar gac leatanaic de i gceann an figeadóra, a5ur da deacair áiteam ari go raib focal aet fírinne 'ran méir do rgníob Céitinn ar fenniu r fear-rao, ar parrtolan, i r an cuio eile aca. Tá cuimne Céitinn fór i mear5 daoinead nár léis, i r ná fearaib riath a cuio raotair. I r dóis leir a lán go raib dpaoidéact éisín ar an nduine, nó sur ó neam do táinig r é cum cunntar ar rean do tadarit dúinn. Ní mór an t-iongnad sur cheir na daoine nár duine daonna Seathrún. Do cheir gailda do b'eab é, aet 'n-a diaib rin bí r é ioir *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*. Catoilicead ó choirdeiamac, Sagar, doctáir diaodacta do b'eab é. Fear léigeannta i laioin i r i leabhaib na n-áitneac do b'eab é, i r aic r é a lán da raogal 'ran dfrainc. Aet 'nuair d'fíll r é a baile tug r é é féin ruar ar fao d'obair na heaglaire le díogair iongantais sur cuiread ruasairt peacta ari, i r sur d'éigean do dul i brolac i gcomar doib i ngleann eactarlac. I r é an ruo i r iongantais i mbeaib Seathrún go d'ruair r é uain i r caoi ar na leabair do teartuis uair i gcóir a feanair, do bailiugad an fao do bí fán i r ruasairt ari. Do fiudail r é go Connaictaib i r go Doiré, aet ní mór do mear do bí a5 fearaib ulaó ná a5 Connaictaib ari. I gcionn trí nó ceatair do bliadantaib bí an "fóru r feara" go léir curta i gceann a céile aige (1631). Do rgníob r é fór da leabhar diaóda, "Eocair Sgiat an Aifinn," a5ur "Trí Dior-ghaite an Dair."

Dála an "fóru r feara," cornuigeann r é ó'n díoréoraic, i r tagann anuar go 1200. Tá r é lán do fean-pannaib i n-a mbailig-tear ainmeada na tcead do táinig go héirinn, i r i n-a gcuirtear le céile na héacta do bain leo. Tá a d'fíll i bprór de, leir, annro i r annró mucta le ainmeadaib taoiréac i r flaic i r a gcrabó geinealac. Níor ceap Seathrún aon nio ó n-a meabair féin; gac a tucann r é dúinn—na rgealta, na heactraide, na gabá-lair, na héacta ar mair i r ar tír—ruair r é iao go léir i reanleabhaib do bí fá mear a5 ollamhaib i r fáirib. Ní rinne r é aet iao do cur le céile i r d'aontugad. Da mbead r é a5 airt-rgníobad na neitead rin i nriu, a5ur a aignead lán do léigean na haimprie reo, ní'l dearmad ná go gcuirtead r é a lán díob i leat-taob, do díis ná bainneann riad le fíir-feanair. Aet do

THE REV. PATRICK S. DINEEN
Photographed from the painting by Jack B. Yeats



back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry, who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity, a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole "Forus Feasa" within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, "The Key-Shield of the Mass" and "The Three Shafts of Death."

As regards "The Forus Feasa," it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there overcrowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself; what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and seers. All he has

reiríob ré an “fóruir feara” tá geall le trí céad bliadan ó foim, agus ní mionsnaid ná faid an oiread rian amháir i dtuaisí fírinne na n-éadac ro an tríd rian: Agus ir mar an gceánna acá an rgeal ag tiorcáid eile: Tá a lán éadac ir eadacra i reanacra na Rómá do chier na Rómánais go mionlán i n-aimirir Dirsil ir Oidib—ná fuil ionnta acá úir rgealta na bfeilead. Ar an nór gceánna ní géilleann aon rgealdíre anoir v’éadacáid Henrir ir Nórra agus v’á leiteoiríob v’éadacraíob i reanacra na bfealtaine.

Acá ’n-a díad rín, ní ceart a dearmad go mbíonn bunadac fírinne inr na rgealtáid reo do gnd. Níor cún na filíde rgeal ar vóir gan deallrám éigin do beir aín—*nee fingunt omnia Cretae*—ciob go gcuirtear leir i rí na mbliadan, i dtreo ná haitneocáide é fá deiread. D’ole an bail ar trí ná beir úir-rgealta v’n trasar rian cruinnighe ir meargta trí a cuir reanacra. Da comarta é ná faid ríle ná fáid le rínrearaíob i mearg a daoinead, ir náir móir aca a cáil ná a glóir.

Ir álainn an díon-brollac a cuireann Seatrún le n-a “fóruir feara.” O tead an dara Henrí anall cugáinn ir noime, níor fad ror ná ruaimhear na hugóirí Sarrannais acá ag cur ríor bréaga ir rgealta aítire ar ar nóútear. Sioporo de Darrá, Scanihurrt, Camoen, Hanmer, ir an tread rian uile—ní faid uata acá rínn do cur fá coir ar vóir, ir ó teir rín oíra, rínn do marluad i rártaíob fallra. Agus tar éir ar bfealtáinn do baint vinn, da bréaguishe ir da tarcairnishe do díodar ’ná ríam. Do tug Seatrún fáta ’ran díon-brollac le fuinneam ir le feirg. Do ríol ré ar a céile an ráiméir marluigthead do cuir an Darrac ’n-a leadar, níor fás ré puinn do Scanihurrt gan réadad, ríom é turraing a láime ar Camoen ir ar Spenrer. Go veimín ir geall le gairgíthead móir éigin é—le Coin Cúlainn nó Aicill—a cuir airm gléarta ’n-a láim, éadac pláta ó mullac cinn go troigcib aín, ir é ag fadail le díograir ir le dían-feirg ar na daoíníob beaga ro do dearduis éitead i scoinníob a vóútear, ir do marluig a muinnrear. Dá mbead ré ar marrean i nóiu, tabar-fad ré faodar bata dor na reanacraíob acá anoir fá móir-meag, ar fíoude ir ar mlac Amloim, ir ar Hume.

Áveir ré ’n-a díon-brollac :—

“Ní’l ríairíde v’á ríriobann ar éirínn nac ag iarráir locta agus toibéime do tabairt do rean-falláir agus do fíeudaláir díó; bíod a fádnuire rín ar an teir do beir Cambrenrir, Spenrer, Scanihurrt, Hanmer, Camoen, Darclíob, Moríon, Dabir, Campion, agus fad nuad-fall eile v’á ríriobann uirte o

done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote "The Forus Feasa" almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other countries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. "The Cretans even do not invent all they say"—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognise it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his "Forus Feasa." From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanihurst, Camden, Hanmer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia* with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanihurst that he did not rend to bits; heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia*:—

"There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not

foin amac, ionnup surnabé nóir beasnac an príomptolláin do shio a5 rshíodaó ar éiréannacaib . . . : . ir é do shio cnomaó ar báraib fo-báoinéaó agus cailleaó mbeas n-úir-íreal ar tcaðairt maic-shiom na n uaral i nbeairmaó, agus an méio a bainear nír na rean-šaebealaib do bí a5 áicúsaó an oileáin reo nia nšabálcáir na rean-šaili,” 7c.

Ir minic a goirtear an hérodotur šaebealaó ar seachtúin, agus ir veimín sup móir a bfuil do córmáileacó eacora áraor. Tá cáint seachtúin veár, rimplíde, mílir-briacraó, mar cáint “Átar an tSeancáir.” Séanaio áraon baot-foacail, neam-brioghára, neam-faiómeamla, acó 'n-a n-ionao atá fuinneam ir tacaó i nšac líne dá rárcaib. Cuipio áraon irteaó na húir-ršéalta bainear le n-a ucír, šan ámpar do cup ar a bširinne. B'é hérodotur an céao ráríuó do cuip reancár na nšréiseaó i n-easár ir i šcuinnear, agus oioó sup b'rao 'n-a oiaó do rshíob ré, b'é Céitinn an céao reancáre o'ópuiš ir do ceapuiš i rlaó, ir i n-easár reancár na nšaebeal. Do bain na ríuó—na šréisí ir na Románaíš—a lán ar rárcaib hérodotuir, agus 'ran šcuma šcéona tús Céitinn innbeár a noócin oir na ríuóib šaebealaca, o'áoasán ua Raóille, do šeáán Clárac Mac Domnáil, ir o'eošan Ruao. Acó ní feicimí oiošrair i otaó na ríuine, ná fearš cum namao a tíre ar an nšréasac. Dionn ré ciuin, rócáir, réim i šcomnuíde i mearš rárna ir úir-ršéil, *et quidquid Graecia mendax audeat in historiis*, acó ní léisreao an šaebealaó ruainne do ceap ná do cáil a tíre le n-a veárš namáo.

Obar léigeanca, veimín ir eao “Tí Dúir-šaoice an Búir,” lán do rmuaintíó oiaó ir do maótnam faiómeamla i ar an beacáib oáonna, ir ar a érioc. Ir ionšantaó ar cóš ré ar rean-ušóaraib ir ar oibneacaib na naom, agus ir blarta tá an obair ar rao noinnce i leabraib agus i n-alcaib. Acó ir tnom, laioineamail an cáint atá ann ó cúir šo veireao, bíóó šo bfuil rí larta ruar annro ir annróto le ršéal beas šreannmár mar an eacra rain ar “Mac Reccan.”

Obar an-léigeanca i noiaóacó ir i nópannaib na n-easlaire ir eao “Eocáir Šiaó an Áirínn.” Ní léir oúinn aon ušóar eile cuipear an oireao rain do cuipirš ar neicib bainear leir an Áiríneann, com beacó, com cinnte rín i leabár oá méio. Acó 'n-a teannta rain, tá an cáint com rimplíde, com šreannca, com binn, com briogháir rain, šan baot-foclaib ná ráiróib carca sup rupaírte o'áoinneacó é léisreao sup i noiu.

endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hanmer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle . . . This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting the illustrious actions of the nobility and everything relating to old Irish who were the inhabitants of this island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan ORahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with astonishing fulness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mac Reccan."

"The Key-Shield of the Mass" is a work of great learning in theology and in Church ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled

Ó aimpir Céitinn anuas níor rgníodas a lán do phór bunas-
 órad. Do cuirteas árdar eactharde le déile agus rgealta ar
 gníomharthaib aca, agus ní mór 'n-a tceannas fain. Do luis-
 eadar na húsóirí Saebelaca ar ianna do tsearait, ir ba
 mílir, doibinn a fceit uán ir aithián.

Sóir nó fíar ir fearr an baile—An Cneamhairc

(Le n-úna ní fairsceallais.)

Ní raib an rinnceóiréact i bpa ar ríudal nuair fleanhuig an
 Cneamhairc amac uata a san-fíor dóib.

Suar an capán leir as déanamh ar éadob na n-aillcead do'n
 oileán. Thiomáin ré air go dtí go raib ré ar darr na tulca.
 Do rtao ré annsin. Sé gur tpeán láioir an fear é, do bí an
 doir as ceannas go dainsean air, 7 níor mírde do a ríit do
 leigean.

Dhí an gealaé go háro 'ra rpeir, agus do b'féioir an t-oileán
 agus an fairsce do'feicir go glan roileir.

Do b'áluinn ciúin an t-amairc do bí or a comair amac, aet
 ircis i fceoirde an tpean-fir do bí anpa ar ríudal. D'amlaio
 náir airis ré a com dear ir do famluig an dothan i n-a taimcioll.
 Ní raib a fíor aet as Dia amáin cao do bí 'ga fuatao.

Chraic ré a lámha or cionn a cinn, agus doubairc or áro:

"Liom féin ir ead é! Liom-ra amáin! Ní fuil éan-daint as
 duine ar bit eile leir. D'íocar go maic ar—go dian-maic!"

Ar aghair leir air as ríudal agus as rir-ríudal, díreac ir dá
 mbéad 'n-a aigneas rcoirir a éroirde do lafoufao ar an nóir
 roin.

Níor d'fada do as imceact mar rin go dtí go raib ré i ngar
 do na hailleceaduib.

Annsin do rtao ré go nobann, mar ba dóig leir go fcuallao
 ré sut duine éigin. Chuir ré cluar le héirceact air féin, agus
 do b'amlaio d'éir asao d'ampir go raib ré cinnce 'n-a éadob.
 Sut mná as caoi do b'ead é, san go.

Ar mbreacnufo do ar an áro ar a tóainis an fuaim, ba léir
 do, rgeamh beas uair, duine éigean leagta leir an fclaire.

Dhruio ré leir an áit, agus d'airis ré san moill gur d'i Máire
 dhán do bí ann roime.

Ní raib a fíor aici duine ná daonuarde do deit i n-a haice,
 agus do breab pí le neair rgeoin nuair do leas ré a lám ar a
 ceann.

expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating's time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.

EAST, WEST, HOME'S BEST.

FROM "AN CNEAMHAIRE."

By UNA NI FHAIKCHEALLAIGH.

(Miss Agnes O'Farrelly.)

THE dancing had not long begun when the Cneamhaire slipped out unnoticed.

Up the path he went towards the cliff side of the island. Still onwards until he was on the top of the height. He paused there. Though a strong, stout man, age was pressing on him, and he had, perforce, to rest.

The moon was high in the sky, and the island and the sea could be plainly seen. The scene before him was beautiful and calm, but within the heart of the old man a storm was raging. Thus it was he did not notice how beautiful the world seemed about him. God only knew what was oppressing him.

He waved his arms above his head and spoke aloud:

"It is my own! Mine alone! Nobody else has any claim to it. I paid well for it—right well."

On he went again, walking, ever walking, just as if he had it in his mind thus to subdue the storm in his heart.

He was not long walking at that rate until he drew near to the cliffs.

Then he stopped suddenly, for he thought he heard somebody's voice. He set himself to listen, and after a short space of time he was certain of it. The voice of a woman crying, that it was, without doubt.

When he looked towards the place whence the sound came he saw clearly somebody leaning against the fence.

He drew near, and perceived at once that it was Máire Bhán who was there before him.

“Ná corruis, a leanaib. Ná bíod faicéar ort, cor ar bit!”
 Ní duibairt Máire focal, agus seo ar aghaid é le n-a cuio cainte.

“Ní ceart duit, a Mháire, a ródor, deit amuis i n-donraic 7 an oirde atá ann. Tá an comhluadar as fuiread leat 'ra gcríon.”

Ní meafad éinnead sup d'é an Cneamhaire do bí as caint:

“Uc! a Shéamair! an tura atá ann? Ná bac liom! Cait-fíó mé leigint dom' cuio bhrón. Déad níor fearr ná bárr i gceann tamail.”

“Áct duibhadar liom, a Mháire, sup tú féin ar cionntad leir an turar 7 an airdéar reo. Tuise nac bfanfa as do mácair 'ra mbailé 7 as peadair fáda!”

“Tuise, a n-eab? tá fáct go leór leir, muir, áct cia an maít deit as caint anoir?” Ar an toirte, do fil na deóra léici 7 cnom rí ar sul-arí.

Níor cuir an Cneamhaire ircead uirri an fáro do lean rí ar deit as caoi, áct nuair d'éirí rí níor ciúine ar ball d'fíarphuis ré bí cia an fáct bí deit as imcead ar éireann.

“Ná ceil orm éin-ceo do'n fírinne” ar' reirean fa deóir.
 “Cao faoi ndéara go bfuil tú as imcead uainn?”

“Do bhrí go bfuil earbair airdio orm” ar' an cailín boct.

“An t-airgead! an t-airgead!” ar' an Cneamhaire go neam-fóighead, “S é an rgeal céadna é i gcomhnaide; áct bíod 'fíor aghat, a cailín, go bfuil a lán ruadai 'ra dothan níor fearr i bfao 'ná an t-airgead féin.”

Ní tús Máire fheadra ar bit air, do bí an oiréad roin iongan-tair uirri:

“Nac bfuil peadair aghat!” ar' reirean “agus nac leór duit é rin?”

“Tá—peadair—agam; ir fíor duit,” é, “arfa Máire i ndeir-eab na dálae, “áct—ní tuigim tú. Nac bfuil duit aghat féin 'ran airgead? Gabaim pároun aghat, a Shéamair; ní 'gá carad leat atáim, cor ar bit.”

“Ní fuil focal bhríge ann, a ingean ó. Ir móir i mo duit 'ran airgead le leat-céad bliadan, áct ní raib an rgeal mar rin agam ruam. Bhí lá eile agam Bhí mé ós 7 bíor i ngrád com maít leat-ra, 7 d'féoir níor doimhne 'ná mar atáir-re. Bhíor boct, 7 bí ríre boct, freirin. D'fághar mo céad rlan aici 7 do baili-gear liom go h-dimeirucá le capnán airdio do cup ar muin a céile 7 le bean uaral do déanam dom' rpeir-bean. D'imtígear liom riar sup fíoréar lartar na Stát n-dontuigte. Chaitéar poinnt bliadanta ann 7 d'éirí an raogal liom go geal. Ir

She did not know that there was man or mortal near her, and she started in affright when he laid his hand on her head:

"Do not stir, child. Don't be the least afraid."

Máire did not say a word, and he proceeded:

"It is not right for you, Máire a stóir, to be out alone this night. The company are watching for you in the kitchen."

Nobody would think it was the Cneamhaire who was talking.

"Och! Séamas! Is it you that is in it? Don't mind me! I must give way to my sorrow. I shall be the better of it after a little."

"But they told me, Máire, that it is you yourself are accountable for this journey. Why would you not stay at home with your mother and with Peadar Fada?"

"Why is it? There is plenty of reason for it; but what is the use of talking now?" Her tears fell on the moment and she began to cry again.

The Cneamhaire did not disturb her whilst she wept, but when she grew calmer by-and-by, he asked her why she was leaving Ireland.

"Don't conceal one scrap of the truth from me," he said at last. "What is the cause of your leaving us?"

"Because I am in want of money," said the poor girl.

"Money! money!" said the Cneamhaire impatiently. "The same story always; but know, girl, that there are plenty of things in the world better far even than money."

Máire was so surprised that she did not answer him.

"Have you not Peadar," he said, "and is not that enough for you?"

"I have—Peadar—it is true for you," said Máire at long last; "but—I don't understand you. Don't you yourself care for money? Forgive me, Séamus; it is not upraising you with it I am at all."

"There is not a word of lie in it, girl. I have been eager for money for the past fifty years; but it was not so with me always. I was once otherwise. I was young, and I was in love as well as you. I was poor, and she was poor also. I bade her a long farewell, and I took myself off to America to put some money together, and to make my sweetheart a lady. I moved on till I reached the west of the United States. I spent some years there, and the world throve with me. I used seldom get a letter from Ireland, except, now and again, a couple of words from her, to say she was well, or the like of that.

Once, a year went by, and never a word from her. I could

annamh a gheibinn leictir ó Éirinn a dté amháin cúpla focal anoir 7 aipir uaiti-fean 'sá pád go raib rí go maic, aghur a leictéirí rín.

“Don uair amháin cuairt bliadain earainn 7 san focal agham uaiti. Níor b'féidir liom a fulang beic san tuairis uirri, 7 ó tárla an t-am rín go raib roinnt maic aipis 1 uairis ó agham, tuig mé aghair ar an mbaile aipir. Óc? mo léan gáir ir mo lomaó luain! ní raib rotham a dté a huais. 'San uais céatona cuirtear na comharrain uilg nac móir, bliadain na gorta. Sáit-eaó irteac le céile iao 1 n-éan-poll amháin.

“Ó a 'Dhia na ngráta! i agh fagbáil báir leir an ochar ar taobh an bócair 7 mire i b'rao uaiti 7 san rmeáiríó eolair agham ar a cár! Sire san ruo le cur i n-a béal aici 7 mire eall 1 n-áimeiríocá, mo póca lán go béal o'airgead.”

“Do famluis éadan an tfean-fir go millteac fa folar na géal-áige. O'iompuis ré uaiti beagán 7 érom ré ar amharc amac ear an b'airge ó tuairt:

“Dhi a fíor agh Máire go raib ré agh véanam maranta ar uais mhóir bliadna na gorta ear 1 gCondae Mhuiged 7 níor leir rí focal ar lár. 1 n-a leabair rín, ir amháir go ruig rí ar lár aipir. O'airis rí fuar san b'is san fuinneamh i:

“Dhi an cailín agh bailleir a dté ní fuact na hoirde fa n'eara é. Níor b' é an Cneamair oó bí or a comair a dté taibíre o'airis cuici ar laeteannair a áige.

“A Shéamair doict! a Shéamair doict!” aip' ríre or íreal. Níor cuir an fean-fean éan-tfuim innti, a dté o'fan ré agh amharc amac oó taobh an 'Dhá Dheinn Déas san corraige ar

Dhiotar mar rín ar feara camail maic aipir.

“O'féidir gupab é an fáa go bfuil uáil agham 'ran aipgead,” aip' an Cneamair fa uirtear, “gup iocar com uair rín r. Bíonn an t-airgead mar fuil or comair mo uá fuil—go uairis, go uairis 1 gcomhairde. Ir mar rín a cím-re é.”

“Do érom Máire a ceann fíor 7 póg rí a lár. O'airis Séamar uoir agh tuicim léiti.

Dhiotar araon i n-a uoir go ceann camail.

“Ní imteóga ar an oileán, cor ar bí,” aip' Máire go haibíó.

“Ní imteóga tú, an n-eaó? An é rín a n-abrann tú? A dté an uirgeann tú 'n-a éar meao na boctanacta a uair agh goill-eaó ort annreo, má fanair?”

“Ní fuil uirne 'ra uóman a tuigeanir níor fearr 'na mire com érom 7 a bíonnir an gannair 7 an boctanact agh fagbáil oó muinntir áirann—a dté 'n-a uair rín féin fanrao 'ra mbaile 1 n-áinn Dé.”

not bear to be without tidings of her, and since it happened, that time, that I had a good deal of money saved, I faced for home. Och! my sharp sorrow and my lasting woe! I found only her grave before me. In the same grave nearly all the neighbours were buried, the famine year. They were all cast into the one hole."

"Oh! God of Grace! she dying with hunger by the side of the road, and I far from her, without a gleam of knowledge as to her state! She without anything to put in her mouth, and I beyond in America, my pocket chock-full with money!"

The face of the old man looked wan in the light of the moon. He turned from her a little and gazed out over the sea to the north.

Máire knew that he was thinking deeply of the big grave of the famine year up in County Mayo, and she never let slip a word. Instead, she took hold of his hand. She felt it cold and nerveless and clammy.

The girl was trembling, but not from the coldness of the night. It was not the Cneamhaire who was before her, but a ghost which came to her from the days of his youth.

"Poor Séamas! poor Séamas!" she said softly. The old man did not heed her, but continued to look towards the Twelve Pins without ever stirring.

Thus they remained for a long while.

"Perhaps the reason I have such a desire for money," said the Cneamhaire at last, "is because I paid for it so dearly. Money is like blood before my two eyes—red, red, always. That is how I see it."

Máire bent her head and kissed his hand. Séamas felt a tear falling from her.

They were both silent for a time.

"I shall not leave the island at all," said Máire hastily.

"You will not go, is it, Is that what you say? But do you rightly understand the greatness of the poverty that will weigh on you if you stay?"

"There is no one in the world understands better than I do how heavy want and poverty lie on the people of Aran; but, even so, I shall stay at home, with the help of God."

"It is well," said the Cneamhaire.

* * * * *

The next morning the island folk went eastwards, one by

“Tá go maít,” arí’ an Cneamhaire.”

* * * * *

Ar maidin lá ar n-a bárac cuatódar muinntear an oileáin i n-oiaró a céile roir go dtí an fánán. Dhi na curaca i gcóir cum na gcailíní do bí le dul ear leat do bpeit ar doró an long-
gaile.

“Tuise go bfuil tura ag caoinead?” arfa peadar fáda nuair o’áruis Mháire Dhan a gut com maít le cá. “I r muir-
ne a déar ag caoinead in do óiair.”

“Táim ag caoinead i n-oiaró na gcailíní atá ar tí imteact, uainn,” arfa Máire.

“An dá rírib atá tú, a Mháire? ‘Ar nód,’ ní ceart duit beít ag fonmáir fúm inoiu 7 ualac ar mo óriode.”

“Ní ag déanamh fonmáir’ fút atáim, muir. Tá m’inntinn rocair agam ar fanact leat, cibé boct rairóbir tú, nó cibé an fáir a caírfimio beít ag feiceam le n-a céile.”

Ní óriofead peadar a cluara féin.

“I r ag magad fúm atá tú, cá mé ag ceapad.”

“Ní head go veimín! Ní déanfaínn a leicéir oir ar an vóman.”

“Óriovim tú anoir, muir. Áct ní tuigim an rgeál cor ar bit. Cao a tuig oir an t-atarpuad inntinn’ reo?”

“Airling a bí agam aréir, a pheadair, nó bpionglóir, mar a déarfá. Shaoilear go raib tura ió’ fear-fear óriofa gan fuinneam i do gágaib ná gáir o’éinne’ i do óriode. Dhi tú ió’ iarfáire compoirtamail annro. Dhi mire t’éir aimeiriocá, clóca ríofa oim 7 hata gléarta go deat le ríibíní agur a leicéirí eile, aigeat mo vócaint im’ rparán agam 7 ‘c uile cineál maoin’ im’ feib. Dhiór-ra ag gabáit ruar an bóirín i n-aice na roilís’ 7 mé ag teact a baile. Capad dam annrín tú, áct níor áitín tú mé, cor ar bit.”

“‘Mire Máire Dhan,’ aoubhar leat.

“‘Ní tú,’ arfa tura go feargac; ‘ní tú go veimín. Dhi Máire—mo Mháire re—i n-a caíl n ós flactmair, agur cao mar gail oir-ra? Sean-dean poirtamail gánóda tú atá córuigce mar péacóis i ngioblaicáir ríóil. Ní tura Máire go veimín.”

“O’feacár ríof i bpoll uirge a bí taoib liom 7 do b’é rin an céao uair o’áruigear mé féin aoróda gánóda; bí an ceart agat.

“‘I r mire Máire Dhan,’ aoubhar arí.

“O’feac tú oim annrín ioir an dá fúil 7 an fáo a díof mar don leat níor cóis tú do fúile díom.

“‘I r amlaíó aoir tú,’ arfa tura, ‘áct ní óriovim tú—ní tura an Mháire a vucag gáir ví fáo ó. Thíof’ran roilís áo b’fearr

one, towards the slip. The curachs were ready to bring the girls who were going abroad on board the steamer.

"Why are you 'caoining'?" said Peadar Fada, when Máire Bhán raised her voice like the others. "It is we who shall be 'caoining' after you."

"I am 'caoining' for the girls who are about to leave us," said Máire.

"Are you serious, Máire? In troth, it is not right for you to make fun of me to-day and a load on my heart."

"It is not making fun of you I am, maiseadh. I have my mind made up to stay with you, whether you are rich or poor, or however long we must wait for each other."

Peadar would not believe his own ears.

"It is making fun of me you are, I am thinking."

"It is not indeed! I would not do the like on you for the world."

"I believe you now, indeed! But I don't understand the story a bit. What caused you this change of mind?"

"A vision I had last night, Peadar, or a dream, as you might say. I thought that you had become an old, contrary man, without energy in your limbs, or love to anyone in your heart. You were a comfortable fisherman here. I had come back from America. I had a silk cloak on me, and a hat beautifully decked with ribbons and such like things, with plenty of money in my purse and every kind of means in my possession. You were going up the lane near the graveyard when I was on my way home. I met you there, but you did not recognise me at all."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said. 'You are not,' you replied angrily; 'not you, indeed. Máire—my Máire—was a fine young girl; and what about you? A proud, ugly, old woman, titivated like a peacock in silken rags! You are not Máire Bhán indeed.'

"I looked down in a pool of water beside me, and that was the first time I noticed myself old and ugly. You were right."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said again.

"You looked at me then between the two eyes, and as long as I was with you you did not lift your eyes from me.

"'So you say, but I don't believe,' you said. 'You are not the Máire I loved long ago. Down in the graveyard yonder I would rather her to be than to resemble you now. I don't know you at all.' And saying that, you went off. I was

liom i 'beit 'nád beit mar tura anoir: Ní aicnigim tú cor ar bit.' Agus 'sá ráb rín, ar go brát leat. Bhíor fágta im' donarán go bhrónac. Sin i an bhrionglóir a bí agam. Nac air-teac é ?”

“Ní fuil tú ió' fearn-dean fóir, a rúin! 'Do b'ághmarac an bhrionglóir d'ar-rá i, cibé r'géal é. Agus, an n-abrann tú, a Mháire, sur bhrionglóir a tuis ort fanact 'ra mbaile ?”

Níor mear Máire sur ceart ví r'géal an Chneamhaire o'innhinc san ceao aici uair. Mar rín doubairt rí :—

“É rín agus ruad eile.”

“Buideacár mór do 'Dha,” arfa Peadar:

* * * * *

“Nac mór an t-iongantár nac mbéiteá ag brat le do díol mna 'fagbáil ?” doubairt atair Pheadair leir cúpla lá i n-a d'air rín. “Nac dear d'atamail an cailín i Máire Chatac, ingean na baintreabhaige tíar i gCionn an Dhaile ?”

Chuir Peadar cluar le héirteact air féin. 'Dá mba sur tuit an srian anuar ar an r'péir ní cuirtead ré níor mó iongantair air

Ní raib ré i n-innith oiread le focal do ráb.

“Tá ré i n-am do Cháit, fneirín, cur fúit i n-aic ví féin. Ní racad beirt máigirtear le céile i n-éin-teac amáin. Cao é do mear ar Mhac Uí 'Dhonncaóda. Ní fuil fóir talman aige, act mar rín féin, 'ar n'ó', ir breas láirín an buacail é. 'Daoine macánta a b'ead iao a feact rinnhír noime.”

Níor féad Peadar focal do cur ar, agus níor tuis ré r'air na ceirce cuise 'nád ar éan-cór. Go deimhín, níor tuis act an oiread le ceap bhróige, mar doéarad, act dá mbíod ré do láirín 'ra feomra deas caoid tíar do'n éiríon r'gacáin deas i n-a d'air rín ir dóda go doirgead ré an t-ionplán go dianmáit. Ir fearn-focal é, agus ir fíor, go doirgeadann r'páitín r'pé na gaoite.

Ar bail nuair do bí an t-aor ós tíor ar an Muirbeac, reo é an Chneamhaire irteac cum atar Pheadair agus mála aige i n-a láirín.

Seo é ag carraing láin a glaise do díoráid óir amac ar an mála, agus ag áiream r'pí r'icir punnt ar an gclár or a comair, agus reo é fóir 'sá ráb, agus é ag féadain go glinn gáir ar an d'ear eile:

“Ní cuirfí Tomár Sheagáin Ruairín barr a méire r'alaise ar mo cuir aigir go veó. 'Dáir r'íad, ní cuirfí. Ir do'n g'rád agus do'n óise atáim 'sá cabairt.

left alone, deserted and in sadness. That is the dream I had. Is it not strange?"

"You are not an old woman yet, a *rúin*! It was a lucky dream for me anyhow. And, do you say, Máire, that it was a dream caused you to stay at home?"

Máire did not think herself justified in telling the Cneamhaire's story without leave from him; so she answered:

"That and other things."

"Great thanks be to God!" said Peadar.

* * * * *

"Isn't it a great wonder you wouldn't be looking out to get a wife to suit you," said Peadar's father to him a couple of days later. "Isn't Máire Chatach, the daughter of the widow over in Cronn-an-Bhaile, a nice, good-looking girl?"

Peadar set himself to listen. If the sun fell down out of the sky it would not surprise him more. He was unable to say as much as a word.

"It is time for Cáit, too, to settle down in a place of her own. Two mistresses would not go well together in one house. What do you think of young Mac Donnchadha? He has not a sod of land, but, even so, he is a fine, strong boy. Honest people they were, his seven generations before him."

Peadar could not get out a word, and he did not understand the state of the question at all. In truth, he did not, any more than a shoemaker's last, as one might say; but if he were present in the little room beyond the kitchen afterwards, it is likely that he would understand the whole matter right well. It is an old proverb, and it is a true one, which says that a straw shows how the wind blows.

By-and-by, when the young people were down in the *muirbheach*, the Cneamhaire comes in to Peadar's father and a bag in his hand.

He draws the full of his hand of gold pieces from the bag, and counting out sixty pounds on the table before him, he says, looking steadily and sharply at the other man:

"Tomás Sheaghán Ruaidhri will never put the top of his dirty finger on my money. By heavens, he'll not. It is to love and to youth I am giving it."

AN UATHU

SIOTA AR AN “NÍOBHLACÁN.”

(Dhírgeál le comár O n-Dotha)

Óiós ag féachaint timcheall orain an fáro do bí fé ag cannt, ag bpeactnugáó ar an reompa agus an caoi 'n-a raib fé curta le céile agus 'sá fiafruige im' aigheadó féin cá bfuair fé na rúgán ar fáo nuair duháit fé :

“ Tá tú ag déanam iongantair dem' ceaglac agus dem' aicill-róeact. Níac deap-lámác an duine me ? ”

“ 'Seadó, ar m' focal ; áct cá bfuair na rúgán go léir ? Agus má'r uath acá annro, ar nódís ní raib éin-deal leir an mbocán ro i n-éan-cór.”

“ Inneorair mife duit ar ball ; áct an mb'ait leac an uath ar fáo o' feircint ? ”

“ D'ait liom,” arfa mife, “ áct tá fé ró-luac fóf an cóf do cur fúm.”

“ Ní'l, pioc,” ar feirean, “ com fáda ir tá fé reo agat,” agus tós fé maroe cnoire o'n gcúinne agus fin fé eugam é.

“ Ragamaoro amac go fóill go bfeicfid tú mo níogact-ra ar fáo,” ar fé.

“ Áct cá bfuair an maroe cnoire ? ” arfa mife leir.

“ Cuirear le céile i an fáro do bí tú ro' corlaó: Sáb i leir annro anoir agus tabair aife do'n cóir.”

Tós fé an trillfeán o'n mbóro agus o' orgail fé uorap beas taob leir an ceallac agus cuadmar amon irceac. Ní fáca mé a leitéro de raóaric o'n lá rugáó me go dtí fin agus ní fáca mé raóaric mar é ó foim: Bí an reómpa beas déanta go díreac glan ar an scaoi céadna i raib an ceann eile, áct do bí fé lionta ruar go dtí an uorap le harmaib de sac cineál, agus bíodair go léir com glan agus com foillreac foim ir sup daineadar an raóaric díom, nac móf, nuair do cuadar irceac ar uóir: Bíodair ar cnoacó aise óf cionn a céile ar na ballaib eart timcheall an treómpa com fáda ir b'féoir leir rúge o' fágail uóir—gunnai gearra agus piorcail go leór, agus a lán de claiómicid agus de daigneicid—agus bí cuio eile aca cruacá i ngróganais ar an úrlar. Bí úirnéir beas, innedín agus úirliirí gabann i gcúinne; agus binnre agus úirliirí riúinéara i gcúinne eile: Bí an fear agus an áit ag éirige níof airtige sac éan-nóimint:

“ Ir uóis liom go bfuilim fá bpaoróeact,” arfa mife, nuair do tósar lán mo fúl de'n treómpa:

“ Ní'liir, maire, i n-éan-cór,” arfa an “ Níobhlacán.”

THE CAVERN.

From the Novel "An Gioblachán," by Tomás O h-Aodha,
(i.e., Thomas Hayes).

I WAS looking round me, while he was speaking, examining the room and the manner in which it was constructed, and asking myself in my own mind where did he get all the hayropes, when he said:

"You are making a wonder of my dwelling and of my skill. 'Am I not a handy man?'"

"You are, on my word; but where did you get all the hayropes? And if this is a cavern, there was certainly no necessity for the cabin at all."

"I'll tell you by-and-by; but would you wish to see the cavern entirely?"

"I would, indeed," I said, "but it is too soon yet to put the foot under me."

"Not a bit," he replied, "while you have this," and he took a crutch from the corner and handed it to me.

"We shall go out awhile," he said, "until you see my entire kingdom."

"But where did you get the crutch?" I said to him.

"I put it together while you were asleep. Come hither now and take care of the foot."

He took the lamp from the table, opened a little door beside the hearth, and we both went in. I did not see a sight like what I saw since I was born till then, nor did I see a sight like it since. The little room was made exactly in the same way as the other one, but it was filled to the door with arms of every description, and they were all so clean and so bright that they almost dazzled me when I entered first. They were hanging above each other, on the walls round the room, as far as he could find room for them—muskets and pistols in plenty, and many swords and bayonets—and others were stacked in heaps on the floor. There was a little furnace, an anvil, and a smith's tools in one corner, and a bench and a joiner's tools in another corner. The man and the place were getting stranger every moment.

"I think I am under some enchantment," said I, when I had taken the full of my eye of the room.

"You are not, indeed," said the Gioblachán.

He took up one of the guns and rubbed it affectionately with his hand.

“Do tós ré ruar ceann de na gunnaib agur do cuimil ré é go cineálta le n-a láimh.”

“féac,” ar reirean, “nac dear an úirlir i rin. Táinig sí ó Ameriocá agur do cuirfeadh sí piléar tré duine nác móir míle ó baile; ácc éirimio an cuio eile aca arís. Sad i leit annro.”

“D’forsaíl ré doirar eile agur bagair ré amac oim. Níor féadair mo lámh o’ feircint bí ré com doirca roin. Níor cuim-nigear go radamar inr an uaim agur nuair o’ féadair amac duirar.”

“Uc, nac doirca i an oirde!”

Leis an “Sioblaán” rmut gáire ar:

“Nac doirca i an oirde,” arfa gút caob amuis víom: “há! há!” arfa gút eile. Annroin do labair beirt nó triúr eile i n-éinfeadh níor fuide amac, “Uc! nac doirca”—“há! há!”—“an oirde”—“há! há! há!”—“nac”—“nac doirca”—“há! há!”—“an oirde”—“há! há! há!”—agur mar rin leó ag ríogireadh agur ag véanamh madaid fúm go raib an dit lan ruar de gúannaib. Bíodair tíor fúm, tuar or mo cionn, ar m’ádhair amac agur ar sad caob víom. O’ imtígeadair uaim i ndiaid a céile agur o’ írligeadair fá beirfeadh ar nór na raib ionnta ácc ríorannac ag creadh i gcúinnib na huatha.

Deir mire gur bain ré phead aram. Táinig ríannair oim ar ucúr agur na diaid rin táinig iongantair agur uadbair an traois-aíl oim, ar nór náir féadair corruige ar an dit n-a radair im fearaí ar feadh cúis nóiminte. Do bagair an “Sioblaán” irthead oim.

“Mac-alla,” arfa mire, nuair bí an doirar dúnta aige:

“Seadh,” ar ré, “nac bhead é?”

“Níor airigear ruar roimhe reo éan-ruo mar é ácc éan-uair amáin; ácc ní raib teadh ruar ar bit leir reo aige. Tá an uaim go han-móir ir dóca.”

“Bí cinnte de rin. Táir io’ fearaí anoir ar bhuac gága uadbairige agur má tá éan-órolac amáin ann, tá ré ór cionn míle trois i ndoimneadh. Ná téigir ró-fada amac nuair a beadh ag cairbeadh na huatha dúit, nó b’féidir go bfuigthead dúbán io’ ceann; coinnis caob tíar víom-ra agur ní beir baogal ar bit or.”

Tós ré rípeós giuthaire agur cuir ré ríoilc beag na héadair le tuais. Annroin fuair ré rop barrair agur focruis ré irthead ’ran ríoilc é agur car ré an barrac i mbacall mar beadh méarós ar barr na rípeóige. Nuair bí ré focruighe go daingean aige, túm ré an rípeós agur an barrac i bpocta ola agur o’fás ré ann iad go raib an ola rúighe irthead go maic ionnta: Túsar fá ndeara lom-láirthead go raib ré ag véanamh cóirre cun na huatha do cairbeadh dam.

"Look," said he, "is not that a pretty tool? It came from America, and it would put a bullet through a person almost a mile from home; but we'll see the remainder again. Come over here."

He opened another door, and he motioned me out. I could not see my hand it was so dark. I did not recollect that we were in a cavern when I looked out, and I said:

"Ugh! is it not a dark night?"

The Gioblachán let a little laugh out of him.

"Is it not a dark night!" said a voice outside me. "Ha! ha!" said another voice. Then two or three spoke together further out. "Ugh! is it not"—"Ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"Is it not"—"Is it not a dark"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—and so on with them, mimicking and making fun of me till the place was filled with voices. They were beneath me and over my head; they were directly in front of me and on both sides. They faded away one after the other, and they lowered at last so that there was not in them but a whisper, trembling in the corners of the cavern.

I say that I was startled. Fright came on me at first, and afterwards the wonder and awe of the world came on me, so that I could not stir from the place in which I was standing for five minutes. The Gioblachán beckoned me inside.

"An echo," said I, when he had closed the door.

"Yes," said he, "is it not fine?"

"I never before heard anything like it except once, but it could not come near this at all. The cavern is very large, I suppose."

"Be sure of that. You are standing now on the brink of an awful chasm, and if it's an inch, it's over a thousand feet in depth. Do not go too far out when I am showing you the cavern, or perhaps you might get a reeling in your head. Keep behind me and there will be no fear of you."

He took a chip of pinewood, and put a split in its end with a hatchet. Then he got a wisp of tow and fixed it into the split, and twisted it into a knob just like a ball on the top of the chip. When it was firmly fixed, he dipped the chip and the tow into a pot of oil, and left them there until the oil was well soaked into them. I observed directly that he was making a torch in order to show me the cavern.

"This will give us sufficient light now," he said, and he

"Tiubhairt ré seo solas ar n-óráint dúinn anois," ar ré, agus cuir ré teine leis. Cuasómar amac go bhuac na gáa arís. Sae cor do cuireamar óinn do cuir an mac-alla freasra tar air eugainn. O' árvuig an "Sioblacán" an cóirre ór a éionn ar nór go bfuiginn iadarc maic ar an uaim, agus do fear ré go vana amac ar bhuac an puill. Ní déanfaínn féin é dá bfuiginn míle púnt; áet, ar n-óig, mar doir an rean-focal—"Neactn na caicige méavuißeann ré an tarcuirne."

Cé go dtug an cóirre solas breas uair níor féadar iud ar bit o' feircint áet amáin roinnt beas de'n capraig ór mo éionn agus ar gac taob óiom. Amac uainn ní iaid ann áet dorcadar tnom tiug agus ir vóig liom féin náir deín an cóirre áet é do méavuißad. Bí ré com tiug roin gur faoitear go mb' fétuir liom é gearrad le rgin, no mán de tógaint im' láim. Bíor as fiarvuiße óiom féin, an fáir do bíor as féacaint amac, cad do bí foluigte taob ciar de'n dorcadar, agus do bí ré com vaimhair gndineamail rin gur cuir ré uatbár im éoirde.

"Ní'l iomarca le feircint amac uainn no taob tuar óinn," ar' an "Sioblacán," "áet cairbeánair mé dúit anois doimneact an puill." Cuairt ré ar a glúinib:

"Luis ríor agus tarrainis amac go bhuac na cairrige," ar reiréan, "táim cun an cóirre do caiteam ríor."

Luiséar ríor mar o' árvuig ré agus árvuidear amac go hairéac go iaid mo ceann tar bhuac na gáa. Do veín ré féin an iud céavna: Cait ré an cóirre amac uair agus ríor agus ríor leis trío an dorcadar. Bíor as bpat gac éan-nóimint go mbuail-fead ré an cóin áet níor buail; agus níor cairbeán ré éan-iud, vóinn. Bíor as fairé air go vci ná iaid ann áet rrréac. Táinig pian im' fúilib agus vóván im' ceann ó veit as féacaint air, agus do éirtear go rmiór. Fá veiréad do cailleamar iadarc air ar fáo.

"Anois, cad veir tú," ar' an "Sioblacán" irteac im' éluair nuair bí an cóirre imcigte ar iadarc:

"Leis dam go fóill," ar'ra mire, "go gcuirfid mé leitead na cairrige roir mé féin agus an poll uatbárac áo." Agus do cuasdar as lapadail irteac ran mbotán. Ní leisfead an easla vām éirge im' fearam go iadarc irciß, agus bíor mar dúine do bead i n-áirde ar luarsán. Táinig an "Sioblacán" irteac im' diar agus dúin ré an doirar.

"Ir árvéac agus ir millteac an áit i seo," ar'ra mire, "agus tá gneim im' éoirde le huatbár."

"Bíor féin mar rin ar vóir," ar' an "Sioblacán," "agus i bpat níor meara ná tá tura anois, mar ir beas náir tuirtear irteac ar mullac mo éinn ran gás an tarna huair do tángar

set fire to it. We went out to the brink of the chasm again. Every stir we made the echo sent us back an answer. The Gioblachán raised the torch over his head, so as that I would get a good view of the cavern, and he stoód out boldly on the edge of the chasm. I would not do it myself if I got a thousand pounds; but, no doubt, as the proverb says, "Familiarity breeds contempt."

Though the torch gave fine light, I could not see a thing, except a portion of the rock above me and at each side. Out from us there was nothing but a heavy, thick darkness, and I believe myself the torch only increased it. It was so dense that I thought it possible to cut it with a knife, or to take a handful of it in my hand. I was asking myself while I was looking out what was hidden behind the darkness; for it was so hideously gloomy that it filled my heart with terror.

"There is not much to be seen in front of us or above us," said the Gioblachán; "but I shall show you the depth of the chasm now."

He went on his knees.

"Lie down and draw out to the edge of the rock," said he "I am about to fling down the torch."

I lay down as he ordered, and moved out carefully till my head was over the brink of the chasm. He did the same thing himself. He threw the torch out from him and down, down with it through the darkness. I was expecting every moment that it would strike the bottom, but it did not, and it showed us nothing. I was watching it till there was in it but a spark. A pain came in my eyes and a reeling in my head from being looking at it, and I trembled to the marrow. At last we lost sight of it altogether.

"Now what do you say?" said the Gioblachán into my ear when the torch had disappeared.

"Let me be awhile," said I, "until I put the breadth of the rock between myself and that dreadful hole," and I went crawling into the cabin. The fear would not allow me to rise until I was inside, and I felt like one who would be on a swing. The Gioblachán came in after me and shut the door.

"This is a strange and dreadful place," I said, "and there is a 'lite' in my heart with terror."

"I was like that first," said the Gioblachán, "and far worse than you are now, for it is little but I fell head foremost into the chasm the second time I came here; but I am used to it now and do not mind it."

annro ; ácc tá caitíge aSAM aip anoir aSUR ní cuirim ruim aip bit ann."

Tós ré anuar bóga aSUR faigean do bí aise ran mbotán aS o: ná

"Cairbeánraib mé leiceao na gága duit anoir."

Fuaip ré máim bairraig aSUR car ré aip díor na faigoe é aSUR dein ré cóirre de mar do dein ré de'n cúlireobis noime rin: Nuair bí a bócaint ola fáigte aS an mbairrae, do cuip ré teine leir aSUR o'oráil ré an doir: "féac amac anoir," ar ré aSUR ríaoil ré uair é trío an doircaoir leir an mbóga. Cuair an craigean aSUR an rop bairraig aip lafao go foillreac amac, b'féoiri céao ríac, gan an caob éall do bualaó ; aSUR annroin do claonuis ré ríor i noiaib a céile aSUR tuit ré mar do tuit an cóirre, aSUR i gceann camail do fluigean i noimneac na gága é gan éan-ruo do cairbeánt uáinn. Ní mío a náó sup méaduis ré reo an méao iongantair do bí im' éioirde céana:

Cuip ré ríol caob amuis de'n doir. "Suir ríor annro go fóil," ar reirean, "go scuipíó cá aicne aip an scuibeactain a bíonn annro aSAM go minic."

an mac alla:

Rug ré aip ceann de na sunnaib aSUR cuip ré píleir ann: Sul a raib a ríor aSAM cao do bí gá déanam aise o' áruis ré an sunna aSUR caic ré urcar ar.

"Comraige de cúgáinn," aipa mipe, aSUR do preebar im fearaib leir an ngeit do bain ré aram. Saoilear go raib an ríab aS tuitim irceac oráinn. O'éirig an mac alla mar blaom cóirrige, aSUR bí an fuaim com huacárac roin sup moctigear an bárraig aS críteao fúm. O'imcig ré uáinn aSUR táinig ré aip aip aip aSUR aip eile, ar nó sup o'éigín dam mo méaraca do cup im' cluaraib cun an "ruaile buaile" do congóilic amac. Ar ocar bí ré com boirb bagarac leir an cóirrig; annroin bí ré go garb glugarac fa mar beao fuaim na faiprige aS bupreao go trom ar clócar ríaga; aSUR n-a diaib rin bí ré an-coraíail leir an dfuaim do tiucrao ó claoe aS tuitim, no ó triucaillib do beao aS gabail car bócar garb; aSUR trío an doctrom aSUR an trurcar go léir táinig cúgáinn fuaim mar pléargaó sunnaí móir i dfao uáinn. Caic an "Sioblaán" a do nó a trí o'urcaraib eile aSUR bí fonn aip leanaíaint do'n gno, ácc o'iaipar aip a tabairt ruar. Bí an mac alla go han-dreag aip fao ácc bí mo bócaint aSAM de an uair rin go háirte: ácc ní

He took down a bow-and-arrow, which he had in the cabin, saying :

"I shall show you the breadth of the chasm now."

He got a handful of tow, and wound it round the point of the arrow, and made a torch of it, as he did of the pinewood chip previously. When it had soaked a sufficient quantity of oil he set fire to it, and opened the door.

"Look out now," said he, and he sent the torch away through the darkness by means of the bow. The arrow, with the wisp of tow lighting brightly, went out, perhaps, a hundred yards without striking the other side; then it inclined downwards gradually, and fell as the torch did, and after awhile it was swallowed in the depths of the chasm without showing anything to us. It is unnecessary to say that this increased the wonder which was already in my heart.

He placed a stool outside the door.

"Sit down here awhile," said he, "until you make the acquaintance of the company I have, often here."

THE ECHO.

FROM "AN GIOBLACHÁN," BY THOMAS HAYES.

He took one of the guns and put a cartridge in it. Before I knew what he was about he raised the gun and fired a shot.

"The protection of God to us!" said I, and I jumped to my feet with the start he gave me. I thought the mountain was falling in on us. The echo arose like a burst of thunder, and the sound was so awful that I felt the rock trembling beneath me. It faded away and came back, again and again, so that it was necessary for me to put my fingers in my ears to keep out the roar of it. At first it was as fiercely threatening as thunder, then it was roughly rumbling, just like the sound of the sea breaking heavily on a stony shore, and afterwards it closely resembled the sound that would arise from the falling of a dry wall, or from carts going over a rough road; and through all the clamour and confusion came a noise like the explosion of big guns far away. The Gioblachán fired two or three other shots, and he was inclined to continue the business, but I asked him to desist. The echo was very fine indeed, but I had got quite enough of it, for this time at all

faid an “Sioblaán” páirta fóir: Cíos ré annaí fíoil bí ar
cnoíad, de’n d’alla, agus cuip ré i gcóir í:

“An taitneann ceól leat?” ar reirean:

“Taitneann go maí,” arís mair, “cá rpeir móir agam ann i
scomnuíde.”

“Má’r mar rin ad an rgeal,” ar ré, “geobair tú ceól anoir
nó niam.”

“Má cá ré mar an ceól do tug an mac alla uair ó cianair
ná bac leir.”

“Éir,” ar reirean, ag leigint gáire ar, “agus tabair do
bheit nuair táim criochnuigte.”

Cornuig ré ag reinn, agus dá mbéinn ag caint go ceann feact-
maíne ní féadfaínn tuaraghdáil ceart do tabairt ar an
gcóirfeinn d’éiríse fan uaim: D’luinn an beirleatódair an
“Sioblaán” agus bí ré ’n-a cúmar, “ó neart na taitise,” ir
dóca, ceól do buairt ar an mac alla com maí leir an bfiol:
Dá mbead gac éin-gléar ceól i n-éirínn bailigte irteac i n-éan-
halla amáin agus iad go léir ar riudal i n-éirfeact, ní féadfaí
riad ceól níor binne ná níor áilne ná níor taitneamaisge do
tabairt uata ná an ceól do tug an fíoil agus an mac alla dáinn
an oíde ú: Cíos ré an crioide agus an t-anam aram: Níor
mótuigeat pian ná tuirre ná eagla ná éinníó eile act amáin
doirdeat agus páram aigníó an faid do bí an “Sioblaán” ag
reinn agus d’fanfaínn annróin ag éirteact leir ar fead lae
agus oíde san beir tuirfeac de:

Nuair bí ré páirta cuip ré uair an fíoil agus cornuig ré ag
caint ar ceól na héirneann agus bí cuip ríor móir agáinn mar geall
air. Cainteoir áluinn dob’ ead an “Sioblaán” agus d’ait
leat beir ag éirteact leir: Da liomta agus da léigeannta na
rmaointe do bí aise agus do tuir an gaeóilg ó n-a beal com
blaró le ceól: Ní faid ré dall ar éinníó: Do bíor ag rmaoin-
eam, anoir agus arís, an faid do bí ré ag caint, ar an gcaoi ’na
faid re ag caiteam a códa aimpíre agus ag riapruige díom féin
cad é an fáct bí leir. Díor veimneac go faid ré leat-éadrom
agus gur d’in é an diall go faid ré ag imteact, mar a deapfá, le
naer an traogail agus ag cuip a muinéil i gcontabairt; act ní
faid ríor agam an uair rin ar an méir ar cuair ré trío:

Níor leis ré dam dul no-fada leir na rmaointeí reo mar
carraing ré cuise feadóg agus cornuig ré ag reinn uirí. Dá
feadar an ceól do buairt ré ar an bfiol, d’feair ná rin feact
n-uair an ceól do buairt ré ar an bfeadóg. Do fáruig ré ar
gac uile nio d’airigeat ruar go dtí rin. Ní cuibíad éanlaic na
cruinne dá mbeirí go léir ’ran uaim ag cantain le céile ceól

events. But he was not satisfied yet. He took down a fiddle which was hanging on the wall, and got it ready.

"Do you like music?" said he.

"I do, well," I said. "I always take a great delight in it."

"If that is so," said he, "you'll get music now or never."

"If it is like the music which the echo gave us awhile ago, do not mind it."

"Listen," said he, laughing, "and pass judgment when I am finished."

He began playing, and if I were speaking for a week, I could not give a proper description of the harmony which arose in the cavern. The Gioblachán was a splendid violinist, and he was able, from experience I suppose, to take music from the echo as well as from the violin. If every musical instrument in Ireland was gathered into one great hall, and that they were all playing together, they could not give sweeter, nor more beautiful, nor more delightful, music than the fiddle and the echo gave us that night. It lifted the heart and soul out of me. I felt no pain, no weariness, no fear, no anything but delight and satisfaction of mind, while the Gioblachán was playing, and I would stay there listening to him for a day and a night without being tired.

When he was satisfied he put aside the violin, and began to talk about the music of Ireland, and we had a long chat about it. The Gioblachán was a splendid speaker, and you would like to be listening to him. His ideas and thoughts were refined and learned, and the Irish fell from his lips as sweetly as music. He was not ignorant about anything. I was thinking, now and again, while he was speaking, of the way in which he was spending his time, and asking myself what was the reason for it. I was certain that he was half crazy, and that was why he was drifting, as you might say, with the winds of the world, and putting his neck in danger; but I had no knowledge then of all he had suffered.

He did not let me go too far with those thoughts, for he drew out a flute and began playing on it. Though excellent the music which he extracted from the fiddle, the music which he took from the flute was seven times better. It excelled everything I had heard till then. All the birds of the universe, if they were gathered in the cavern singing together, could not give more heavenly or more delectable music. The flute brought out the echo far better than anything else.

níor neamhda ná níor doibne uata: "Do tug an fearós an mac alla amac i bfuad níor fearr agus níor binne ná éan-ruo eile.

"Cao deir tú leir rin?" ar' an "Sioblaicín" nuair gshuic ré dá reinneamhaint:

"Ní fearadur fód," ar'ra mire, "ná fuilim fá úraoideact. Úa mbeinn as caint ar fearó lae agus bliatna, ní fearadainn a innpinc tuic an méad doibneir agus taitnín agus fáraim éoróde do tug an ceól úo dam. Ní'l éin-teact ruar leat."

"Ná bac leir an bplámár anoir," ar' an "Sioblaicín."

"Ní'lim as plámár i n-éan-cór," ar'ra mire, act b'féoiri gur éirce dam a ráó ná fuil éin teact ruar le deaplámact an "fín i n-áiríoe."

"Tá tú as caint go ciallmair anoir," ar reirean, as cur gshuic ar.

"B'féoiri é," ar'ra mire, "act bíor cun a ráó nuair bíor as éirteact leat—"

"Agus leir an mac alla," ar reirean.

"Agus leir an mac alla, ar easla an plámáir—do cuir ré i n-uíail dam an tuaragbáil do léigear agus do cualar go minic i ucaob ceóil na n-áingear ir na flaitir."

"Ní'lim éiríocnuigte i n-éan-cór fód," ar reirean, agus o'éirig ré 'n-a fearam.

Tornuig ré as amháin. Bí gur breag fonnmair ceólmair as an "nSioblaicín" agus níor cáil re éanruo i ucaob deic iteig ran uaim. Ní fearadur féin cia aca do b'fearr cun an mac alla do tadairt amac—an fíoil, an fearós nó gur an "Sioblaicín"—nó cia aca a raib an bairr aige i gcóimfeinn; act ir uóig liom gur fáruig an gur oíra go léir. Cualar tui céao uaoine as gabáil amháin i n-éirteact éan-uair amháin i halla móir i m'áile-áca-cliaic; act cé go raib an ceól agus an cóimfeinn go han-breag ar fáo, ní raib éin-teact ruar aige le ceól an "Sioblaicín" nuair tug ré uair "An Raib tú as an gCarragis," agus nuair do bí an mac alla agus an uóro do cuir ré ruar ran uaim as cuiteactain leir:

“What do you say to that?” said the Gioblachán, when he ceased playing.

“I don’t know yet, but I am under some spell,” said I. “If I were talking for a year and a day, I could not describe to you the amount of pleasure, and delight, and satisfaction of heart, that music gave me. There is no coming near you.”

“Do not mind the flattery now,” said the Gioblachán.

“I am not flattering at all,” I said; “but perhaps it would be more correct to say there is no coming near the handiwork of the Creator.”

“You are talking sensibly now,” he said, laughing.

“Perhaps so,” said I; “but I was about to say when I was listening to you—”

“And to the echo,” he said.

“And to the echo—to guard against flattery—it reminded me of the descriptions which I often read and heard about the angel music in heaven.”

“I am not finished at all yet,” he said, and he stood up.

He began to sing. The Gioblachán had a fine resonant musical voice, and it lost nothing by being in the cavern. I do not know which of them was the best to bring out the echo—the violin, the flute, or the Gioblachán’s voice—or which of them excelled in harmony; but I think his singing surpassed the others. I heard three hundred people singing together in a great hall in Dublin at one time, but though the music and the harmony were very, very fine, they could not come near the Gioblachán’s singing when he rendered “Were You at the Rock,” and when the echo and the musical murmur which he aroused in the cavern were accompanying him.

CÁSA D' AN TS'U'GÁIN:

DRAMA AON-GHÍMÍ:

na "daoine":—

TOMÁS O h-ANNRÁCÁIN; file Connactac atá ar teacarán,
máire ní RÍOGÁIN, bean an tíge:

ÚNA, ingean máire:

SÉAMUS O h-ÍARÁINN, atá luaithe le Úna:

SÍGLE, cómarra do máire:

Píobaire, cómaranna agus daoine eile:

ÁIT:—

Teac feilméir i gCúige Mháin céad bliadan ó foim. Tá sí ar
agus mná as uil thí a céile in san tíg, no 'na fearam coir
na mballa, amail agus dá mbeir damra criochnuighe acas.
Tá Tomás O h-Annraacán as caint le Úna i bfiór-tórac na
rúide: Tá an píobaire as fársad a píobairé ar, le corusad
ar feinn arís, áit do beir Séamús O h-Íarainn deoc cúige,
agus fearann ré: Tagann fear ós go h-Úna le n-a tabairt
amach ar an uirlár cum damra, áit uilteann sí dó:

ÚNA:—Ná bí m'boobugad anoir: Nac bfeiceann tú go bfuil
mé as éirteact le n-a bfuil feirean 'a ráb liom: [Leir an
h-Annraacán]: lean leat, cao é rin do bí tú 'ráb ar ball?

TOMÁS O h-ANNRÁCÁIN.—Cao é do bí an bovac rin 'a
iarrad ort?

ÚNA:—As iarrad damra ort, do bí ré; áit ní ciúbráinn
dó éi

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.—Ír cinnte nac uilteact: Ír dóig, ní mearrann
tú go leigfínn-re do buine ar bit damra leat, com fáo agus
tá mire ann ro: Á! a Úna, ní raib rólar ná pócamail asam le
faoa go ucláimé mé ann ro anoct agus go bfeicad mé turá!

ÚNA.—Cao é an rólar uil mire?

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.—Nuair atá maide leat-dóigte in san
teine, nac bfeicann ré rólar nuair uilteact uirge ar?

ÚNA.—Ír dóig, ní'l turá leat-dóigte.

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.—Tá mé, agus tá trí ceatramna de mo
craide, dóigte agus loirgte agus caitte, as troio leir an
raogal, agus an raogal as troio liom-rai

ÚNA.—Ní fécann tú com dona rin!

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.—Ué! a Úna ní Ríogáin, ní'l aon eolár asao-
ra ar beata an dáiré doict, atá san teac san téas ar san tíog-

THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

HANRAHAN.—*A wandering poet.*

SHEAMUS O'HERAN.—*Engaged to OONA.*

MAURYA.—*The woman of the house.*

SHEELA.—*A neighbor.*

OONA.—*Maurya's daughter.*

Neighbors and a piper who have come to Maurya's house for a dance.

SCENE.—*A farmer's house in Munster a hundred years ago. Men and women moving about and standing round the wall as if they had just finished a dance. HANRAHAN, in the foreground, talking to OONA.*

The piper is beginning a preparatory drone for another dance, but SHEAMUS brings him a drink and he stops. A man has come and holds out his hand to OONA, as if to lead her out, but she pushes him away.

OONA.—Don't be bothering me now ; don't you see I'm listening to what he is saying. [*To HANRAHAN*] Go on with what you were saying just now.

HANRAHAN.—What did that fellow want of you ?

OONA.—He wanted the next dance with me, but I wouldn't give it to him.

HANRAHAN.—And why would you give it to him ? Do you think I'd let you dance with anyone but myself as long as I am here. Ah, Oona, I had no comfort or satisfaction this long time until I came here to-night, and till I saw yourself.

OONA.—What comfort am I to you ?

HANRAHAN.—When a stick is half-burned in the fire, does it not get comfort when water is poured on it ?

OONA.—But sure, you are not half-burned ?

HANRAHAN.—I am, and three-quarters of my heart is burned, and scorched and consumed, struggling with the world and the world struggling with me.

OONA.—You don't look that bad.

HANRAHAN.—Oh, Oona ni Regaun, you have not knowledge of the life of a poor bard, without house or home or havings,

dar, áct é ag imteacht agus ag ríor-imteacht le fán ar fuo an traoḡail móir, san duine ar bit leir áct é féin. Ní'l maidin in san treachtmain nuair éirísim ruar nac n-abraim liom féin go mb'feárr dam an uais 'ná an feachán. Ní'l don ruo ag fearaí dam áct an bponntanur do fuair mé ó Uia—mo cuio adránu nuair coraisim oppa rin, imtígeann mo dhón agus mo duairdeas díom, agus ní cuimnísim níor mó ar mo géar-ghá! agus ar mo mí-áó. Agus anoir, ó connaic mé turá, a Uia, éim go bfuil ruo eile ann, níor binne 'ná na n-adráin féin!

Uia.—Iy iongantac an bponntanur ó Uia an dárvuigeact. Com fada agus tá rin ágaó nac bfuil tú níor faróbre na luét rúic agus rúoir, luét bó agus eal aís.

MAC Uí h-ANN.—A! a Uia, iy móir an beannact áct iy móir an mallact, leir, do duine é do deit 'na dárv. Feuc mire! bfuil caparó agam ar an raogal ro? Bfuil fear b. ó ar maic leir mé? Bfuil gháó ag duine ar bit orm? Dim ag imteacht, mo cadán doct donpánac, ar fuo an traoḡail, mar Oirín anuais na féinne. Dionn ruat ag h-uile duine orm, ní'l ruat ágaó-ra orm, a Uia?

Uia.—Ná n-abair ruo mar rin, ní féoir go bfuil ruat ag duine ar bit ort-rí.

MAC Uí h-ANN.—Tar liom agus fuirímir i gcúinne an tise le céile, agus déarfáir mé duic an t-adráin do rinne mé duic. Iy ort-ra rinnear é.

[Imtígeann ruo go dtí an coirneull iy faróe ón rúar, agus fuirdeann ruo anaice le céile.]

[Tis Sígle arceac.]

SÍGLE.—Cáinis mé cugao com luat agus v'feuo mé.

MÁIRE.—Céao fáilte rómao:

SÍGLE.—Cao tá ar rúbal ag v anoir?

MÁIRE.—Ag corugao atámuir. Bí don porc amáin agáinn, agus anoir tá an piobaire ag ól uige. Corócair an damra arí nuair déirdear an piobaire péir.

SÍGLE.—Tá na daoine ag bailiugao arceac go maic, bíro damra breá agáinn.

MÁIRE.—Bíro a Sígle, áct tá fear aca ann agus b'feair liom amuis ná arcis é! Feuc é.

SÍGLE.—Iy ar an brear fada donn atá tú ag caint, nac eao? An fear rin atá ag cóirpáó com dlút rin le Uia in san scoir-neull anoir. Cá'r b'ar é, no cia h-é féin?

MÁIRE.—Sin é an rírairce iy mó cáinis i n-éirínn aríam, Tomár O h-Annapácin cugann ruo air, áct Tomár Rógaire buó cóir do dáirceao air, i gceart. Óra! nac ruo an mí-áó orm, é do ceact arceac cugáinn, cor ar bit, anocht!

but he going and ever going a-drifting through the wide world, without a person with him but himself. There is not a morning in the week when I rise up that I do not say to myself that it would be better to be in the grave than to be wandering. There is nothing standing to me but the gift I got from God, my share of songs; when I begin upon them, my grief and my trouble go from me, I forget my persecution and my ill luck, and now, since I saw you Oona, I see there something that is better even than the songs.

OONA.—Poetry is a wonderful gift from God, and as long as you have that, you are more rich than the people of stock and store, the people of cows and cattle.

HANRAHAN.—Ah, Oona, it is a great blessing, but it is a great curse as well for a man, he to be a poet. Look at me! have I a friend in this world? Is there a man alive who has a wish for me, is there the love of anyone at all on me? I am going like a poor lonely barnacle goose throughout the world; like Usheen after the Fenians; every person hates me. You do not hate me, Oona?

OONA.—Do not say a thing like that; it is impossible that anyone would hate you.

HANRAHAN.—Come and we will sit in the corner of the room together, and I will tell you the little song I made for you: it is for you I made it. [*They go to a corner and sit down together. SHEELA comes in at the door.*]

SHEELA.—I came to you as quick as I could.

MAURYA.—And a hundred welcomes to you.

SHEELA.—What have you going on now?

MAURYA.—Beginning we are; we had one jig, and now the piper is drinking a glass. They'll begin dancing again in a minute when the piper is ready.

SHEELA.—There are a good many people gathering in to you to-night. We will have a fine dance.

MAURYA.—Maybe so, Sheela, but there's a man of them there, and I'd sooner him out than in.

SHEELA.—It's about the long brown man you are talking, isn't it? The man that is in close talk with Oona in the corner. Where is he from and who is he himself?

MAURYA.—That's the greatest vagabond ever came into Ireland; Tumaus Hanrahan they call him, but it's Hanrahan the rogue he ought to have been christened by right. Aurah, wasn't there the misfortune on me, him to come in to us at all to-night.

SÍGLÉ.—Cia'n fóirt tuine é? Nac fear véanta abráin ar Connacáid é? Cualaíó mé caint air, céana, agus veir ríao nac bfuil damróir eile i n-Eirinn com maic leir: buó maic liom a feicfint as damra:

MÁIRE.—Sráin go veó ar an mbiteamhac! Tá' r' asam-ra go ró maic cia 'n cineál acá ann, mar bí fóirt carcanair ioir é féin agus an céao-fear do bí asam-ra, agus ír mimic cualaíó mé ó 'Diamuro doct (go n'véanaíó Dia trócaire air!) cia 'n fóirt tuine bí ann. Bí ré 'na máisicir rsoile, fíor i gConnacáid, acé díóó h-uile cleaf aise buó meara ná a céile. As fíor-véanam abráin do díóó ré, agus as ól uirge beata, agus as cur imuir ar bun amearg na gcómarán le n-a curo cainte. Veir ríao nac bfuil bean in rna cúis cúisíó nac meallfao ré. Ír meara é ná 'Dómnall na Sreine fao ó. Acé buó é veiréao an rseil gur ruais an rgaric amac ar an bparáirte é ar fao. Fuair ré aic eile ann rin, acé lean ré do na cleafannaíó céana, gur ruaiséao amac air é, agus air eile, leir. Agus anoir ní'l aic ná teac ná vaoíó aise acé é veit as gabail na tíre, as véanam abráin agus as fásail lóirín na h-oirce ó na vaoimíó. Ní vóil-tócaíó tuine ar bit é, mar tá faicíóir oppa ríome. Ír móir an file é, agus b'éiríó go n'véanfao ré rann oir do sneamócaó go veó vóit, vó scuirfao fearg air.

SÍGLÉ.—Go bfuiríó Dia oppáinn: Acé créao do tug arteac anocé é?

MÁIRE.—Bí ré as cairteal na tíre, agus cualaíó ré go ríao damra le veit ann ro, agus táimis ré arteac, mar bí eólar aise oppáinn,—bí ré móir go leóir le mo céao-fear. Ír iongantac mar tá ré as véanam amac a flige-beata, cor ar bit, agus san aise acé a curo abráin: Veir ríao nac bfuil aic a rícaíó ré nac vóugánn na mná sráó, agus nac vóugánn na fíir fuac vó:

SÍGLÉ [as breit ar gualáinn Máire].—Iompúis do céann, a Máire, feuch é anoir; é féin agus v' ingean-ra, agus aní vó iloisíonn buailte ara céile: Tá ré car éir abráin do véanam ví, agus tá ré v'á múnao ví as cogarnuis in a cluar. Óra, an bíteamhac! veiró ré as cur a curo pírreóis ar úna anoir.

MÁIRE.—Oc ón! go veó! Nac mí-ádamail táimis ré! Tá ré as caint le úna h-uile móimíó ó táimis ré arteac, trí uaire ó foin: Rinne mé mo vóicíoll le n-a rgaráó ó céile, acé teir ré oim. Tá úna doct tugá do h-uile fóirt fean-abráin agus fean-ráiméir ve rsealtáid, agus ír binn leir an gcréacóir veit as éirteac leir; mar tá beal aise rin do bréasfao an ríolac ve'n cráoib: Tá' r' asao go bfuil an póraó ríeóte rocuirte

SHEELA.—What sort of a person is he? Isn't he a man that makes songs, out of Connacht? I heard talk of him before, and they say there is not another dancer in Ireland so good as him. I would like to see him dance.

MAURYA.—Bad luck to the vagabond! It is well I know what sort he is, because there was a kind of friendship between himself and the first husband I had, and it's often I heard from poor Diarmuid—the Lord have mercy on him!—what sort of person he was. He was a schoolmaster down in Connacht, but he used to have every trick worse than another, ever making songs he used to be, and drinking whiskey and setting quarrels afoot among the neighbours with his share of talk. They say there isn't a woman in the five provinces that he wouldn't deceive. He is worse than Donal na Greina long ago. But the end of the story is that the priest routed him out of the parish altogether; he got another place then, and followed on at the same tricks until he was routed out again, and another again with it. Now he has neither place nor house nor anything, but he to be going the country, making songs and getting a night's lodging from the people. Nobody will refuse him, because they are afraid of him. He's a great poet, and maybe he'd make a rann on you that would stick to you for ever, if you were to anger him.

SHEELA.—God preserve us, but what brought him in to-night?

MAURYA.—He was traveling the country and he heard there was to be a dance here, and he came in because he knew us; he was rather great with my first husband. It is wonderful how he is making out his way of life at all, and he with nothing but his share of songs. They say that there is no place that he'll go to that the women don't love him and that the men don't hate him.

SHEELA (*catching MAURYA by the shoulder*).—Turn your head, Maurya, look at him now, himself and your daughter, and their heads together; he's whispering in her ear; he's after making a poem for her and he's whispering it in her ear. Oh, the villain, he'll be putting his spells on her now.

MAURYA.—Ohone, go deo! isn't a misfortune that he came? He's talking every moment with Oona since he came in three hours ago. I did my best to separate them from each other, but it failed me. Poor Oona is given up to every sort of old songs and old made-up stories, and she thinks it sweet to be listening to him. The marriage is settled between herself and

tuair úna agus Séamuis O h-Iarann ann sin, fáste ó'n lí mór. Tug Séamuis bocht as an tuisle agus é as páipe oile. Tug sé agus Séamuis air. Is fúru a fíochu go mbuó éad le Séamuis an tséamuis sin do cacta an móimio seo. Tá fíochu níos fúru go mbuó an ceann iomparáste ar úna le n-a curo blao-antéad. Com cinnce a'f tá mé deo, cuccaró oile ar an ordce seo.

SÍGLE.—Agus nac b'féadfa a cur amac ?

MÁIRE.—T'féadfainn ; ní'l uaine ann go do curocódad leis. muna mbuó bean no dó. Ác is fíle mór é, agus tá mallact as go go fíochu na cinnce agus do réadfa na cloca. Deir fíle go b'féadfa an fíle in san cala, agus go n-imtígeann a fíle uaine ó na bac nuair tugann fíle map é sin a mallact uair, má fuaisgeann uaine ar an ceac é. Ác uá mbuó fé amuis, uair mo bannuibe nac leigfínn arceach arís é.

SÍGLE.—Uá nacad fé féin amac go coileamail, wí deit don b'is in a curo mallact ann sin ?

MÁIRE.—Ní deit. Ác ní nacad fé amac go coileamail, agus ní tís liom-ra a fuasad amac ar eagla a mallact.

SÍGLE.—féuc Séamuis bocht: Tá fé uil anonn go n-úna:

[Éirígeann Séamuis 7 téirdeann fé go n-úna.]

SÉAMUS.—An noamrócad tú an píl seo liom-ra, a úna, nuair déirdear an píobaire féir:

MÁC UÍ N-ANN [as éirge].—Is mife Tomár O h-Annraáin, agus tá mé as labairt le úna ní Ríogáin anoir, agus com fad agus déirdear fonn uirre-re deit as caint liom-ra ní leigfí mé u'adon uaine eile do ceac eadrainn.

SÉAMUS [san aire ar Mác Uí n-Annraáin].—Nac noamrócad tú liom, a úna ?

MÁC UÍ N-ANN [go fíochu].—Nár duairt mé leat anoir gur liom-ra do bí úna ní Ríogáin as caint ? Imtís leat ar an móimio, a doadís, agus ná tós clampar ann go:

SÉAMUS.—A úna—

MÁC UÍ N-ANN [as béicil].—Fás sin !

[Imtígeann Séamuis agus tís fé go uil an deit fean-mhaol.]

SÉAMUS.—A Máire ní Ríogáin, tá mé as iarrad ceao or-ra an tsairte ní-damail meirgeamail sin do caitéam amac ar an tís: Má leigean tú dam, cuirfí mife agus mo deit deap-brácar amac é, agus nuair déirdear fé amuis rochrócad mife leis.

SHEAMUS O'Herin there, a quarter from to-day. Look at poor Sheamus at the door, and he watching them. There is grief and hanging of the head on him; it's easy to see that he'd like to choke the vagabond this minute. I am greatly afraid that the head will be turned on Oona with his share of blathering. As sure as I am alive there will come evil out of this night.

SHEELA.—And couldn't you put him out?

MAURYA.—I could. There's no person here to help him unless there would be a woman or two; but he is a great poet, and he has a curse that would split the trees and that would burst the stones. They say the seed will rot in the ground and the milk go from the cows when a poet like him makes a curse, if a person routed him out of the house; but if he were once out, I'll go bail that I wouldn't let him in again.

SHEELA.—If himself were to go out willingly, there would be no virtue in his curse then?

MAURYA.—There would not, but he will not go out willingly, and I cannot rout him out myself for fear of his curse.

SHEELA.—Look at poor Sheamus. He is going over to her. [SHEAMUS gets up and goes over to her.]

SHEAMUS.—Will you dance this reel with me, Oona, as soon as the piper is ready?

HANRAHAN (*rising up*).—I am Tumaus Hanrahan, and I am speaking now to Oona ni Regaun, and as long as she is willing to be talking to me, I will allow no living person to come between us.

SHEAMUS (*without heeding HANRAHAN*).—Will you not dance with me, Oona?

HANRAHAN (*savagely*).—Didn't I tell you now that it was to me Oona ni Regaun was talking? Leave that on the spot, you clown, and do not raise a disturbance here.

SHEAMUS.—Oona——

HANRAHAN (*shouting*).—Leave that! (SHEAMUS goes away and comes over to the two old women).

SHEAMUS.—Maurya Regaun, I am asking permission of you to throw that ill-mannerly, drunken vagabond out of the house. Myself and my two brothers will put him out if you will allow us; and when he's outside I'll settle with him,

MÁIRE.—O! a Séamair, ná déan. Tá faicéoir oim roime
tá mallact aise rin do rgoiltead na cnainn, veir riao:

SÉAMAS.—Ir cuma liom má tá mallact aise do leasrao na
rpearta. Ir oim-ra tuiciró ré, asur cuirim mo búbflán raoi.
Dá marbócaó ré mé ar an móimio ní leigiró mé do a cuio pír-
treos do cup ar úna. A Máire, tabair 'm ceao:

SÍGLE.—Ná déan rin, a Séamuir, tá cómairle níor fearr 'ná
rin asam-ra.

SÉAMUS.—Cia an cómairle i rin?

SÍGLE.—Tá rúge in mo ceann asam le n-a cup amac: má
leanann ríó-re mo cómairle-re raóaró re féin amac cóm rocair
le uan, d'á toil féin, asur nuair geobair ríó amuis é, buailió
an doirur air, asur ná leigiró arceac air go brát é.

MÁIRE.—Rat ó Dia oir, asur innir dam cao é tá in do ceann.

SÍGLE.—Déanfamaoio é cóm dear asur cóm rimpl de asur
connaic tú ariam. Cuirimio é as carao ruzán go bfuigimio
amuis é, asur buailrimio an doirur air ann rin.

MÁIRE.—Ir forur a ráó, ácc ní forur a déanam. Déanfaió
re leat "déan ruzán, tú féin."

SÍGLE.—Déanfamaoio, ann rin, nac bfaóaró duine ar bit ann
ro ruzán féir ariam, nac bfuil duine ar bit an ran cig ar féoir
leir ceann aca déanam.

SÉAMUS.—Ácc an gceoiró ré ruo mar rin—nac bfaóamar
ruzán riam?

SÍGLE.—An gceoiró ré, an eao? Ceoiró ré ruo ar bit,
ceoiróeao ré go raio ré féin 'na rúg ar éirinn nuair aca glaine
óica aise, mar aca anoir.

SÉAMUS.—Ácc cao é an cpoiceann cuirfeair rinn ar an
mbreis reo,—go bfuil ruzán féir as ceartaí uainn?

MÁIRE.—Smuain ar cpoicionn do cup air rin, a Séamuir.

SÉAMUS.—Déanfaió mé go bfuil an saot as eirúe asur go
bfuil cúmóac an tise d'á rguabao leir an rcoirm, asur go
gcairrimio ruzán carraingc air.

MÁIRE.—Ácc má éirceann ré as an doirur bíró fíor aise nac
bzuil saot ná rcoirm ann. Smuain ar cpoicionn eile, a Séamuir.

SÍGLE.—'Noir, tá an cómairle ceart asam-ra: Adair go

MAUREYA.—Sheamus, do not; I am afraid of him. That man has a curse, they say, that would split the trees.

SHEAMUS.—I don't care if he had a curse that would overthrow the heavens; it is on me it will fall, and I defy him! If he were to kill me on the moment, I will not allow him to put his spells on Oona. Give me leave, Maurya.

SHEELA.—Do not, Sheamus. I have a better advice than that.

SHEAMUS.—What advice is that?

SHEELA.—I have a way in my head to put him out. If you follow my advice he will go out himself as quiet as a lamb, and when you get him out slap the door on him, and never let him in again.

MAUREYA.—Luck from God on you, Sheela, and tell us what's in your head.

SHEELA.—We will do it as nice and easy as ever you saw. We will put him to twist a hay-rope till he is outside, and then we will shut the door on him.

SHEAMUS.—It's easy to say, but not easy to do. He will say to you, "Make a hay-rope yourself."

SHEELA.—We will say then that no one ever saw a hay-rope made, that there is no one at all in the house to make the beginning of it.

SHEAMUS.—But will *he* believe that we never saw a hay-rope?

SHEELA.—Believe it, is it? He'd believe anything; he'd believe that himself is king over Ireland when he has a glass taken, as he has now.

SHEAMUS.—But what excuse can we make for saying we want a hay-rope?

MAUREYA.—Can't you think of something yourself, Sheamus?

SHEAMUS.—Sure I can say the wind is rising, and I must bind the thatch, or it will be off the house.

SHEELA.—But he'll know the wind is not rising if he does but listen at the door. You must think of some other excuse, Sheamus.

SHEAMUS.—Wait, I have a good idea now; say that there is

bhuil cósirte leagta as bun an énuic, agus go bfuil ríad as iarraid rúgáin leis an gcóirte do learuas. Ní feicfidh sé dom fada rin ó'n doras, agus ní déir fíor aise nac fíor é.

MÁIRE.—Sin é an rgeal, a Síle. 'Noir, a Séamur, gab imear na ndaoine agus leis an rún leó. Innir dóib cad tá aca le ríad—nac b'facaib duine ar b'c' fan tír seo rúgáin féir nua—agus cuir cnoicinn maic ar an mbéir, tá féin.

[Imtígeann Séamur ó duine go duine as cogairnais leó. Toraigeann curo aca as gáir. Tagann an piobaire agus coruigeann sé as feinn. Éirígeann trí no ceatpar de cúplacaib, agus coruigeann ríad as damra. Imtígeann Séamar amach.]

MÁC UÍ h-ANN. [as éiríge tar éir a beit as féadaint orra ar fead cúpla móimíro.]—Pruit! r'opagaib! An dtugann ríob damra ar an r'paraireadé rin! Tá ríob as bualaib an uplár mar beit an oiréad rin o'eallac. Tá ríob com t'rom le builláin, agus com ciotac le arail. Go dtactar mo piobán dá mb'feair liom beit as féadaint orraib 'ná ar an oiréad rin lacaib bacac, as léimni as leac-cóir ar fuo an tige! Fásaid an t-uplár fá úna Ní Ríogáin agus fúm-ra.

FEAR [atá dul as damra].—Agus cad fát a b'fárfamaoir an t-uplár fúm-ra?

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.—Tá an eala ar bhuac na toinne, tá an phoénic Ríogá, tá péarla an b'ollaig b'áin, tá an Déur amear na mban, tá úna Ní Ríogáin as fearaí ruar liom-ra, agus áit ar bit a n-éirígeann ríre ruar úmhuigeann an gealac agus an grian féin oi, agus úmhucaib ríob-re. Tá ríob áluinn agus ríob r'péiramaíl le h-aon bean eile do beit 'na h-aice. Ác fan go fóil, ríob tairbeánaim daoib mar ghuineann an buacail b'ead Connactac rínnce, déarfad mé an t-abrán daoib do rínnce mé do Reult Cúige Múhan—o'úna Ní Ríogáin. Éiríge, a grian na mban, agus déarfamaoir an t-abrán le céile, gac le déarfá, agus ann rin múnfímíro dóib cad é ir rínnce ríreannac ann.

[Éirígeann ríad 7 gabaid abrán.]

MÁC UÍ h-ANN:

'Si úna b'áin, na ghuaise buide,
An cúilfionn 'éad in mo lár mo éiríde,
Ir ire mo rún, 'r mo cumann go buan,
Ir cuma liom cóirde bean ác i:

ÚNA:

A báir na rúile buide, ir tá
Fuair buaid in fan r'ogal a'r clá,
Góirín do déal, a'r molaim tá féin,
Do cuirín mo éiríde in mo cléir amús.

a coach upset at the bottom of the hill, and that they are asking for a hay-rope to mend it with. He can't see as far as that from the door, and he won't know it's not true it is.

MAURYA.—That's the story, Sheela. Now, Sheamus, go among the people and tell them the secret. Tell them what they have to say, that no one at all in this country ever saw a hay-rope, and put a good skin on the lie yourself. (*SHEAMUS goes from person to person whispering to them and some of them begin laughing. The piper has begun playing. Three or four couples rise up.*)

HANRAHAN (*after looking at them for a couple of minutes*).—Whisht! Let ye sit down! Do ye call such dragging as that dancing? You are tramping the floor like so many cattle. You are as heavy as bullocks, as awkward as asses. May my throat be choked if I would not rather be looking at as many lame ducks hopping on one leg through the house. Leave the floor to Oona ni Regaun and to me.

ONE OF THE MEN GOING TO DANCE.—And for what would we leave the floor to you?

HANRAHAN.—The swan of the brink of the waves, the royal phoenix, the pearl of the white breast, the Venus amongst the women, Oona ni Regaun, is standing up with me, and any place where she rises up the sun and the moon bow to her, and so shall ye. She is too handsome, too sky-like for any other woman to be near her. But wait a while! Before I'll show you how the fine Connacht boy can dance, I will give you the poem I made on the star of the province of Munster, on Oona ni Regaun. Rise up, O sun among women, and we will sing the song together, verse about, and then we'll show them what right dancing is! (*OONA rises*).

HANRAHAN.—She is white Oona of the yellow hair,
The Coolin that was destroying my heart inside me;
She is my secret love and my lasting affection,
I care not for ever for any woman but her.

OONA.—O bard of the black eye, it is you
Who have found victory in the world and fame;
I call on yourself and I praise your mouth;
You have set my heart in my breast astray.

MAC UI N-ANN:

'Si úna dán na sruaige óir,
Mo fearc, mo cumann, mo srad, mo rtor,
Radaid rí féin le n-a báro i scéin;
Do loic rí a cpoirde in a cléid go móru

ÚNA:

Níor dfaod oirde liom, ná lá;
As éirteact le do cómpad breas;
I r binne do déal ná feinm na n-éan;
Om' cpoirde in mo cléid do fuairur sradu

MAC UI N-ANN:

Do riúbal mé féin an dothan iomlán;
Sacraua, éire, an ffrainc 'r an Spáin;
Ní facaid mé féin i mbaile ná 'scéin
Don ainm rí fá'n ngréin mar úna dán:

ÚNA:

Do cualaib mife an élaipreac binn
San ttráid rin Corcaig, as feinm linn,
I r binne go móru liom féin do glór;
I r binne go móru do déal 'ná rin:

MAC UI N-ANN:

Do bí mé féin mo cadán doct, trác;
Níor léir dam oirde tar an lá,
Go dfaic mé i, do goir mo cpoirde;
A' r do díbir díom mo bdon 'r mo érad:

ÚNA:

Do bí mé féin ar maidin inóe
As riúbal coir coille le fáinne an lae;
Bí eun ann rin as feinm go binn,
"Mo srad-rá an srad, a' r nac áluinn é!"

[Glaob asur torann asur buaileann Séamur O n-lapainn an
voisur arteac.]

SÉAMUS.—Ob ob á, oc ón i ó, go deó! Tá an cóirte móru
leagta as bun an cnuic. Tá an mála a bfuil litreaca na tíre
ann pléargta, asur ní'l rreang ná téao ná róra ná daobad aca
le na ceangailt ari: Tá ríao as glaobac amac anoir ar rugán
féir do déanam doid—cibé rort ríao é rin—asur veir ríao go
mbéir na litreaca 7 an cóirte caillte ar oarbuir rugán féir
le n-a sceangailt.

MAC UI N-ANN.—Ná bí 's ar mboorugad! Tá ar n-adrán
ráirde asainn, asur anoir támaoio vol as damra: Ní tagann
an cóirte an bealac rin ar don coru

HANRAHAN.—O fair Oona of the golden hair,
My desire, my affection, my love and my store
Herself will go with her bard afar;
She has hurt his heart in his breast greatly.

OONA.—I would not think the night long nor the day,
Listening to your fine discourse;
More melodious is your mouth than the singing of birds
From my heart in my breast you have found love.

HANRAHAN.—I walked myself the entire world,
England, Ireland, France and Spain;
I never saw at home or afar
Any girl under the sun like fair Oona.

OONA.—I have heard the melodious harp
On the street of Cork playing to us;
More melodious by far did I think your voice,
More melodious by far your mouth than that.

HANRAHAN.—I was myself one time a poor barnacle goose,
The night was not plain to me more than the day
Until I beheld her, she is the love of my heart,
That banished from me my grief and my misery.

OONA.—I was myself on the morning of yesterday
Walking beside the wood at the break of day;
There was a bird there was singing sweetly
How I love love, and is it not beautiful.

(A shout and a noise, and SHEAMUS O'HERAN rushes in).

SHEAMUS.—Ububu! Ohone-y-o, do deo! The big coach is
overthrown at the foot of the hill! The bag in which the
letters of the country are is bursted, and there is neither tie
nor cord nor rope nor anything to bind it up. They are
calling out now for a hay sugaun, whatever kind of thing that
is; the letters and the coach will be lost for want of a hay
sugaun to bind them.

HANRAHAN.—Do not be bothering us; we have our poem
done and we are going to dance. The coach does not come this
way at all.

SÉAMUS.—TAGANN RÉ AN BEALAC RIN ANOIR—AÓT IR DÓIG SUP
RÉAINNÉAR TURA, AGUR NAC DFUL EÓLAR AGAO AIR. NAC TAGANN
AN CÓIRTE TAR AN SCNOC ANOIR A CÓMARRANNA ?

1AD UILE.—TAGANN, TAGANN GO CINNTE:

MÁC UI N-ANN.—IR CUMA LIOM, A TEACÓT NO SAN A TEACÓT.
AÓT B'FEARR LIOM FÍCE CÓIRTE BEIT DRIUTE AR AN MBÓCAR NÁ SO
SCUIPÉAD PÉARLA AN DROLLAIS DÁIN Ó DÁMPA DÚINN. ADAR LEIR
AN SCÓIRTEOIR RÓPA DO CARAD DÓ FÉIN.

SÉAMUS.—O MURDER, NÍ CIG LEIR, TÁ AN OIRÉAD RIN DE
FUINNÉAM AGUR DE TAP AGUR DE RPPEACAD AGUR DE LÚT IN RUA
CAPLAIB AISEANTA RIN GO SCATID MO CÓIRTEOIR BOCT DREIT AR A
SCINN. IR AR ÉIGIN-DÁIR IR FÉIOIR LEIR A SCAPAD NÁ A SCONGDAIL.
TÁ FAICÉIOR A ANAM' AIR GO N-EIRÉOICAD RÍAD IN A MULLAC, AGUR
GO N-IMTÉOICAD RÍAD UAIR DE RUAIS: TÁ SÁC UILE FEITREAC ARCA,
NÍ FACAD CÚ RIAM A LEICÉIO DE CAPLAIB RÍADÁINE !

MÁC UI N-ANN.—MÁ TÁ, TÁ DÁOINE EILE INR AN SCÓIRTE A
DÉANFAR RÓPA MÁR ÉIGIN DO'N CÓIRTEOIR BEIT AG CEANN NA
SCAPALL: FÁS RIN AGUR LEIS DÚINN DÁMPA.

SÉAMUS.—TÁ; TÁ TRIÚR EILE ANN, AÓT MAIOIR LE CEANN ACA,
TÁ RÉ AR LEAC-LÁIM, AGUR FEAR EILE ACA,—TÁ RÉ AG CRÚC AGUR AG
CRACAD LEIR AN RYANNIAD FUIAIR RÉ, NÍ CIG LEIR FEARAM AR A DÁ
CÓIR LEIR AN EAGLA ACÁ AIR; AGUR MAIOIR LEIR AN TRIOMAD FEAR
NÍ'L DUINE AR BIT RIN CÍR DO LEISFEAD AN FOCAL RIN "RÓPA" AR A
DEUL IN A FIADHUIRE, MAR NAC LE RÓPA DO CRÓCAD A ACÁIR FÉIN
ANURPAIS, MAR SEALL AR CAOIRIS DO GOIO.

MÁC UI N-ANN.—CARAD FEAR AGAIR FÉIN RUGÁN DÓ, MAR RIN,
AGUR FÁGAR AN T-URLÁR FÚINN-NE. [LE ÚNA]'NOIR, A RÉIT NA MBAN
CAIRBEÁN DÓIB MAR IMTIGEANN LÚNÓ IMEARZ NA NÓEITE, NO HELEN
FÁR' RYRIORAD AN TRAOI. DAR MO LÁIM, Ó D'ÉAG DÉIRIORE, FÁR'
CUIPEAD NAOIRE MAC UIRNIS CUM DÁIR, NÍ'L A HOIRPE I NÉIRINN
INOIÚ AÓT TU FÉIN. TORÓCAMAOIO.

SÉAMUS.—NÁ CORAIS, GO MBÉIO AN RUGÁN AGAINN. NÍ CIG
LINN-NE RUGÁN CARAD. NÍ'L DUINE AR BIT ANIRO AR FÉIOIR LEIR
RÓPA DO DÉANAM !

MÁC UI N-ANN.—NÍ'L DUINE AR BIT ANN RO AR FÉIOIR LEIR RÓPA
DÉANAM !!

1AD UILE.—NÍ'L:

SÍGLE.—AGUR IR FÍOR DÁOIB RIN: NÍ DÉARNAD DUINE AR BIT
INR AN CÍR REO RUGÁN FÉIR RIAM, NÍ MEAPAIM GO DFUL DUINE IN
RAN CIG REO DO CONNAIC CEANN ACA, FÉIN, AÓT MIRE. IR MAIT
CUIRHIGIM-RE, NUAIR NAC RÍAD IONNAM AÓT SHIREAC DEAS GO DFACAD
MÉ CEANN ACA AR SÁDAR DO RUG MO FEAN-ACÁIR LEIR AR CONNAC-

SHEAMUS.—The coach does come this way now, but sure you're a stranger and you don't know. Doesn't the coach come over the hill now, neighbors?

ALL.—It does, it does, surely.

HANRAHAN.—I don't care whether it does come or whether it doesn't. I would sooner twenty coaches to be overthrown on the road than the pearl of the white breast to be stopped from dancing to us. Tell the coachman to twist a rope for himself.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, murder, he can't. There's that much vigor and fire and activity and courage in the horses that my poor coachman must take them by the heads; it's on the pinch of his life he's able to control them; he's afraid of his soul they'll go from him of a rout. They are neighing like anything; you never saw the like of them for wild horses.

HANRAHAN.—Are there no other people in the coach that will make a rope, if the coachman has to be at the horses' heads? Leave that, and let us dance.

SHEAMUS.—There are three others in it, but as to one of them, he is one-handed, and another man of them, he's shaking and trembling with the fright he got; its not in him now to stand up on his two feet with the fear that's on him; and as for the third man, there isn't a person in this country would speak to him about a rope at all, for his own father was hanged with a rope last year for stealing sheep.

HANRAHAN.—Then let one of yourselves twist a rope so, and leave the floor to us. [*To Oona*] Now, O star of women, show me how Juno goes among the gods, or Helen for whom Troy was destroyed. By my word, since Deirdre died, for whom Naoise, son of Usnech, was put to death, her heir is not in Ireland to-day but yourself. Let us begin.

SHEAMUS.—Do not begin until we have a rope; we are not able to twist a rope; there's nobody here can twist a rope.

HANRAHAN.—There's nobody here is able to twist a rope?

ALL.—Nobody at all.

SHEELA.—And that's true; nobody in this place ever made a hay sugaun. I don't believe there's a person in this house who ever saw one itself but me. It's well I remember when I was a little girsha that I saw one of them on a goat that my

taib. Dúib na daoine uile a's iad, "ara! cia 'n róir nua é rin cori ar bit?" a'sur tudaire seiréan sur rúgán do di'ann, a'sur so gnuoir na daoine a leicéir rin fíor i sConnactaib. Dubaire pé so iacáid fear aca a's congáil an féir a'sur fear eile u'a carad. Congbóir m'fe an fear anoir, má téirdeann tura u'a carad.

SÉAMUS.—Déanfaró m'fe glac féir arcead.

[Imtígeadh pé amac.]

MAC UÍ N-ANN [a's gabáil].—

Déanfaró mé cáinead cúige Múman;
Ní fásann ríad an t-urldár fúinn;
Ní'l ionnta carad rúgáin, féin!
Cúige Múman san rnar san reun!
Gáin so ued ar cúige Múman,
Nac b'fásann ríad an t-urldár fúinn;
Cúige Múman na mbailireóir mbréan;
Nac uicis leó carad rúgáin, féin!

SÉAMUS [ar air].—Seó an fear anoir:

MAC UÍ N-ANN.—Tabair 'm ann go é. Tairbeánfaró m'fe daoib cad déanfar an Connactac deas-múinte dearlámac, an Connactac cóir clirte ciallmáir, a bfuil lúit a'sur lán-rcuaim aise in a láim, a'sur ciall in a ceann, a'sur corairte in a éiríde, a't sur feól mi-ad a'sur mórbuairdead an traoisail é amearg leibitini cúige Múman, a't san doirde san uairle, a't san eólar ar an eala tar an lacaín, no ar an ór tar an bprár, no ar an lile tar an b'ótanán, no ar neult na mbán ós, a'sur ar péarla an b'ollais báin, tar a s'cuid r'raoille a'sur siobac féin. Tabair 'm cipín!

[Sineann fear maide uó, cuiréann pé rop féir timcioll air; coraigeann pé u'a carad, a'sur Sígle a's tabairt amac an féir uó.]

MAC UÍ N-ANN [a's gabáil].—

Tá péarla mná 'tabairt foluir uáinn;
I' i mo g'rád, i' i mo rún,
'S i úna bán, an rúg-dean ciuin,
'S ní tuigro na Muimnis leat a r'cuaim:

A't na Muimnis reo dalta a's uia,
Ní aicmíro eala tar laca liat,
A't tuicfaró rí liom-rá, mo h'elen b'reá
Mar a molfar a pearra 'r a r'gáim so b'rác:

Ara! muire! muire! muire! Nac é reo an baile b'reá l'gac,
nac é reo an baile tar báir, an baile a mbionn an oiréad rin

grandfather brought with him out of Connacht. All the people used to be saying: Aurah, what sort of thing is that at all? And he said that it was a sugaun that was in it, and that people used to make the like of that down in Connacht. He said that one man would go holding the hay, and another man twisting it. I'll hold the hay now, and you'll go twisting it.

SHEAMUS.—I'll bring in a lock of hay. [*He goes out.*]

HANRAHAN.—I will make a dispraising of the province of Munster:
 They do not leave the floor to us,
 It isn't in them to twist even a sugaun;
 The province of Munster without nicety, without
 prosperity.
 Disgust for ever on the province of Munster,
 That they do not leave us the floor;
 The province of Munster of the foul clumsy people.
 They cannot even twist a sugaun!

SHEAMUS (*coming back*).—Here's the hay now.

HANRAHAN.—Give it here to me; I'll show ye what the well-learned, handy, honest, clever, sensible Connachtman will do, who has activity and full deftness in his hands, and sense in his head, and courage in his heart, but that the misfortune and the great trouble of the world directed him among the *lebidins* of the province of Munster, without honor, without nobility, without knowledge of the swan beyond the duck, or of the gold beyond the brass, or of the lily beyond the thistle, or of the star of young women and the pearl of the white breast beyond their own share of sluts and slatterns. Give me a kippeen. [*A man hands him a stick. He puts a wisp of hay round it, and begins twisting it, and SHEELA giving him out the hay.*]

HANRAHAN.—There is a pearl of a woman giving light to us;
 She is my love; she is my desire;
 She is fair Oona, the gentle queen-woman.
 And the Munstermen do not understand half her courtesy.
 These Munstermen are blinded by God.
 They do not recognise the swan beyond the grey duck,
 But she will come with me, my fine Helen,
 Where her person and her beauty shall be praised for ever.

Arrah, wisha, wisha, wisha, isn't this the fine village, isn't this the exceeding village! the village where there be that

rógaire croícta ann nac mbíonn don earbuid rópa ar na daoimib,
leir an méad rópa goirdeann ríad ó'n scrócaire Cráirteacáin
atá ionnta. Tá na rópaib aca agus ní tuzann ríad maísa iad—
áct go gcuireann ríad an Connactaíocht ág carpó rugáin doib !
Níor éar ríad rugáin féir in ran mbaile reo ariam—agus an
méad rugáin cnáibe atá aca de bárr an crocaire !

Snídeann Connactaíocht ciallmair

Rópa dó féin,

Áct goirdeann an Muimneac

Ó'n scrócaire é !

Go bfeicib mé rópa

Breáí cnáibe go fóill

O'á fársaib ar ríogíob

Sac doinne ann ro !

Mar gheall ar don mhaoi amáin o'imeigeann na Spéasaí, agus
níor ríopaib agus níor mhóir-cómhnuigeann no gur ríopaib
an Tíra, agus mar gheall ar don mhaoi amáin bíod an baile reo
damanta go deo na n-eóir agus go bfuinne an bráta, le Dia na
n-áir, go ríopaib ríad, nuair náir cuigeann gur ab i Dia
ní Ríogáin an Tíra Helen do rugáib in a meáir, agus go rug
rí bárr áille ar Helen agus ar Dénur, ar a tóiríis foimrí agus
ar tóiríis 'na diais.

Áct cuigeann rí liom mo péarla mna

Go cuige Connact na n-eóir breáí ;

Seodair rí péarla fion a' ríad,

Rinnceanna áirí, ríad a' ríad.

O ! muiré ! muiré ! náir éiríob an Tíra ar an mbaile reo, agus
náir lapaib ríad air, agus náir—

[Tá ré ran am ro amuis éar an doir. Éirígeann na rí uile
agus búnaíob é o'adon ríad amáin air. Tuzann Dia léim cum
an doir, áct beiríob na mna uirí. Téirdeann Séamur anonn
cuicí.]

Úna.—O ! O ! O ! ná cuiríob amac é. Leis ar air é. Sin
Tomár O h-Annraí, ír ríle é, ír báir é, ír fear iongantac
é ! O leis ar air é, ná deán rí air !

SÉAMUS.—A Úna bán, agus a cuiríob uilear, leis do. Tá
ré imtíob anoir agus a cuiríob ríad leis. Bíob ré imtíob
ar do ceann amáir, agus bíob tura imtíob ar a ceann-ran.
Nac bfuil fíor ágac go maíob go mb'fearí liom tu 'ná céad míle
Déiríob, agus gur tura m'adon péarla mna amáin o'á bfuil in
ran doían.

MÁC UÍ h-ANN [amuis, ág bualaíob ar an doir].—Forsail !
forsail ! forsail ! leisíob ártac mé. O mo feact scéad míle
maíob oíraib,

many rogues hanged that the people have no want of ropes with all the ropes that they steal from the hangman!

The sensible Connachtman makes
A rope for himself;
But the Munsterman steals it
From the hangman;
That I may see a fine rope,
A rope of hemp yet
A stretching on the throats
Of every person here!

On account of one woman only the Greeks departed, and they never stopped, and they never greatly stayed, till they destroyed Troy; and on account of one woman only this village shall be damned; go deo, na ndeór, and to the womb of judgment, by God of the graces, eternally and everlastingly, because they did not understand that Oona ni Regaun is the second Helen, who was born in their midst, and that she overcame in beauty Deirdre and Venus, and all that came before or that will come after her!

But she will come with me, my pearl of a woman,
To the province of Connacht of the fine people,
She will receive feast, wine and meat,
High dances, sport and music!

Oh wisha, wisha, that the sun may never rise upon this village, and that the stars may never shine on it, and that——. [*He is by this time outside the door. All the men make a rush at the door, and shut it. OONA runs towards the door, but the women seize her. SHEAMUS goes over to her.*]

OONA.—Oh, oh, oh, do not put him out, let him back, that is Tumaus Hanrahan; he is a poet, he is a bard, he is a wonderful man. Oh, let him back, do not do that to him.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, Oona bawn, acushla deelish, let him be, he is gone now, and his share of spells with him. He will be gone out of your head to-morrow, and you will be gone out of his head. Don't you know that I like you better than a hundred thousand Deirdres, and that you are my one pearl of a woman in the world.

HANRAHAN (*outside, beating on the door*).—Open, open, open, let me in! Oh, my seven hundred thousand curses on you, the curse of the weak and of the strong, the curse of the poets and of the bards upon you! The curse of the priests on you

[The state is a legal person, and as such it has the right to acquire property.]

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As a legal person, the state has the right to acquire property. This right is not limited by the fact that the state is a legal person. The state is a legal person, and as such it has the right to acquire property. The state is a legal person, and as such it has the right to acquire property. The state is a legal person, and as such it has the right to acquire property.

and the friars! The curse of the bishops upon you and the Pope! The curse of the widows on you and the children! Open! [*He beats at the door again and again.*]

SHEAMUS.—I am thankful to ye, neighbors, and Oona will be thankful to ye to-morrow. Beat away, you vagabond! Do your dancing out there by yourself now! Isn't it a fine thing for a man to be listening to the storm outside, and himself quiet and easy beside the fire? Beat away, storm away! Where's Connacht now?

*EARLY IRISH AUTHORS, TRANSLATIONS OF
WHOSE WORKS OCCUR IN VOLUMES ONE
TO NINE OF IRISH LITERATURE.*

MAURICE DUGAN.

(About 1641.)

MAURICE DUGAN, or O'DUGAN, lived near Benburb, in County Tyrone, about the year 1641, and he wrote the song to the air of "The Coolin," which was even in his time old, and which is, as Hardiman says, considered by many "the finest in the whole circle of Irish music." He was supposed to be descended from the O'Dugans, hereditary bards and historians, one of whom wrote the "Typography of Ancient Ireland," which was extensively used by the Four Masters in their "Annals." O'Reilly, in his "Irish Writers," mentions four other poems, the production of O'Dugan, namely, "Set your Fleet in Motion," "Owen was in a Rage," "Erin has Lost her Lawful Spouse," "Fodhla (Ireland) is a Woman in Decay." The translation of "The Coolin" will be found among the works of Sir Samuel Ferguson.

MAURICE FITZGERALD.

(About 1612.)

MAURICE FITZGERALD lived in Munster in the time of Elizabeth. He was the son of David *duff* (the black) Fitzgerald, and he seems to have been a man of considerable education and of refined taste. Several of his works exist, but the facts of his life are shrouded in darkness. It is supposed that he died in Spain, where many of the most eminent Irishmen of his time found an exile's home. His journey thither probably suggested the "Ode on his Ship," though as Miss Brooke says in her "Reliques of Irish Poetry," it is possible the third ode of Horace deserves that credit. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" is a list of seven poems by Fitzgerald which were in O'Reilly's possession in 1820. The translation of his "Ode on his Ship" will be found with the work of Miss Brooke.

THOMAS FLAVELL

Is the supposed author of "County Mayo" or "The Lament of Thomas Flavell," the English translation of which by George Fox will be found in its place under that author's name. He was a

native of Bophin, an island on the western coast of Ireland, and lived in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. Hardiman says of the poem that "it is only remarkable for being combined with one of our sweetest native melodies—the very soul of Irish music."

GEOFFRY KEATING.

(1570—1650.)

"GEOFFRY KEATING, the Herodotus of Ireland," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "the Four Masters, and Duaid MacFirbis were men of whom any age or country might be proud, men who, amid the war, rapine, and conflagration that rolled through the country at the heels of the English soldiers, still strove to save from the general wreck those records of their country which to-day make the name of Ireland honorable for her antiquities, traditions, and history in the eyes of the scholars of Europe.

"Of these men, Keating, as a prose writer, was the greatest. He was a man of literature, a poet, professor, theologian, and historian, in one. He brought the art of writing limpid Irish to its highest perfection, and ever since the publication of his 'History of Ireland,' some two hundred and fifty years ago, the modern language may be said to have been stereotyped. . . . I consider him (Keating) the first Irish historian and trained scholar who . . . wrote for the masses, not the classes, and he had his reward in the thousands of copies of his popular history made and read throughout all Ireland."

He was born at Tubbrid, near Clogheen, in County Tipperary, about the year 1570. At an early age he was sent to Spain, and he studied for twenty-three years in the College of Salamanca. On his return he was received with great respect by all classes of his countrymen, and after a tour through the country was appointed to the ministry of his native parish. Here he soon became famous for his eloquence, and crowds came to hear him from the neighboring towns of Cashel and Clonmel. Owing to his plain speaking in the pulpit, he was in danger of being arrested, and he fled for safety into the Galtee mountains.

Here he caused to be brought to him the materials he had been collecting for years, and here wrote his well-known and important "History of Ireland," ultimately completed about the year 1625. It begins from the earliest period (namely, the arrival of the three daughters of Cain, the eldest named Banba, who gave her name to Ireland, which was called "the Isle of Banba"), and extends to the Anglo-Norman invasion. In 1603, Keating was enabled to return to his parish, where he found a coadjutor, with whom he lived and labored peacefully for many years. One of the joint works of the two men was the erection of a church in 1644, over the door of which may yet be seen an inscription speaking of them as founders, and beside which was placed afterwards the following epitaph on the poet-historian:

"In Tybrid, hid from mortal eye,
A priest, a poet, and a prophet lie;
All these and more than in one man could be
Concentrated was in famous Jeoffry."

Of the other works of Keating many were a few years ago, and possibly still are, well known traditionally to the peasantry of Munster. Among them are "Thoughts on Innisfail," which D'Arcy Magee has translated; "A Farewell to Ireland," a poem addressed to his harper; "An Elegy on the Death of Lord de Decies," the "Three Shafts of Death," a treatise in Irish prose, which Irish soldiers, as they are told, have long held in admiration. He died about 1650.

TEIGE MACDAIRE.

(1570—1650.)

TEIGE MACDAIRE, son of Daire MacBrody, was born about 1570. He was principal poet to Donogh O'Brian, fourth Earl of Thomond, and held as his appanage the Castle of Dunogan, in Clare, with its lands. In accordance with the bardic usage, he wrote his elegant "Advice to a Prince" to his chief when the latter attained to the title. This is the most elaborate of his poems. Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland" tells us that his poetry is all written in elaborate and highly wrought classical meters, and that there are still extant some 3,400 lines.

We give among the selections from the work of Dr. Hyde a few of the verses translated by him into the exact equivalent of the meter in which they are written.

MacDaire was assassinated by a marauding soldier of Cromwell's army, who, as he treacherously flung the poet over a precipice, mocked him in Irish, crying: "Go, make your songs now, little man!" This was one of MacDaire's own countrymen.

JOHN MACDONNELL.

(1691—1754.)

JOHN MACDONNELL, "perhaps the finest poet of the first half of the eighteenth century," says Dr. Douglas Hyde, was born near Charleville, in the County Cork, in the year 1691. He has generally been called MacDonnell Claragh, from Claragh, the name of the residence of his family. O'Halloran in his "History of Ireland" speaks of him as "a man of great erudition, and a profound Irish antiquarian and poet," and says that he "had made valuable collections, and was writing in his native tongue a 'History of Ireland,' " which failing health, however, prevented him completing. He also proposed translating Homer's *Iliad* into Irish, and had at least proceeded so far as to produce several highly praised specimens of what his work would be. But this, as well as the "History of Ireland,"

was put a stop to by his illness and death, and MacDonnell's fame must now rest on his poems alone. He died in the year 1754.

Hardiman ranks him in Irish as equal to Pope in English, and believes that had he lived to complete his translation of the *Iliad* it would have been as successful in a literary sense as was that of Pope. "If," he continues, "the latter had been an Irishman, and had written in the language of the country, it would be a matter of difficulty to determine which would be entitled to the prize. But, fortunately for his genius and fame, Pope was born on the right side of the Channel."

MacDonnell was, it seems, a "rank Jacobite" in politics, and, poet and genius though he was, had often by hasty flights to save his life from the hands of the "hunters of the bards." We give a translation of one of his poems by an anonymous hand. Others, by D'Alton, will be found among the examples of his work.

GRANU WAIL AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.¹

Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe,
Tho' gems all bright its bloom enwreath;
Undeck'd by gold or diamond rare,
Near Albion's throne stood Grana fair.

The vestal queen in wonder view'd
The hand that grasp'd the falchion rude—
The azure eye, whose light could prove
The equal power in war or love.

"Some boon," she cried, "thou lady brave,
From Albion's queen in pity crave:
E'en name the rank of countess high,
Nor fear the suit I'll e'er deny."

"Nay, sister-queen," the fair replied,
"A sov'reign, and an hero's bride
No fate shall e'er of pride bereave—
I'll honors give, but none receive.

"But grant to him—whose infant sleep
Is lull'd by rocking o'er the deep—
Those gifts, which now for Erin's sake
Thro' pride of soul I dare not take."

The queen on Grana gazed and smil'd,
And honor'd soon the stranger child
With titles brave, to grace a name
Of Erin's isle in herald fame.

¹This ballad celebrates a real historical scene, the visit of the famous Grace O'Malley to Queen Elizabeth. In the "*Anthologia Hibernica*" the visit is thus described: "The Queen, surrounded by her ladies, received her in great state. Grana was introduced in the dress of her country: a long, uncouth mantle covered her head and body; her hair was gathered on her crown, and fastened with a bodkin; her breast was bare, and she had a yellow bodice and petticoat. The court stared with surprise at so strange a figure."—"Granu Wail" or "Grana Uile" was one of the typical names of Ireland, and, as Lover remarks, the mere playing of the air with that name has still a political significance, (See also the examples of the work of Caesar Otway.)

DUALD MACFIRBIS.

(1585—1670.)

THIS famous scholar was born in County Sligo. He was the author of "The Branches of Relationship," or "Volumes of Pedigrees." The autograph copy of this vast compilation, generally known as "The Book of MacFirbis," is now in the library of the Earl of Roden. He assisted Sir James Ware by transcribing and translating from the Irish for him. His "Collection of Glossaries" has been published by Dr. Whitley Stokes. His autograph "Martyrology," or "Litany of the Saints" in verse, is preserved in the British Museum. The fragment of his Treatise on "Irish Authors" is in the Royal Irish Academy. His transcription of the "Chronicum Scotorum" was translated by the late Mr. W. M. Hennessy, and published in 1867. His "Annals of Ireland" has been translated and edited by O'Donovan, and published by the Irish Archæological Society. A transcript of his catalogue of "Extinct Irish Bishoprics," by Mr. Hennessy, is in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy. In the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society may be found his English version of the "Registry of Clonmacnoise," compiled in the year 1216. Some extracts from his works translated by Professor O'Donovan will be found among the examples from that gentleman's work.

ANDREW MAGRATH.

(1723 —)

ANDREW MAGRATH was born in Limerick about 1723. He was one of the most gay, careless, and rollicking of the Jacobite poets, and one of the last who wrote in his native tongue. He wrote many songs and poems, of politics, of love, and of drinking. He was, like so many of his fellows, a wild liver; and his name survives yet among the peasantry of his native Munster, among whom he is remembered as the Mangaire Sugach, or Merry Monger. The date of his death is not known, but he is said to lie buried in Killmallock Churchyard.

We append anonymous translations of two of his poems. None of them have, however, been adequately rendered into the English language.

THE COMING OF PRINCE CHARLIE.

Too long have the churls in dark bondage oppressed me,
Too long have I cursed them in anguish and gloom;
Yet Hope with no vision of comfort has blessed me—
The cave is my shelter—the rude rock my home.
Save Down¹ and his kindred, my sorrow had shaken
All friends from my side, when at evening, forsaken,
I sought the lone fort, proud to hear him awaken,
The hymn of deliverance breathing for me.

¹ The ruler of the Munster fairies.

He told how the heroes were fallen and degraded
 And scorn dashed the tear their affliction would claim ;
 But Phelim and Heber,¹ whose children betrayed it,
 The land shall relume with the light of their fame.
 The fleet is prepared, proud Charles² is commanding,
 And wide o'er the wave the white sail is expanding,
 The dark brood of Luther shall quail at their landing,
 The Gael like a tempest shall burst on the foe.

The bards shall exult, and the harp-strings shall tremble,
 And love and devotion be poured in the strain ;
 Ere " Samhain " ³ our chiefs shall in Temor⁴ assemble,
 The " Lion " protect our own pastors again.
 The Gael shall redeem every shrine's desecration,
 In song shall exhale our warm heart's adoration,
 Confusion shall light on the foe's usurpation.
 And Erin shine out yet triumphant and free.

The secrets of destiny now are before you—
 Away ! to each heart the proud tidings to tell :
 Your Charles is at hand, let the green flag spread o'er you !
 The treaty they broke your deep vengeance shall swell.
 The hour is arrived, and in loyalty blending,
 Surround him ! sustain ! Shall the gorged goal descending
 Deter you, your own sacred monarch defending ?
 Rush on like a tempest and scatter the foe !

MY GRAND RECREATION.

I sell the best brandy and sherry,
 To make my good customers merry ;
 But at times their finances
 Run short, as it chances,
 And then I feel very sad, very !

Here's brandy ! Come, fill up your tumbler ;
 Or ale, if your liking be humbler ;
 And, while you've a shilling,
 Keep filling and swilling—
 A fig for the growls of the grumbler !

I like, when I'm quite at my leisure,
 Mirth, music, and all sorts of pleasure ;
 When Margery's bringing
 The glass, I like singing
 With bards—if they drink within measure.

Libation ! I pour a libation,
 I sing the past fame of our nation ;
 For valorous glory.
 For song and for story,
 This, this, is my grand recreation.

¹ Renegade Irish who joined the foe. ² The Pretender.

³ The 1st of November, the festival of Baal-Samen, so called by the Druids. ⁴ Tara.

GERALD NUGENT.

(About 1588.)

GERALD NUGENT was one of those Irishmen of English descent of whom it was complained that they became more Irish than the Irish themselves. In the reign of King John the barony of Devlin in Meath was granted to Gilbert de Nugent. By the time of Elizabeth the Nugents had taken to the Irish language, like many other inhabitants of the Pale, and Gerald Nugent was a bard and harpist. He composed in Irish, and flinging aside his harp he joined with the Irish in their attempt to throw off the yoke of the conquerors. Of course the result was failure, and Nugent became an exile. In his grief at leaving the land of his birth, he composed the ode or lamentation, a translation of which by the Rev. W. H. Drummond is given under that gentleman's name. This is the only one of his poems that has been preserved. When and where Gerald Nugent died we have been unable to discover.

TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN.

(1670—1738.)

TURLOUGH CAROLAN, or O'CAROLAN, commonly called the last of the bards, was born in the year 1670 at the village of Baile-Nusah, or Newton, in the County Westmeath, and went to school at Cruisestown, County Longford. When about fifteen (some say eighteen and others twenty-two) he lost his sight through an attack of smallpox. While at school he made the acquaintance of Bridget Cruise, whose name he made famous in one of his songs.

Many years later Carolan went on a pilgrimage to what is called St. Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in an island on Lough Dearg in County Donegal. While standing on the shore he began to assist some of his fellow-pilgrims into a boat, and chancing to take hold of a lady's hand he suddenly exclaimed, "By the hand of my gossip! this is the hand of Bridget Cruise!" So it was, but the fair one was still deaf to his suit.

Carolan moved with his father to Carrick-on-Shannon, and there a Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe had him carefully instructed in Irish and also to some extent in English. She also caused him to learn how to play the harp, not with the view to his becoming a harper, but simply as an accomplishment. In his twenty-second year he suddenly determined to become a harper, and, his benefactress providing him with a couple of horses and an attendant to carry the harp, he started on a round of visits to the neighboring gentry, to most of whom he was already known; and for years he wandered all over the country, gladly received wherever he came, and seldom forgetting to pay for his entertainment by song in praise of his host.

In about middle life he married Miss Mary Maguire, a young lady

of good family. With her he lived very happily and learned to love her tenderly, though she was haughty and extravagant. On his marriage he built a neat house at Moshill in County Leitrim, and there entertained his friends with more liberality than prudence. The income of his little farm was soon swallowed up, and he fell into embarrassments which haunted him the rest of his life. On this he took to his wanderings again, while his wife stayed at home and busied herself with the education of their rather numerous family. In 1733 she was removed by death, and a melancholy fell upon him which remained until the end. He did not survive his wife long. In 1738 he paid a visit to the house of his early benefactress, Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe, and there he fell ill and died.

Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "He composed over two hundred airs, many of them very lively, and usually addressed to his patrons, chiefly to those of the old Irish families. He composed his own words to suit his music, and these have given him the reputation of a poet. They are full of curious turns and twists of meter to suit his airs, to which they are admirably wed, and very few are in regular stanzas. They are mostly of Pindaric nature, addressed to patrons or to fair ladies; there are some exceptions however, such as his celebrated ode to whisky, one of the finest bacchanalian songs in any language, and his much more famed but immeasurably inferior 'Receipt for Drinking.' Very many of his airs and nearly all his poetry with the exception of about thirty pieces are lost."

Examples of his poetry will be found in translations by John D'Alton, Arthur Dawson, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Thomas Furlong, and Dr. George Sigerson.

There is a well-known portrait of him by the Dutch painter, Vanderhagen, which bears some resemblance to the portraits of Shakespeare.

MICHAEL O'CLERY.

(1580—1643.)

REFERRING to "The Annals of the Four Masters," Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "This mighty work is chiefly due to the herculean labors of the learned Franciscan brother, Michael O'Clery," who was born in Donegal about the year 1580. He was descended from a learned family who had been for centuries hereditary historians to the O'Donnells, princes of Tyrconnell, and at an early age became distinguished for his abilities. While yet young he retired to the Irish Franciscan monastery at Louvain, where he soon attracted the attention of the learned Hugh Ward, a native of his own country and a lecturer at the Irish College. His perfect knowledge of the Irish language and history caused him to be employed by Ward to carry out a project that enthusiastic monk had formed for rescuing the annals and antiquities of his country from oblivion.



TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN

*From a painting formerly in the possession of J. Hardiman, after
the print engraved and published by John Martyn, Dublin, 1822*



O'Clery then returned to Ireland, where for many years he busied himself collecting manuscripts and other works and transmitting them to Louvain. In 1635 Ward died, but some time before he managed to publish from O'Clery's materials "*The Life of St. Rumold*," "*Irish Martyrology*," and a treatise on the "*Names of Ireland*." John Colgan, also a native of Donegal, afterwards made large use of O'Clery's manuscripts in his works on the Irish saints, "*Trias Thaumaturga*" and "*Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*." Even before Ward's death, however, O'Clery had commenced his great work, which at first went by the name of "*The Annals of Donegal*," then by the title of "*The Ulster Annals*," and is now known over the world as "*The Annals of the Four Masters*," as he and his assistants, Peregrine O'Clery, Conary O'Clery, and Peregrine O'Duigenan, a learned antiquary of Kilronan, were named. He had also some little help from the hereditary historians to the kings of Connaught, two members of the old and learned family of the O'Maolconerys.

The work states that it was entirely composed in the convent of the Brothers of Donegal, who supplied the requirements of the transcribers while their labors were in progress. Fergal O'Gara, a member for Sligo in the Parliament of 1634, is also said to have liberally rewarded O'Clery's assistants, while it was his advice and influence that prevailed on O'Clery to bring them together and proceed with the work. In the "*Testimonials*" are also stated the names of the books and manuscripts from which the "*Annals*" were compiled, and there also we find the information that the first volume was begun on the 22d January, 1632, and the last finished on the 10th August, 1636. To the "*Testimonials*," which is a kind of guarantee of the faithfulness of the work, are subscribed the names of the Superior and two of the monks, together with the countersignature of O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell.

After the completion of the "*Annals*" O'Clery returned to Louvain, where in 1643 he published a "*Vocabulary of the Irish Language*." This seems to have been the last of his works, and this year the last year of his life.

"*The Annals of the Four Masters*" begin at the earliest period of Irish history, about A.D. 1171, and end A.D. 1616, covering a period of 444 years. The "*Annals*" were published in Dublin by Bryan Geraghty in 1846.

Examples of the translations by Owen Connellan and O'Donovan will be found among the work of these writers, also a translation by O'Donovan from the "*Annals*."

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN.

(1740—1825.)

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN was born in Cork in 1740, and died in Modlago, Waterford, in the first quarter of the present century. He was a tall, handsome farmer. He traveled to Cork to purchase wedding presents for his betrothed, but was met on his way home by the news that she had married a wealthy suitor. He flung

all his presents into the fire, and from the shock lost his reason, which he never recovered.

A translation of an Irish poem of his by Dr. Sigerson is given among the examples of the work of that gentleman.

JOHN O'NEACHTAN.

(1695 ?—1720 ?)

JOHN O'NEACHTAN was still alive in 1715. He was a native of County Meath, but beyond this little is known about him. "He was," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "one of the earliest writers of Jacobite poetry, and perhaps the most voluminous man of letters of his day among the native Irish. One of his early poems was written immediately after the battle of the Boyne, when the English soldiery stripped him of everything he possessed in the world, except one small Irish book. Between forty and fifty of his pieces are enumerated by O'Reilly, and I have seen others in a manuscript in private hands. These included a poem in imitation of those called 'Ossianic,' of 1,296 lines, and a tale written about 1717 in imitation of the so-called Fenian tales, an amusing allegoric story called the 'Adventures of Edmund O'Clery,' and a curious but extravagant tale called the 'Strong-armed Wrestler.'

"Hardiman had in his possession a closely written Irish treatise by O'Neachtan of five hundred pages on general geography, containing many interesting particulars concerning Ireland, and a volume of 'Annals of Ireland' from 1167 to 1700. He also translated a great many church hymns, and, I believe, prose books from Latin. His elegy on Mary D'Este, widow of James II., is one of the most musical pieces I have ever seen, even in Irish :

“ SLOW cause of my fear
NO pause to my tear,
The brightest and whitest
LOW lies on her bier.

FAIR Islets of green,
RARE sights to be seen,
Both highlands and Islands
THERE sigh for the Queen.”

A translation by Thomas Furlong of O'Neachtan's famous song "Maggy Laidir" is given with the examples of the writings of that gentleman.

OSSIAN.

"SIDE by side with the numerous prose sagas which fall under the title of 'Fenian,'" says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "there exists an enormous mass of poems, chiefly

narrative, of a minor epic type, or else semi-dramatic épopées, usually introduced by a dialogue between St. Patrick and the poet Ossian. Ossian¹ was the son of Finn mac Cúmhail, vulgarly 'Cool,' and he was fabled to have lived in Tír na n-óg, the country of the ever-young, the Irish Elysium, for three hundred years, thus surviving all his Fenian contemporaries and living to hold colloquy with St. Patrick. The so-called Ossianic poems are extraordinarily numerous, and were they all collected would probably (between those preserved in Scotch-Gaelic and in Irish) amount to some 80,000 lines. . . . The most of them, in the form in which they have come down to us at the present day, seem to have been composed in rather loose metres . . . and they were even down to our fathers' time exceedingly popular, both in Ireland and in the Scotch Highlands, in which latter country Ian Campbell, the great folk-lorist, made the huge collection which he called *Leabhar na Féinne*, or the Book of the Fenians.

"Some of the Ossianic poems relate the exploits of the Fenians ; others describe conflicts between members of that body and worms, wild beasts, and dragons ; others fights with monsters and with strangers come from across the sea ; others detail how Finn and his companions suffered from the enchantments of wizards and the efforts made to release them ; one enumerates the Fenians who fell at Cnoc-an-áir ; another gives the names of about three hundred of the Fenian hounds ; another gives Ossian's account of his three hundred years in the Land of the Young and his return ; many more consist largely of semi-humorous dialogues between the saint and the old warrior ; another is called Ossian's madness ; another is Ossian's account of the battle of Gabhra, which made an end of the Fenians, and so on. . . .

"There is a considerable thread of narrative running through these poems and connecting them in a kind of series, so that several of them might be divided into the various books of a Gaelic epic of the Odysseic type, containing, instead of the wanderings and final restoration of Ulysses, the adventures and final destruction of the Fenians, except that the books would be rather more disjointed. There is, moreover, splendid material for an ample epic in the division between the Fenians of Munster and Connacht and the gradual estrangement of the High King, leading up to the fatal battle of Gabhra ; but the material for this last exists chiefly in prose texts, not in the Ossianic lays. . . .

"The Ossianic lays are almost the only narrative poems which exist in the language, for although lyrical, elegiac, and didactic poetry abounds, the Irish never produced, except in the case of the Ossianic épopées, anything of importance in a narrative and ballad form, anything, for instance, of the nature of the glorious ballad poetry of the Scotch Lowlands.

"The Ossianic meters, too, are the eminently epic ones of Ireland. . . .

"Of the authorship of the Ossianic poems nothing is known. In the Book of Leinster are three short pieces ascribed to Ossian

¹ In Irish *Oisín*, pronounced "Esheen," or "Ussheen."

himself, and five to Finn, and other old MSS. contain poems ascribed to Caoilte, Ossian's companion and fellow survivor, and to Fergus, another son of Finn ; but of the great mass of the many thousand lines which we have in seventeenth and eighteenth century MSS. there is not much which is placed in Ossian's mouth as first hand, the pieces, as I have said, generally beginning with a dialogue, from which Ossian proceeds to recount his tale. But this dramatic form of the lay shows that no pretense was kept up of Ossian's being the singer of his own exploits. From the paucity of the pieces attributed to him in the oldest MSS. it is probable that the Gaelic race only gradually singled him out as their typical pagan poet, instead of Fergus or Caoilte or any other of his alleged contemporaries, just as they singled out his father Finn as the typical pagan leader of their race ; and it is likely that a large part of our Ossianic lay and literature is post-Danish, while the great mass of the Red Branch saga is in its birth many centuries anterior to the Norsemen's invasion."

A. RAFFERTY.

(1780?—1840?)

THE story of the discovery of the writings of Rafferty by Dr. Douglas Hyde and Lady Gregory is one of the most curious and interesting in the annals of literature. We have not space for it in detail ; in brief it was on this wise : Some time in the seventies Dr. Hyde heard an old man singing a song at the door of his cottage. The old man, at his request, taught Dr. Hyde the song and the latter went away.

Twelve years after, when Dr. Hyde was working in the Royal Irish Academy, he came across some old manuscript containing a number of poems ascribed to a man named Rafferty, and among them the very song that he had learned on that morning long ago.

Seven years more elapsed, and Dr. Hyde one day met an old blind man begging. He gave him a penny, and passed on, when it suddenly occurred to him that he should have spoken to him in Irish. He did so and conversed with him for an hour. Among other things they talked about was Rafferty, and Dr. Hyde learned much about the poet from the old man.

This set him upon the track of the poet, and the final result was the recovery of most of his poems and considerable material for his biography, which would otherwise have been absolutely lost. Had it not been for the fact that the poems were so well known up and down the country, it would have been impossible to recover many of them.

Rafferty was born about 1780 or 1790 at Cilleaden, County Mayo, of very poor parents. He was early in life deprived of his sight by smallpox, so that he never had any better occupation by which to make a living than that of a fiddler. Though he was absolutely destitute and practically dependent upon alms, no poet of the people

ever exercised so widespread an influence upon those among whom he lived. He was never taught either to read or to write; he had no access to books of any kind, or any form of literature, except what he was able to pick up through his ears as he traveled from cottage to cottage, with his bag over his shoulder, picking up his day's meals as he went.

Lady Gregory in her "*Poets and Dreamers*" deals very fully with his work, and from the examples which she gives we are justified in claiming for this, the last of Irish bards, the name of an inspired one. It is said that he spent the last years of his life in making prayers and religious songs, of which Lady Gregory gives some interesting examples, and of which "*The Confession*," printed in the present volume, is typical.

He died at an advanced age, about 1840, and is buried at Killeenan, County Mayo, where there is a stone over his grave, and where the people from all parts round about gather in August of every year to do honor to his memory.

RICHARD STANIHURST.

(1545—1618.)

RICHARD STANIHURST was born in Dublin, and in his eighteenth year went to University College, Oxford. He studied law at Furnival's Inn and Lincoln's Inn; and, returning to Ireland, married a daughter of Sir Charles Barnewell. About 1579 he took up his residence in Leyden, entered holy orders, and became chaplain to Albert, Archduke of Austria and Governor of the Spanish Netherlands. A great portion of his writings are in Latin. His first work, which was published in London in 1570, in folio, is entitled "*Harmonia, seu catena dialectica Porphyrium*," and is spoken of with particular praise by Edmund Campion, then a student at St. John's College, Oxford. His other works are "*De rebus in Hibernia gestis*" (Antwerp, 1584, 4to); "*Descriptio Hiberniæ*," which is to be found in "*Holinshed's Chronicle*," of which it formed a part of the second volume; "*De Vita S. Patricii*" (Antwerp, 1587, 12mo); "*Hebdomada Mariana*" (Antwerp, 1609, 8vo); "*Hebdomada Eucharistica*" (Douay, 1614, 8vo); "*Brevis premonitio pro futura comenatione cum Jacobo Usserio*" (Douay, 1615, 8vo); "*The Principles of the Catholic Religion*"; "*The First Four Books of Virgil's Æneid in English Hexameters*" (1583, small 8vo, black letter); with which are printed the four first Psalms, "*certayne poetical conceites*" in Latin and English, and some epitaphs.

OWEN WARD.

(About 1600 or 1610.)

LITTLE is known of Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Red Owen Ward, beyond the fact that he was the bard of the O'Donnells, and

accompanied the princes of Tyrconnell and Tyrone when they fled from Ireland in 1607. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" the names of nine lengthy and still extant poems of his are given. The "Lament," translated by J. Clarence Mangan, will be found among that author's contributions to this work; it is addressed to Nuala, sister of O'Donnell, the Prince of Tyrconnell, who died in Rome, and was interred in the same grave with O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone. Ward was the descendant of a long line of bards and poets of the same name.

**MODERN IRISH AUTHORS, WHOSE WORK, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED, APPEARS IN
VOLUME TEN OF IRISH LITERATURE.**

FATHER DINNEEN.

FATHER DINNEEN is a native of the district adjoining Killarney, in East Kerry, a district that has produced a crop of distinguished poets such as Egan O'Rahilly, Geoffrey O'Donoghue, Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan, Finneen O'Scannell. He drank in the traditional lore of this region during his boyhood, and always held the Irish language in special veneration. University and ecclesiastical studies, however, engrossed the best years of his youth and early manhood, and it was only when the enemies of Ireland's honor came forward at the Intermediate Education Commission, held in Dublin a few years ago, and sought to vilify Irish literature, to show that whatever little of it survived was either "silly" or "indecent," that he set seriously to work to lay before the world the collected works of several modern Irish poets, including those named above.

Besides collecting from manuscripts and editing for the first time the works of some six distinguished poets, Father Dinneen has in three or four years written several prose works in Irish, including an historical novel, "*Cormac Va Conaill*," a description of Killarney, and several plays. He has also finished a dictionary of the modern Irish language, with explanations in English. He is perhaps the most earnest writer of the Gaelic movement, and his *editiones principes* of the Munster poets are of the greatest value.

JAMES J. DOYLE.

MR. JAMES J. DOYLE, the most unwearying worker and, with the single exception, perhaps, of Father O'Leary, the raciest writer of Irish dialogue living, was born at Cooleenig, Tuogh, County Kerry, forty-five years ago. The son of a well-connected, well-disposed, well-to-do farmer, he had the advantage of spending his boyhood in a singularly bilingual atmosphere; but it was only on leaving the local National school to enter the Revenue Service at the age of nineteen that he commenced to study the literature of his race. To Mr. David Connyn he attributes much of his earlier interest in Ireland's halloved literature, an interest which has been steadily deepening for upwards of a quarter of a century.

Owing to circumstances with which our readers are unhappily only too familiar, Mr. Doyle remained unknown as a writer until the Oireachtas of 1898. On this occasion, however, he leisurely carried off a prize for three humorous Irish stories, and again at the

Oireachtas of 1900 he won the "Independent" prize for a story of modern Irish life. Still later, at the "Feis Uladh," he received first prize for a paper on "Ulster Local Names." This latter is one of his pet subjects, and has constituted the theme of many a lecture delivered in the interest of the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle also won first prize in the "Irish Phrase-Book Competition" at the recent Oireachtas, 1901, and though not a teacher was fourth in the competition (open to all Ireland) for Archbishop Walsh's prize of £25 (\$125) for a bilingual school programme.

In 1881 he married Miss Mary A. Joyce, sister to Dr. King Joyce, of Dublin. She, like her devoted husband, is also bilingual, and it is not to be wondered at that they are, as the *Claidheamh* is wont to say, "bringing up seven sturdy, enthusiastic young bilingualists."

His numerous relatives and friends in the United States will share his own manifest gratification at the fact that his parents are still hale and hearty, and, as he himself is practically in the prime of life just now, there seems every hope that the readers of *An Claidheamh*—and probably of other Irish journals—will have access to his inimitable contributions for many a year to come.

As in the case of several of the most active members of the Gaelic League, his position of Supervisor in the Inland Revenue does not prevent him from rendering very efficient, if undemonstrative, service to his country. He resides at present in Derry, and is possibly the most energetic organizer in all Ulster. His assistance to Mr. Concannon has been simply invaluable.

"Cathair Conroi," children's stories, won the first prize at 1902 Oireachtas.

He was one of the original founders of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language in 1876, and subsequently of the Gaelic Union, which founded the *Gaelic Journal* in 1882, and which might be said to have paved the way for the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle is the author of the following books, published by the Gaelic League: "Beert Fhear o' n-Tuaith," or "Two Men from the Country," a series of snapshots of Irish rural life in the form of dialogue; "Taahg Gabha," "Tim the Smith," a racy story of Kerry life; "Cathair Conroi," and other stories suitable for children; an "Irish-English Phrase Book."

AGNES O'FARRELLY.

MISS AGNES O'FARRELLY, or in Irish Una ni Thearghaille, comes from one of the oldest and most respected families in the County Cavan. She was born at Kiffenny House, East Breffin. She was the first lady candidate to take up Irish as subject for the M.A. examination in the Royal University, which she passed with the highest honors. She has spent much time in the Arran Islands learning to speak the language colloquially, and in 1899 she attended a course of lectures in Old Irish by Monsieur de Jubainville in Paris at the Collège de France. She has been for years one of the most prom-

inent members of the Coisde Griotha, or Executive of the Gaelic League. She is chief examiner in Celtic to the Board of Intermediate Education. Her principal writings are a propagandist tract in English called "The Reign of Humbug," and two stories in Irish, one called "Grádh agus Crádh," the other an Arran story called "The Cneamhaire," from which we give an extract, and, lastly, the splendid "Life of Father O'Growney," which has just been published and which is full of interest and information about the rise of the Irish Revival. She has nearly completed the collecting and editing of the text of John O'Neachtan's poems, and the editing of a very difficult text from the library of the Franciscans, containing an account of the wanderings of O'Neill and O'Donnell in Spain. She is an indefatigable worker in the cause of Irish Ireland.

THOMAS HAYES.

THOMAS HAYES was born in Miltown Malbay on Nov. 2, 1866, where his father was a master cooper in comfortable circumstances.

He was educated in the National school. Both his parents were very good Irish speakers, and his home language was Irish. His house was always a great rendezvous for the neighbors, who used to meet there to tell stories, and the boy with mouth, and eyes, and ears open drank in a great many of the local tales and legends. Indeed, the house during this period was more like a branch of the Gaelic League than anything else.

His father was a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, and his mother was intensely Irish.

In 1886 he was appointed as assistant teacher in Harold's Cross National School, Dublin. He went through a course in St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra, in 1891-92, and in 1895 was appointed principal of St. Gabriel's Boys' School, Aughrim Street.

He is a good amateur musician, and carried off two first prizes at the R. I. A. M. School Choirs competitions in 1898 and 1901; the Oireachtas Gold Medal for singing, and also the prize for the best original air to "Caoinead An Guinn" at the Oireachtas, besides several second prizes at the R. I. A. M. Oireachtas and Leinster Feis.

In 1893 he joined the Gaelic League, and was soon after co-opted on the Executive Committee, of which he has since remained a member. He threw himself enthusiastically into the work of the League, and devoted a considerable portion of his spare time for several years to teaching Irish and singing in different branches of the League. He was the first teacher in Ireland to apply the Tonic Sol-Fa system to the teaching of Irish songs. His first attempt at Irish prose composition was published in the *Gaelic Journal* in 1894, and since then he has been in evidence more or less over his own name; but much of his work in Irish in the shape of articles, etc., has been unsigned.

PATRICK O'LEARY.

PATRICK O'LEARY, like his friend, Donnchadh Pleinnionn of Cork, was one of the first martyrs of the Irish Revival. He died early, to the great loss of the movement, chiefly from overwork connected with it. His principal effort was the collection of Munster folk tales, called *Sgeuliugheacht Chirige Mumham*, chiefly from his native place near Eyerles, in the extreme south of Ireland. He was the first to collect the folk tales of Munster, having been incited thereto, as he says in his preface, by the Connaught collections of the "Craoibhín." He published many excellent things in the *Gaelic Journal*, and possibly elsewhere. He was a complete master of the language, and if he had lived would have undoubtedly become one of our ablest writers.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY was born in the year 1840, in the middle of a wild and mountainous district, about midway between Millstreet and Macroom, in the County Cork. Irish was at that time the language of that district. The people spoke scarcely any English. In that way it happened that Father O'Leary's childhood and youth were impregnated with Irish. He was fortunate in another way also. His mother was a highly educated woman, as well as a very talented one. When she spoke English to her children it was the best and the most correct English, and when she spoke Irish to them it was the best and the purest and the most correct Irish. His father had not received an English education, but the mastery which he had of the Irish language and the force and power with which he could use it were exceptional, even in a district where the language was, at that time, very copious and very powerful.

It is not to be wondered at that a person whose childhood and early youth were passed in the midst of such opportunities should have now the knowledge of the Irish language which Father O'Leary has. During that childhood and early youth he often passed considerable periods of time without ever speaking an English word.

The chief part of his English education was obtained at home from his mother. Having gone to a classical school in Macroom and learned some Latin and Greek, he went to the newly established College of St. Colman in Fermoy. Then he went on to Maynooth, and was ordained in 1867.

He never thought there was the remotest danger of the death of the Irish language until he went into Maynooth. When he got among the students in Maynooth he was astonished to find that there were many of them who could not speak a word of Irish. Not only that, but that there were large districts of the country where no word of Irish was spoken, and that such districts were growing larger each year, while those districts where Irish was

spoken were growing each year smaller. It was easy to see where that would end, and that the end was not very far off.

He then turned his attention to the study of Irish, determined to keep alive at least one man's share of the national speech.

Having been ordained and sent on the mission, he made it a point to preach in Irish and to speak Irish to the people whenever and wherever it was possible to do so.

But the Irish-speaking districts continued to grow small, and the English-speaking districts continued to expand, and the case continued to grow more and more hopeless every day and every hour.

At last the Gaelic League made its appearance. The moment it did Father O'Leary went into the work, determined to do at least one man's share. He has continued to do so.

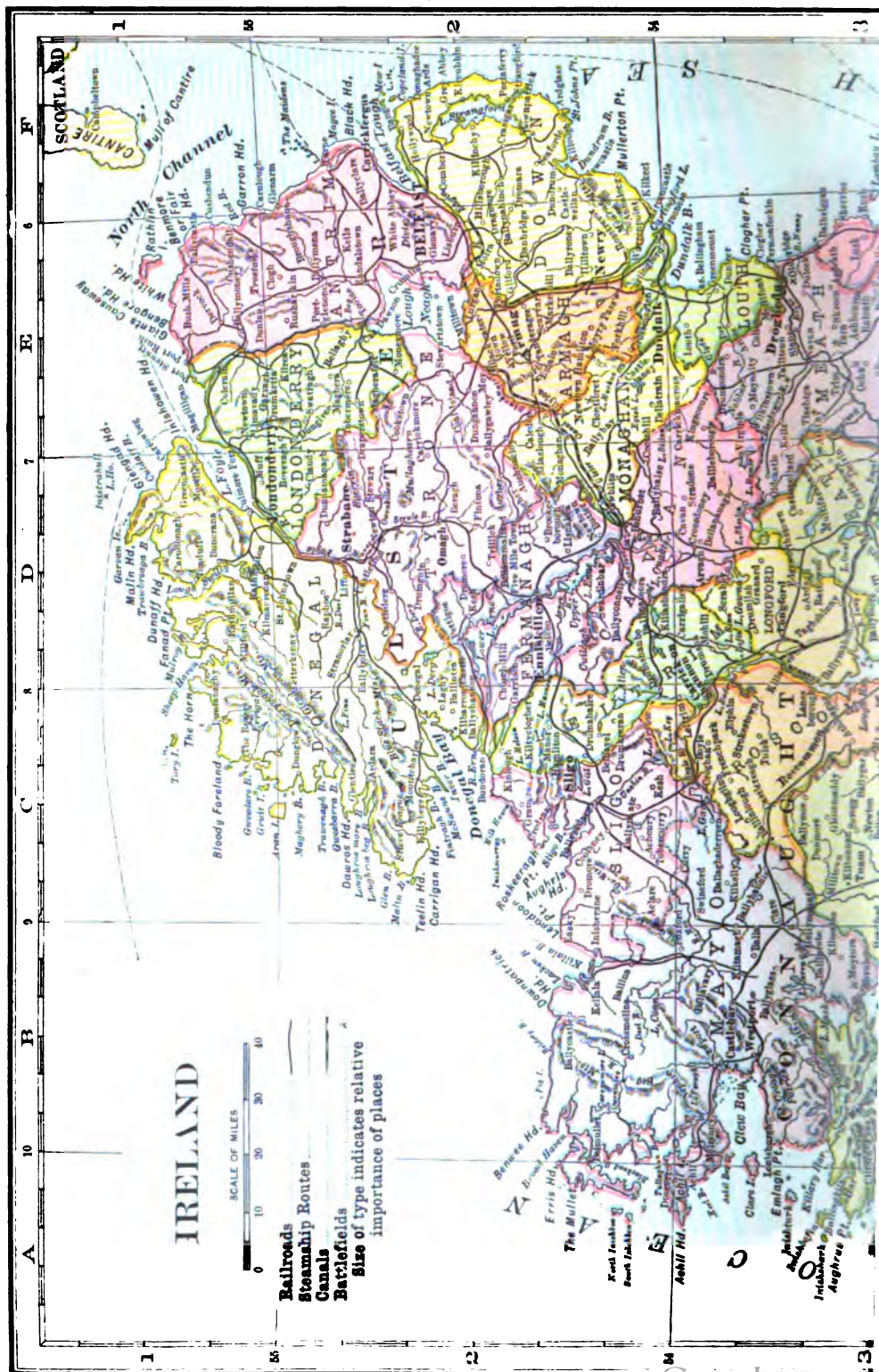
Father Peter is the "good old man" of the Munster Revival. His influence in that province is unbounded. Two of his plays, the "Ghost" and "Tadhg Saor," are constantly acted in Munster, and his writings, of which "Seadhna" is perhaps the best known, are acknowledged to be the most idiomatic of those of any Irish writer. He is very prolific, and every week sees something new from his pen, either in the Cork papers or in the Dublin *Leader*. He is one of the two vice-presidents of the Gaelic League.

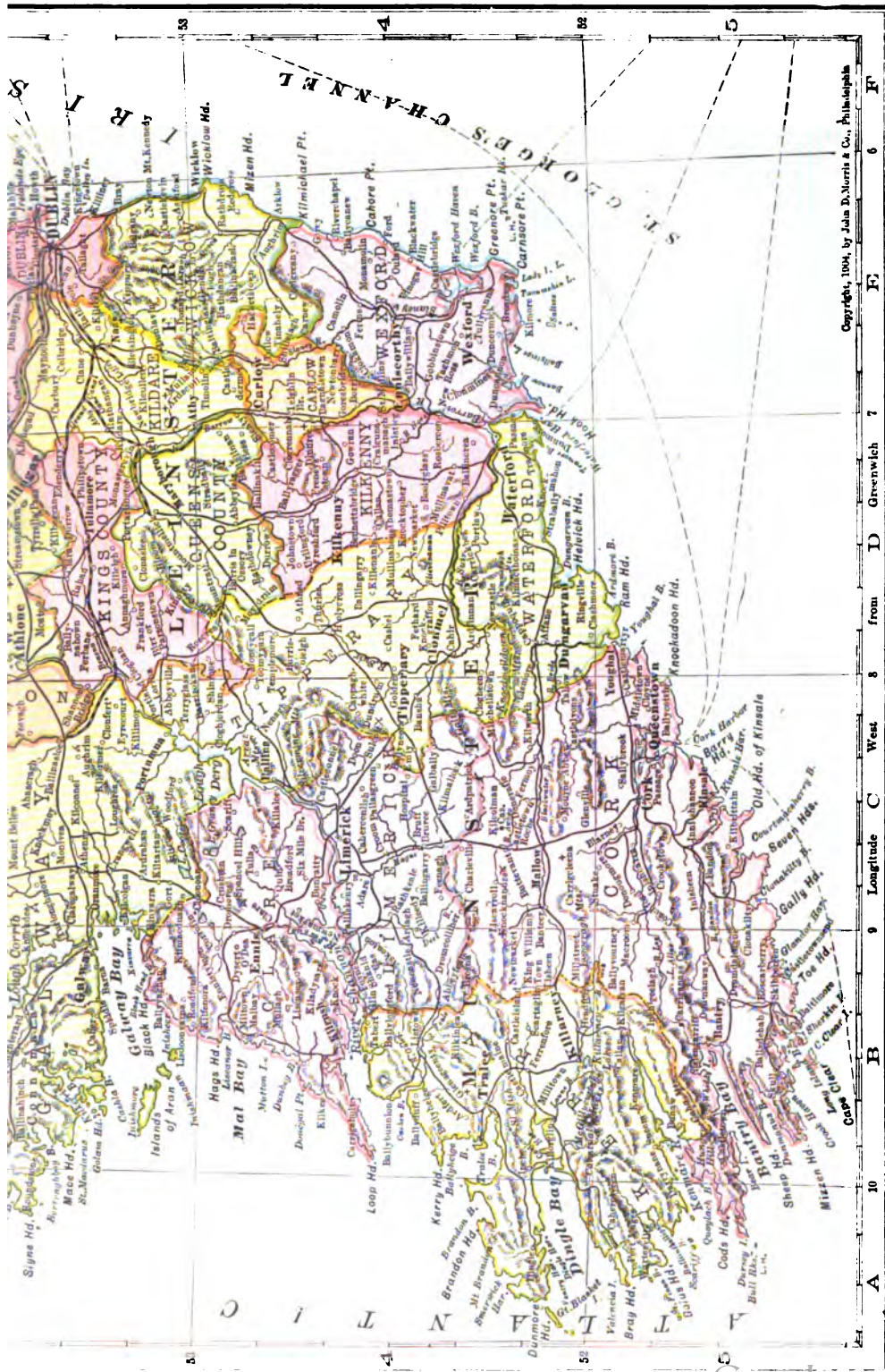
P. J. O'SHEA.

MR. P. J. O'SHEA is a Kerry man, from the parish of An Team-pole Nuadh. He worked for many years as a Custom House officer in Belfast, and is at present in England. Over the signature of "Conán Maol," he has contributed an immense quantity of fine idiomatic Irish to the *Claidheamh Solnis* and other papers. He is of splendid physique and immense personal strength, and is descended from a race famous for their prowess and bravery in old times. His sketch of O'Neill in this library is a fair specimen of his style.

MAP OF IRELAND IN THE PRESENT DAY

After Joyce and others





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GLOSSARY.

A BOCHAL (<i>A bhuachaill</i>)	Boy, my boy.
ABOO, ABÚ !	To victory ! Hurrah !
A CHARA, A CHORRA	Friend, my friend.
A COOLIN BAWN (<i>a chuilín ban</i>)	her fair-colored flowing hair.
ACUSHLA (<i>a chuisle</i>) vein—ACUSHLA MA-CHREE	Pulse of my heart.
A CUSHLA AGUS ASTHORE MACHREE (<i>a chuisle agus a stoir mo chroidhe</i>)	O pulse and treasure of my heart !
A CUSHLA GAL MO CHREE (<i>a chuisle geal mo chroidhe</i>)	O bright pulse of my heart.
AGEA, AGRADEH (<i>a ghradh</i>)	Love, my love.
A-HAGUR (<i>a theagair</i>)	O dear friend ! Comforter.
AILEEN AROON (<i>Eibhlín a ruin</i>)	Ellen, dear.
ALANNA (<i>a leinbh</i>)	child.
ALAUN	a lout.
ALPEEN (<i>alpin</i>)	a stick.
AN CHAITEOG	The Winnowing Sheet (name of Irish air).
ANCHUIL-FHIONN (<i>an chuileann</i>)	the white or fair-haired maiden.
ANGASHORE (<i>aindiséoir</i>)	a stingy person, a miser.
AN SMACHTAOIN CRON	the copper-colored stick of tobacco.
AN SPAILPIN FANACH	wandering laborer, a strapping fellow.
A'RA GAL (<i>a ghradh geal</i>)	O bright love !
ARON (<i>a ruin</i>)	O secret love ! beloved, sweet-heart.
ARRAH (<i>ar' eadh</i>)	(literally, Was it?) Indeed !
ARTH-LOOGHRA (<i>arc luachra</i> or <i>arc-sleibhe</i>)	a lizard.
ASTHORE (<i>a stoir</i>)	Treasure.
A-STOIR MO CHROIDHE (<i>a stoir mo chroidhe</i>)	Treasure of my heart.
ASTOR GRA GEAL MACHREE (<i>a stoir gradh geal mo chroidhe</i>)	Treasure, bright love of my heart.
A SUILISH MACHREE (<i>a sholais mo chroidhe</i>)	Light of my heart.
A THAISGE	Treasure, my darling, my comfort.
AULAGONE (<i>ullagon</i>). See HULLAGONE.	
AVIC (<i>a mhic</i>)	Son, my son.
AVOURNEEN (<i>a mhúirín</i>)	Darling.
BAITHERSHIN (<i>b'fheidir sin</i>)	That is possible ! Likely, indeed ! Perhaps.
BALLYRAGGIN	scolding, defaming.
BAN-A-T'GEE (<i>bean-an-tighe</i>)	woman of the house.
BANSHEE (<i>bean-sídhe</i>) (literally, fairy-woman)	the death-warning spirit of the old Irish families.

- BANSHEE** (*bean sídhe*).....fairy woman.
BAUMASH, raincis.....nonsense.
BAWN (*ban*).....fair, white, bright, a park.
BAWN, BADHUN.....cattle-yard or cow-fortress.
BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUID (*beal an atha buidhe*).....Mouth of the Yellow Ford.
BEAN AN FHIÉ RUADH.....the red-haired man's wife.
BEANNACT DE LA T'ANAM (*beanacht De le d'anam*).....The blessing of God on your soul!
BEAN SHEE (*bean sídhe*). See **BANSHEE**.
BEINNSIN LAUCHRA.....little bunch of rushes (Irish air).
B'ÉDER SIN (*B'fheidir sin*). See **BAITHERSHIN**.
BIREDH (*baireadh*).....a cap.
BLADDHERANG — BLATHERING (from *blad-aire*).....flattering.
BLASTHOGUE (*blastog*).....persuasive speech, a sweet-mouthed woman.
BOCCAGH (*bacach*).....a cripple, a beggar.
BOCCATY (*bacaide*).....anything lame.
BODACH (*bodagh*).....a churl; also a well-to-do man.
BOLIAUN BWEE (*buachallan bhuidhe*).....ragwort.
BOLIAUN DHAS (*buachallan deas*).....the ox-eye daisy.
BOLLHOUS.....rumpus.
BONNOCET (*buanadh*).....a billeted soldier.
BOREEN (*boithrin*).....a little road, a lane (a diminutive of *bothar*, a road).
BOSTHOON (*bastamhan*).....a blockhead; also a stick made of rushes.
BOTHERED (*bodhar*).....deaf, bothered.
BOUCHAL (*buachail*).....a boy.
BOUCHELLEEN BAWN (*buachailin ban*).....white (haired) little boy.
BREHONS (*breitheamhain*).....the hereditary judges of the Irish Septs.
BRIGHDIN BAN MO STORE (*brighidin ban mo stor*).....White (haired) Bridget, my treasure.
BRISHE (*brisheadh*).....breaking; a battle.
BROCHANS (*brochan*).....gruel, porridge.
BROGUE (*brog*).....a shoe.
BRUGAID (*brughaidh*).....a keeper of a house of public hospitality.
BRUIGHEAN.....a fair mansion, a pavilion, a court.
BRUSHNA (*brosna*).....broken sticks for firewood.
BUNNAUN (*buinnean*).....a stick, a sapling.
CAILIN DEAS.....a pretty girl.
CAILIN DEAS CRUIDHE NA MBO (*cailin deas cruidhte na m-bo*).....the pretty milkmaid.
CAILIN OG.....a young girl.
CAILIN RUADH.....a red (haired) girl.
CAIRDERGA (*cuoir dearga*).....a red berry, the rowan berry.
CAISH (*ceis*).....a young female pig.
CAISTLA-NA-KIRKA.....Castlekerke.
CALLIAGH (*cailleach*).....a hag, a witch.
CANATS.....a term of supreme contempt.
CANNAWAUN (*ceanna-bhan*).....bog cotton.
CAOCH.....blind, blind of one eye.
CAOINE (*caoineadh*).....a keen, a wail, a lament.

- CAPPAIN D'YARRAG (*caipín dearg*).....a red cap.
 CASADH AN TSUGAIN.....the twisting of the straw rope.
 CAUBEEN (*caibín*).....a hat, literally "little cap," the diminutive of *caib*, a cape, cope, or hood.
 CEAD MILE FAILTE.....A hundred thousand welcomes!
 CEANBHAN (*ceanna-bhan*).....bog cotton. See *Cannawaun*.
 CEAN DUBH DEELISH (*acheann dubh dhílis*)..Faithful black head, dear dark-haired girl.
 CLAIRSEACH.....harp.
 CLEAVE (*cliabh*).....a basket, a creel.
 CLOCHAUN (*clochun*).....a stone-built cell, stepping-stones.
 COATAMORE (*cota mor*).....a great coat, an overcoat.
 CODHLADH AN TSIONNAIGH.....The Fox's Sleep (name of Irish air). Pretending death.
 COLLAUNEEN (*coileainín*).....a little pup.
 COLLEAGH CUSHMOR (*cailleach cos-mor*)...a big-footed hag.
 COLLEEN BAWN (*cailín ban*).....a fair-haired girl.
 COLLEEN DHAS (*cailín deas*).....pretty girl.
 COLLEEN DHAS CROOETHA NABO (*cailín deas cruidhte na m-bo*).....the pretty milkmaid.
 COLLEEN DHOWN.....a brown-haired girl. "Dhown" is the Munster pronunciation of *down*, brown.
 COLLEEN RUE (*cailín ruadh*).....a red-haired girl.
 COLLIOCH (*cailleach*).....an old hag, a witch.
 COLLOGUE.....collogue, whispering; probably from colloquy.
 COLLOGUIN.....talking together, colloquy.
 COLUM CUIL (*St. Columbcille*).....St. Columba of the cells. The dove of the cell.
 COMEDHER (*comether*).....Come hither.
 CONN CEAD CATHA.....Conn of the hundred battles, King of Ireland in the second century.
 COOLIN (*cuilin*).....flowing tresses, or back hair. From *cuil*, back.
 COOM (*cum*).....hollow, valley.
 COTAMORE. See COATAMORE.
 COULAAN (*cuileann*).....a head of hair.
 CREEPIE.....a three-legged stool, a form or bench.
 CREEVEEN EEEVEN (*Chraoibhín aóibhinn*)..Delightful Little Branch.
 CROMMEAL (*croimbheal*).....a mustache.
 CRONAN.....the bass in music, a deep note, a humming.
 CROOSHEENIN.....whispering.
 CROPPIES.....the democratic party—alluding to their short hair, or round heads.
 CROSSANS (*crossan*).....gleeman, gleemen.
 CROUBS (*crub*).....a paw, clumsy fingers.
 CRUACH.....a conical-topped mountain, a stack.
 CRUACHAN NA FEINNE.....Croghan of the Fena of Erin.
 CRUADABHILL.....Dabhílla's rock, a lookout on the coast of Dublin.

- CRUISKEEN (*cruiscin*).....a flask, a little jar, a cruet.
 CRUISTIN.....throwing.
 CRUIT.....a harp.
 CUBRETON (*cu-Breatan*).....a man's name, the hero of Britain.
 CUE CODOOIGH.....comfortable.
 CURP AN DUOUL (*corp o'n diabhal*).....Body to the devil!
 CUSHLA MACHREE (*a chuisle mo chroidhe*)...Pulse of my heart.
 CUSSAMUCK (*cusamuc*).....leavings, rubbish, remains.

 DALTHEEN (*dailtin*).....a foster child; also a puppy.
 DAR-A-CHREESTH (*Dar Criost*).....By Christ!
 DAUNY (*dona*).....puny, weak.
 DAWNSEE (*from damhainis*).....acuteness.
 DEESHY.....small, delicate.
 DEOCH AN DORAIS.....the parting drink, the stirrup-cup.
 DEOCH SHLAINTÉ AN RÍOGH.....Health to the King!
 DHUDEEN (*duidin*).....a short pipe, what the French call *brûle-gueule*.
 DHURAGH (*duthracht*).....a generous spirit, something extra.
 DILSK, DULSE (*duileasc*).....sea-grass, dulse.
 DINA MAGH (*Daoine maithé*).....the good people, the fairies.
 DOONY. See DAUNY.
 DRAHERIN O MACHREE (*Dreabhraithrin o' mo chroidhe*).....O little brother of my heart.
 DRIMIN DON DILIS (*Dhruimeann donn dhíleas*).....Dear brown cow.
 DRIMMIN (*dhruimeann*).....a white-backed cow.
 DRIMMIN DHU DHEELISH (literally, the dear cow with the white back, but used figuratively in Ireland).....name of a famous Irish air.
 DRIMMIN DUBH DHEELISH (*Dhruimeann dubh dhíleas*).....white-back cow.
 DRINAWN DHUNN (*droighnean donn*).....brown blackthorn.
 DROLEEN (*dreoilin*).....the wren.
 DROOTH.....thirst (cf. "drought").

 EIBHLIN A RUIN.....Dear Ellen.
 EIBHUL (*uibeal*).....clew.
 ERENACH (*airchinneach*).....a steward of church lands, a caretaker.
 ERIC (*eric*).....a compensation or fine, a ransom.
 ERIN SLANGTHAGAL GO BRAGH (*Eire Sláinte geal go brath*).....Erin, a bright health forever.

 FADH (*fada*).....tall, long.
 FAG-A-BEALACH (*Fag an Bealach*).....Clear the way! Sometimes *Faugh a Ballagh!*
 FAUGHED.....despised.
 FAYSH (*feis*).....a festival.
 FEADAIM MA'S AIL LIOM.....I Can if I Please (name of Irish air).
 FEASCOR (*feascar*).....evening.
 FEURGORTACH (*fear gortach*).....hungry-grass; a species of mountain grass, supposed to cause fainting if trod upon,
 FLAUGHOLOCH (*flaitheamhlach*).....princely, liberal.

- FOOSTHER**.....fumbling.
FOOTY.....small, mean, insignificant.
FOSGAIL AN DORUS.....Open the Door (name of Irish air).
FRECHANS (*fraochan*).....a mountain berry; huckleberries.
FUILLELUAH (*fuil a liugh*).....an exclamation.
FUIRSEoir.....a juggler, buffoon.

GAD.....withe, etc., for attaching cows.
GANCANERS. See **GEAN-CANACH**.
GARNAVILLA (*Gardha an bhile*).....The Garden of the Tree; a place near Caher.
GARRAN MORE (*gearran mor*).....*Garran*, a hack horse, a gelding; *more*, "big."
GARRON (*gearan*).....hack or gelding, a horse.
GEALL.....a pledge, a hostage.
GEAN-CANACH.....a love talker; a kind of fairy appearing in lonesome valleys.
GEASA.....an obligation, vow, bond.
GEERSHA (*girseach*).....a little girl.
GEOCACH.....a gluttonous stroller.
GILLY (*giolla*).....servant; hence the names Gilchrist, Gilpatrick, Kilpatrick, Gilbride, Kilbride, etc. (*Giolla-Chriosda*, servant of Christ; *giolla-Phaidrig*, servant of Patrick, etc.).

GIRSHA. See **GEERSHA**.
GO-DE-THU, MAVOURNEEN SLAUN (*Go dteith tu mo mhuirnin slan*).....May you go safe, my darling; i.e. Farewell.
GO LEOR.....plenty, a sufficiency, enough.
GOLLAM (*Golamh*).....a name of Milesius, the Spanish progenitor of the Irish Milesians.
GOMERAL.....a fool, an oaf.
GOMMOCH (*gamach*).....a stupid fellow.
GOMSH.....otherwise "gumption"—sense, acuteness.
GORSOON, GOSsoon (*garsun*).....a boy; an attendant (*cf.* French *garçon*).
GOSTHER (*gastuir*).....prate, foolish talk.
GOULOGUE (*gabhalog*).....a forked stick.
GRACIE OG MO CHROIDHE.....Young Gracie of my heart.
GRAH (*gradh*).....love.
GRAMACHREE (*gradh mo chroidhe*).....Love of my heart.
GRAMACHREE MA COLLEEN OGE, MOLLY ASTHORE (*gradh mo chroidhe mo cailin og, Molly a stoir*).....Love of my heart is my young girl, Molly, my treasure.
GRAMMACHREE MA CRUISKEEN (*gradh mo chroidhe*, etc.).....Love of my heart my little jug.
GRAWLS.....children.
GREENAN (*gríanan*).....a summer house, a veranda, a sunny parlor.

GUBHAS. See **GEERSHA**.

HULLAGONE (<i>Uaill a chan</i>)an Irish wail, grief, woe.
IAR CONNAUGHT.Western Connaught.
INAGH (<i>An-eadh</i>)Is it? Indeed.
INCH (<i>inse</i>)an island.
IRISHIAN(English word) one skilled in the Irish language.
JACKEENa fop, a cad, a trickster.
KATHALEEN BAWN (<i>Caitlin ban</i>)Fair-haired Kathleen.
KEAD MILLE FAULTE (<i>cead mile faillte</i>)A hundred thousand welcomes!
KEEN. See CAOINE.the death-cry or lament over the dead.
KIERAWAUN ABOOKirwan forever! Hurrah for Kirwan!
KIMMEENSsly tricks.
KINKORA (<i>Cionn Coradh</i>)"The Head of the Weir," the royal residence of Brian Boru.
KIPEEN (<i>cipin</i>)a bit of a stick.
KISH (<i>ceis</i>)a large wicker basket.
KISHOGUE (<i>cuisiog</i>)a wisp of straw, a stem of corn, a blade of grass.
KITCHENanything eaten with food, a condiment.
KITHOGUE (<i>ciotog</i>)the left hand.
KNOCKAWN (<i>cnocan</i>)a hillock.
KNOCK CUHTE (<i>cnoc coise</i>)the mountain-like foot.
LANfull.
LANNAi.e. <i>alanna</i> , child (which see).
LAUNAH WALLAH (<i>Lan an Mhala</i>)the full of the bag.
LEANAN SIDHEFairy sweetheart.
LEIBHIONNAa platform or deck.
LENAUN (<i>leanan</i>)a sweetheart, or a fairy lover.
LEPRECHAUNa mischievous elf or fairy. ¹
LONNEYSexpression of surprise.
LULLALO (<i>Liúigh liúigh leo</i>)Scream, scream with them! (Burthen-words in lullaby.)
LUSMORES (<i>lus mor</i>)a foxglove, fairy-finger plant.
MA BOUCHAL (<i>Mo bhuachaill</i>)My boy.
MACHREE (<i>mo chroidhe</i>)My heart.
MA COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHEEN NA MBHO"The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow," a famous Irish air.
MAGHA BRAGH (<i>amach go bragh</i>)out for ever.
MAHURP ON DUOUL (<i>Mo chorp on deabhal</i>)My body to the devil!
MALAVOGUEto trounce, to maul.
MAVOURNEEN (<i>Mo mhuirnin</i>)My darling.
MERIN (<i>meirín</i>)a boundary, a mark.
MILLE MURDHER (<i>míle murder</i>)A thousand murders!
MILLIA MURTHEEA thousand murders (a common ejaculation).
MO BHON.My sorrow.
MO BHUAICHAILIN BUIDHEMy yellow-haired little boy.
MO BOUCHAL (<i>Mo bhuachaill</i>)My boy.
MO CRAOIBHAN CNO (<i>Mo chraoibhin cno</i>)My little branch of nuts.

¹ The popular idea in Ireland is that if you catch one working at his usual occupation (behind a hedge) of shoemaking, and do not take your eyes off him, which he endeavors to induce his captor by various ruses to do, he will discover where treasure is hidden.

- MO CROIDHE** (*Mo chroidhe*).....My heart.
MOIDHERED.....same as "bothered."
MO LEUN (*Mo lean*).....My sorrow.
MO MHUIRININ.....My darling.
MONADAUN (*monadan*).....a bog berry.
MONONIA (*MUNSTER*).....Latinized form of Irish *Mumhan*, pronounced "Moo-an."
MOREEN (*morrin*).....the diminutive of *Mor*, a woman's name, now obsolete. Grandmother.
MORYAH (*mar 'dh eadh*).....but for.
MOY MELL (*Magh meall*).....The Plain of Knolls—a druidic paradise.
MULVATHERED.....worried.
MUSHA (*Ma is eadh*).....well (in such phrases as "Well, how are you?" "Well, how are all?") Also, If it is! Well indeed!

NACH MBAINNEANN SIN DO.....(him) whom that does not concern (Irish air).
NEIL DHUV (*Niall Dubh*).....black-haired Neil.
NHARROUGH (*narrach*).....cross, ill-tempered.
NIGI (*naoi*).....nine.
NI MHEALLFAE ME ARIS.....I shall not be deceived again.
NORA CREINA (*Nora chriona*).....Wise Norah (an Irish air).

OCH HONE.....exclamation expressing grief.
OCHONE MACHREE (*Ochon mo chroidhe*).....Alas, my heart!
OGE (*og*).....young.
OH, MAGRA HU, MA GRIENCHREE HU (*O mo ghradh thu! Mo ghraidhin chroidhe thu!*) O my love thou art! My heart's loving pity thou art!
OLLAVES (*ollamh*).....a doctor of learning, professor.
OMADHAUN (*amadan*).....a fool, a simpleton.
ORO.....an exclamation.
OWNA BWEE (*Amain bhuidhe*).....Yellow river.
OWNY NA COPPAL (*Eoghan na capall*).....Owen of the horses.

PADHEREENS (*paidrin*, from *paidir*, the pater).....the Rosary beads.
PASTHEEN FINN (*paistin flonn*).....little fair-haired child.
PATTERN.....(English word) a gathering at a saint's shrine, well, etc.; festival of a patron saint.

PAUDAREENS. See **PADHEREENS**.
PAUGH.....flutter, panting.
PEARLA AN BHEROLLAIGH BHAIN.....Pearl of White Breast (Irish air).
PHADRIG NA PIB (*Padraig na bpiop*).....Patrick of the pipes; Paddy the piper.
PHILLALEW (*fuil el-luadh*).....a ruction, hullabaloo.
PINCIN. See **PINKEEN**.
PINKEEN (*pincin*).....a very small fish, a stickleback.
PLANKTY (*plaingstigh*).....Irish dance measure.
POGUE (*pog*).....a kiss.
POLSHEE.....diminutive of Polly.
POLTHOGE (*palltog*).....a thump or blow.
FOREENS (*poirin*, a small stone).....small, applied to small potatoes.

POTTEEN (<i>poitin</i>).....	(literally, a little pot) a still ; hence illicit whisky.
RANN	a verse, a saying, a rhyme.
RATH	a circular earthen mound or fort, very common in Ire- land, and popularly believed to be inhabited by fairies.
REE SHAMUS (<i>Rígh Seamus</i>).....	King James.
RHUA (<i>ruadh</i>).....	red or red-haired.
ROISIN DUBH.....	Black Little Rose.
ROSE GALE (<i>Roise Geal</i>).....	Fair Rose.
RORY OGE (<i>Ruaidhrí og</i>).....	young Rory.
SALACHS (<i>salach</i>)	dirty, untidy people.
SALLIES (<i>sailleog</i>).....	a willow, willows.
SAVOURNEEN DHEELISH (<i>S amhuirín dhílis</i>).....	And my faithful darling.
SCALPEEN (from <i>scalp</i>).....	a fissure, a cleft.
SCUT (<i>scud</i>).....	a thing of little worth.
SEAN VON VOCHT (<i>sean bhean bhocht</i>).....	poor old woman.
SEAMOUS (<i>Seamus</i>) ..	James.
SHAN DHU.....	dark John.
SHAN MORE.....	big John.
SHANE RUADH.....	red-haired John.
SHAN VAN VOGH (<i>an Tsean Bhean Bhocht</i>).....	Poor Old Woman.
SHEAROOSE (<i>Searbhas</i>)	bitterness.
SHEBEEN (<i>sibin</i>).....	a place for sale of liquor, gen- erally illicit.
SHEEIN	young pollack, or of any fish.
SHEELAH (<i>Sighle</i>).....	Celia.
SHEE MOLLY MO STORE (<i>Si Molly mo stor</i>).....	It's Molly is my treasure.
SHEILA NI GARA (<i>Sighle ní Ghadhra</i>).....	Celia O'Gara (an allegorical name of Ireland).
SHEMUS RUA (<i>Seamus Ruadh</i>).....	red (haired) James.
SHILLALY, SHILLELAH.....	an oak stick, a cudgel. From the wood of Shillelagh in County Wicklow.
SHILLOO.....	a shout.
SHOHEEN HO, SHOHEEN SHO (<i>Seoithín seoidh</i>).....	Burthen words of lullaby. Hush-a-by.
SHOOLING.....	strolling, wandering. From the word <i>siubhal</i> , tramping.
SHOUGH (<i>seach</i>).....	a turn, a blast or draw of a pipe.
SHUGUDHEIN (<i>'Seadh go deimhin</i>).....	Yes, indeed !
SHULE AGRA (<i>Siubhail a ghradh</i>).....	Walk, love ; i.e. Come, my love.
SHULERS (<i>siubhalóir</i> , a walker).....	tramps.
SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM.....	Up with me and down with me.
SLAINTE GEAL, MAVOURNEEN.....	Bright health, my darling.
SLAINTE GO BRAGH (<i>Slainte go bhrath</i>).....	Health forever !
SLAN LEAT !.....	Adieu ! Farewell !
SLEEVEEN.....	a sly, cunning fellow. From <i>siobh</i> , sly.
SLEWSTHERING	flattering.
SLIABH NA M-BAN.....	The Mountain of the Women.
SMADDHEE.....	to break. From <i>smiot</i> , a frag- ment.
SMIDHEREENS	small fragments. Probably from <i>smiot</i> , as above.

- SMULLUCK** (*smullog*) a filip.
SOGGARTH AROON (*Shagairt a ruin*) Dear Priest!
SONSY happy, pleasant. Probably from *sonas*, happiness.
SOOTHER to wheedle. From the English.
SOWKINS soul.
SPAEMAN fortune-teller.
SPALPEEN (*spailpin*) a common laborer; also a conceited fellow with nothing in him.
SPARTH (*spairt*) wet turf.
SPIDHOGUE (*spideog*) a puny thing or person.
SPRAHAUNS (*spreasan*) an insignificant fellow.
STHREEL (*stravileadh*) a slut, a sloven.
STOOKAWN (*stuacan*) a lazy, idle fellow.
STRAVAIGING rambling.
STRONSHUCK (*stroinse*) a big lazy woman.
SUANTRAIGHE a sleeping or cradle song.
SUGGAWN (*tsugan*) a rope of hay or straw.

TARBH bull.
TH' ANAM AN DHIA (*D'anam do Dhia*) My soul to God!
THE CRUISKEEN LAWN (*Cruisgin lan*) Full little flask or jar.
THRANEEN, TRANEEN (*traithnin*) a little; a trifle; a stem of grass.
THUCKEENS (*tuicin*) an ill-mannered little girl.
TILLOCH (*tuilach*) small plot of land, a hillock.
TIR FA TONN (*Tir fa Tonn*) Land under the wave—Holland.
TIR-NA-MBOO (*Tir na m-beo*) Land of the live (beings).
TIRNANOGE (*Tir nan og*) Land of the young.
TRUMAUNS (*troman*) a reel on a spindle.
TUG the middleband of a flail.

UCHLUAIM the breast or front hem of a sail.
ULICAN. See HULLAGONE.
ULLAGONE (*ullagon*). See HULLAGONE.
USEA. See MUSEA (*mhuisse*).

VO Alas! Oíne, ay de mi!

WEENOCK (*'mhaoineach*) O treasure.
WEESHEE (*weeshy*) little. From *wee*.
WEIRA, WIRRA. See WURRA.
WHAT HOLLG IS ON YOU? What are you about?
WIRRASTHRUE (*O Mhuire is truagh*) O Mary, it is sad! (an ejaculation to the Virgin).
WIRRASTRUE (*'Mhuire is truagh*) Mary! 't is a pity!
WISHA. See MUSA.
WOMMASIN strolling.
WURRA (*A Mhuire*) O Mary! (i.e. the Blessed Virgin).

YEOS (English word) yeomen.

GENERAL INDEX.

THIS consists of an Index of Authors, books quoted from, titles of stories, essays, poems, subjects dealt with, of which the library consists, and first lines of the poetry. And these are each indicated by different kinds of type as set forth below.

As 'IRISH LITERATURE' touches upon Irish life at every point, the index has been made as full as practicable without overweighting it, and the entries are cross-referenced as fully as may be needed by those interested in any phase of it.

As the arrangement of the library is according to the authors' names, and as the biographies contain a full bibliography of each author, we have not indexed the whole of their works, but only those represented in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

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